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" BEST FIFTY BOOKS

OF THE

GREATEST AUTHORS

CONDENSED

FOR BUSY PEOPLE.

COMPRISING THE MOST FAMOUS WORKS IN ALL LITERATURE,
WITH PORTRAITS AND BIOGRAPHIES OF THE
GREAT WRITERS OF ALL AGES.

EDITED BY BENJAMIN R. DAVENPORT.

*ASSISTED BY EMINENT SCHOLARS AND CRITICS OF BOTH
ENGLAND AND AMERICA.*

PUBLISHED BY THE MATTHEWS-NORTHRUP CO.,
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IN BUFFALO, N. Y.

TO THE
PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES,
WHO HAVE PROVED BY THEIR
DEVOTION TO THE COMMON SCHOOL THAT
LOVE OF EDUCATION
IS THE
CORNERSTONE OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION,
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED
BY
THE PUBLISHERS.

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*** The following list, constituting the Best Fifty Books printed in the English Language, is based upon the opinions expressed by the most eminent literary men of England and America upon the subject.*

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PREFACE.

In this volume fifty masterpieces of the world's literature are presented, in a form adapted to busy people who wish to know, as quickly and as easily as possible, what literature contains, and something about the great men and women who have made it.

How few persons have the time, not to say the courage, to undertake the reading of the many thousands of pages which, by the common reckoning of scholars and critics, are necessary to a knowledge of the great landmarks of literature ! How many people, rather, are compelled by circumstances to limit their acquaintance to a few books of the passing day, leaving a world of delight, entertainment and instruction unknown to them — a world of allusions, such as they daily meet in newspaper, magazine, and conversation, lost to them ! And if they have the disposition to acquire this knowledge, where in the vast array of volumes confronting them shall they begin ? It is for such persons as these that the present volume is designed.

Fifty of the most read, most quoted, most discussed books in all literature are here offered in brief. The story of each is condensed into a few pages. The points, characters, scenes, most striking to the reader, and most valuable to the memory are chosen out and set in relief. A selection is made of the familiar quotations that the various works afford. A biographical sketch of the author of each book is given, with a critical estimate of his contribution to literature ; and a portrait of the author accompanies each selection. In short, the volume presents the quintessence of a library of

25,000 pages, with a gallery of authors, and an outline of literary history from its beginnings in Greece, three thousand years ago, to the present day.

In the selection of the fifty books most worthy of inclusion here, there is doubtless room for variance of opinion. But no one can deny that the fifty books here represented are among the greatest works of literature since the beginning of time. Whether or not the list is the strongest that could possibly have been made, there is no doubt that every book included is a masterpiece of its class, and that the collection as a whole constitutes a remarkable presentation of the best thought of the ages.

Let us see if this is not so. First come "the five indispensable authors," as James Russell Lowell called them — Homer, "the father of literature," Dante, Cervantes, Shakespeare, and Goethe. Volumes might be written — indeed, volumes have been written — on the wisdom, the literary beauties, and the unspeakable charm of these authors.

From Oriental literature we have the "Arabian Nights," the authorship of which is lost in the mists of antiquity, but which has become the common delight of all nations.

In Italian literature, besides Dante, there is Boccaccio, upon whom our English poets have drawn so largely for their plots.

French literature is represented by Le Sage, whose "Gil Blas" belongs to universal literature in virtue of the broad knowledge of human nature that it shows; by the witty Voltaire, greater as prose-writer than as poet, and seen here at his best in "Zadig;" by St. Pierre, whose idyllic story, "Paul and Virginia," has been a favorite for over a century; by Balzac, builder of the vast structure known as "The Human Comedy," of which Cousin Pons is a characteristic member; by George Sand, best known by Consuelo among her longer novels; by Eugene Sue, famous for two exciting romances, of which "The Wandering Jew" is the better; by Dumas, king of story-tellers; and by Hugo, the greatest name in French literature in the latter half of the 19th century.

Spanish literature is represented by "Don Quixote," and German by "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship"—the two greatest pieces of fiction in these two languages.

In English literature, besides Shakespeare, we have Milton, Pope and Byron among the poets. Among the prose writers are John Bunyan, author of the greatest of allegories; Daniel De Foe, whose "Robinson Crusoe" is a world-classic; Swift, the most widely read of the satirists; Henry Fielding, whose "Tom Jones" is the best-constructed English novel; Dr. Johnson, the most picturesque literary figure of his day; Laurence Sterne, perhaps the finest humorist in the language; Oliver Goldsmith, whose "Vicar of Wakefield" was the earliest, as it is still one of the best, novels of domestic life; James Boswell, in many respects the ideal of biographers; Sir Walter Scott, the world-famous romancer, here represented by two of his works; Thomas De Quincey, the opium eater, most subtle of critics and gorgeous of rhetoricians; Thomas Carlyle, in his characteristic satire, "Sartor Resartus;" Benjamin Disraeli, Prime Minister and novelist; Charles Dickens and William Makepeace Thackeray, the most famous names of English literature in the last fifty years; Charles Kingsley, whose "Westward Ho" brings to life before us the stirring times of Queen Elizabeth; Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, author of many widely read novels, of which two are given here; Lord Macaulay, who made history as fascinating as romance; Charlotte Bronte, George Eliot, and Mrs. Mulock-Craik, a trio of famous women novelists; Samuel G. Warren, whose "Ten Thousand a Year" was one of the most widely discussed pieces of fiction ever produced in England; Wilkie Collins, skillful in stories of mystery and horror; and Herbert Spencer, whose system of philosophy is one of the greatest contributions England has made to the literature of the 19th century.

Finally, of American men of letters, we have Washington Irving, the charming essayist and historian; James Fenimore Cooper, who created the Indian of literature, and who presents him most delightfully in "The Last

of the Mohicans ;" Nathaniel Hawthorne, the charming romancer ; Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose " Uncle Tom's Cabin " has been translated into every language that has a literature ; and Gen. Lew Wallace, whose " Ben Hur " has had the widest reading of any recent American work of fiction.

In closing, it should be said that this volume is not intended to take the place of a reading of the books herein condensed. The aim has been to give a general acquaintance with fifty masterpieces, in the hope that, from the stimulus thus acquired, the reader will go on and choose for himself the works in which he finds a special interest, and will thus receive at first hand the delights and benefits of good literature. He will then discover, as John Morley said, that " books worth reading once are worth reading twice ; and — what is most important of all — the masterpieces of literature are worth reading a thousand times."

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POETS.

NAME OF AUTHOR.	NATION-ALITY.	GENERAL DATE.	SUBJECT TYPE.	TITLE OF SELECTION.
HOMER, . .	Greek, B. C.	1200	<i>Epic of War,</i>	The Iliad.
DANTE, . .	Italian, .	1300	<i>Epic of Theology,</i>	The Inferno.
SHAKESPEARE, English, .		1600	<i>Dramas,</i>	Six Plays.
MILTON, . .	English, .	1650	<i>Epic of Theology,</i>	Paradise Lost.
POPE, . . .	English, .	1700	<i>Didactic,</i>	Essay on Man.
BYRON, . .	English, .	1800	<i>Descriptive,</i>	Childe Harold. ✓

ROMANCERS.

LE SAGE, . .	French, .	1700	<i>Spanish Intrigue,</i>	Gil Blas.
JOHNSON, . .	English, .	1750	<i>Romance of Philosophy,</i> . .	Rasselas.
GOETHE, . .	German, .	1800	<i>Romance of Sentiment,</i> . .	Wilhelm Meister.
SCOTT, . . .	Scotch, .	1800	<i>Romance of Chivalry,</i> . . .	Ivanhoe.
COOPER, . .	American,	1825	<i>Indian Romance,</i>	Last of the Mohicans.
BALZAC, . .	French, .	1825	<i>Romance of Human Nature,</i>	Cousin Pons.
GEORGE SAND, French, .		1850	<i>Musical and Sentimental,</i> .	Consuelo.
DUMAS, . . .	French, .	1850	<i>Romance of Revenge,</i> . . .	Count of Monte Cristo.
HAWTHORNE, American,		1850	<i>Puritan Romance,</i>	Scarlet Letter.
COLLINS, . .	English, .	1875	<i>Romance of Mystery,</i> . . .	Woman in White.

ESSAYISTS.

DE QUINCEY, English, .	1825	<i>Philosophical and Autobiographical,</i>	Confessions of an Opium Eater.
MACAULAY, English, .	1825	<i>Critical and Historical, . .</i>	Essays.
SPENCER, . English, .	1875	<i>Social and Philosophical, . .</i>	Education.

SATIRISTS.

CERVANTES,	Spanish, .	1600	<i>Satire on Chivalry,</i> . . .	Don Quixote.
DEAN SWIFT,	English, .	1700	<i>Satire on English Politics,</i>	Gulliver's Travels.
VOLTAIRE, .	French, .	1750	<i>Political Satire,</i>	Zadig.
STERNE, . .	English, .	1750	<i>Domestic Satire,</i>	Tristram Shandy.
CARLYLE, .	English, .	1850	<i>Satire on Philosophy,</i> . . .	Sartor Resartus.
THACKERAY,	English, .	1850	<i>Modern Society,</i>	Vanity Fair.

BIOGRAPHER.

NAME OF AUTHOR.	NATION- ALITY.	GENERAL DATE.	SUBJECT TYPE.	TITLE OF SELECTION.
BOSWELL, .	English, .	1775	<i>Reminiscence Biography, . .</i>	Life of Johnson.

STORY TELLERS.

UNKNOWN, .	Arabian, .	1000?	<i>Oriental Tales,</i>	Arabian Nights.
BOCCACCIO, .	Italian, .	1350	<i>Fantastic Novelettes,</i>	Decameron.
BUNYAN, .	English, .	1650	<i>Allegory of Theology,</i>	Pilgrim's Progress.
DE FOE, . .	English, .	1700	<i>Story of Solitude,</i>	Robinson Crusoe.
GOLDSMITH, .	English, .	1750	<i>English Country Life,</i>	Vicar of Wakefield.
ST.-PIERRE, .	French, .	1775	<i>Idyllic Fiction,</i>	Paul and Virginia.
IRVING, . .	American, .	1825	<i>Legendary Tale,</i>	Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

HISTORICAL NOVELISTS.

SCOTT, . .	Scotch, .	1800	<i>Richard, the Lion Hearted, . .</i>	Ivanhoe.
BULWER, .	English, .	1850	<i>Classic Life,</i>	Last Days of Pompeii.
THACKERAY, .	English, .	1850	<i>Marlborough's Campaigns, . .</i>	Henry Esmond.
DICKENS, .	English, .	1850	<i>The Reign of Terror,</i>	Tale of Two Cities.
KINGSLEY, .	English, .	1850	<i>Spanish Armada,</i>	Westward Ho.
WALLACE, .	American, .	1875	<i>The Redemption,</i>	Ben Hur.

NOVELISTS OF PURPOSE.

WARREN, .	English, .	1850	<i>Uncertainty of the Law, . . .</i>	Ten Thousand a Year.
EUGENE SUE, .	French, .	1850	<i>Anti-Jesuit Romance,</i>	Wandering Jew.
HUGO, . .	French, .	1875	<i>Injustice of Society,</i>	Les Miserables.
MRS. STOWE, .	American, .	1875	<i>Abolition of Slavery,</i>	Uncle Tom's Cabin.

NOVELISTS OF CHARACTER.

FIELDING, .	English, .	1725	<i>A Young Man's Nature,</i>	Tom Jones.
SCOTT, . .	Scotch, .	1800	<i>An Old Man's Foibles,</i>	The Antiquary.
DISRAELI, .	English, .	1850	<i>High Society,</i>	Vivian Gray.
BULWER, .	English, .	1850	<i>Life in England,</i>	My Novel.
BRONTE, .	English, .	1850	<i>The English Governess,</i>	Jane Eyre.
DICKENS, .	English, .	1850	<i>Autobiography of an English Boy,</i>	David Copperfield.
ELIOT, . .	English, .	1850	<i>The Philosophy of Modern Life,</i>	Middlemarch.
MULOCK, .	English, .	1875	<i>An English Domestic Ideal, . .</i>	John Halifax, Gentleman.



HOMER.

B. C. 1200.

GREECE.

HOMER AND THE ILIAD.

The name of Homer stands, by common consent, at the head of all the uninspired poetry of the world. But over all that pertains to this name in the remote ages from which it sprung there is drawn a veil of obscurity and doubt, which the combined efforts of the greatest scholars and the most acute critics have not been able either to lift or to penetrate.

Whether there ever was a particular man by the name of Homer who composed the poems attributed to him; if so, where he was born; whether he did or did not frame his verses in writing; what was the age in which he flourished; whether the things he tells us are truth, or fiction, or a mixture of both; and by what means the text of the Homeric poems has been transmitted, are questions which have given rise to volumes of controversy and learned conjecture; and to these the readers who love such things are referred.

A common opinion has been that Homer was a veritable man, a Greek, born and living probably on one of the Ionian Islands, who, though he became blind, like Milton, did in his blindness, like the same illustrious modern, compose a great poem which all the world has admired and the fame of which is immortal. Sometimes he is called Maeonides (native of Maeonia); sometimes "The Blind Bard of Chios," as if Chios was his birthplace.

As to his principal poem, the *Iliad*, it is commonly assumed to be a poem about the siege of Ilium (or Troy) by the Greeks, and more particularly about the "wrath of Achilles" in the quarrel that sprang up between him and Agamemnon — these two being prominent leaders of the Grecian forces against the Trojans. But the *Iliad* is in fact a *collection* of poems, not always closely related perhaps, as the best critics think, not composed by any single bard, some of them having but little reference to the theme announced in the beginning, but brought permanently together ages ago, possibly by Pisistratus, and after that harmonized, fitted together, revised and polished by successive grammarians and editors, and brought under the common title of the *Iliad*, by which the collection has been known ever since the age of Pericles.

The original of the *Iliad* as we now have it is Greek; and the text is a regular and favorite study in all colleges where classical learning is taught. But the translations of the text into English are abundant, though varying in degree of merit. The greatest scholars have tried their hands upon it, and tried (as Mr. Matthew Arnold contended) in vain to seize and to preserve the music and the fire of the original. We have Chapman's Homer, Cowper's Homer, Derby's Homer, Bryant's Homer, Pope's Homer, and a good many others, besides the learned dissertations of no less a scholar than Gladstone upon Homer and his works, to say nothing of other great authors that might be enumerated.

As a popular version of the *Iliad*, that of Alexander Pope is probably the most general favorite. The verse is easily read, flowing, musical, and thus more pleasing to the majority of readers than the more faithful, but stiffer translations of Cowper, Bryant, and others. It will be the aim of the succeeding pages to epitomize the *Iliad* on the basis of Pope's version.

THE ILIAD.

The poem in its present state consists of twenty-four Books. The first book opens with the lines which every school-boy can repeat,

Achilles' wrath to Greece, the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess, sing.

Achilles and Agamemnon were prominent leaders in the war against Troy. The troops having captured two beautiful maids, Chryseis and Briseis, gave the first to Agamemnon, and the last to Achilles. But Chryses, the father of Chryseis, and a priest of Apollo, comes to beg for the release of his daughter, which being insolently refused, he gets Apollo to send a pestilence upon the Grecian camp.

On mules and dogs the infection first began ;
At last the vengeful arrows fixed on man.
For nine long nights, through all the dusky air,
The pyres, thick-flaming, shot a dismal glare.

The scourge obliged Agamemnon to release and send back his captive ; but, being supreme in command, he immediately seized upon Briseis, the maid who had been given to Achilles. As to this worthy,

. . . . with grief and rage oppressed,
His heart swelled high, and labored in his breast ;
Distracting thoughts by turns his bosom ruled ;
Now fired by wrath, and now by reason cooled :
That prompts his hand to draw the deadly sword,
Force through the Greeks, and pierce their haughty lord ;
This whispers soft, his vengeance to control,
And calm the rising tempest of his soul.

At last, angry and soured, he draws himself and his forces away from the other Greeks, goes into the sulks, complains of his ill treatment to Thetis, his mother, and she induces Jupiter to avenge her son by giving victory to the Trojans. Jupiter is very much in fear of his wife, who favors the Greeks ; but he dismisses Thetis with the assurance that her petition shall be granted,

Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god :
High heaven with trembling the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to the center shook.

BOOK II.

This book opens with an account of the ruse by which Jupiter sought to fulfill his promise to Thetis. He sent a lying spirit to persuade Agamemnon to risk a battle with the Trojans without the aid of Achilles and his forces. The king was fooled, and at once made preparation for an attack. But, thinking that it would be better in the first place to try the temper of his army, he assembled all his forces, and pretended to them that he thought the siege a hopeless undertaking; and that the best way would be to abandon it, and that they should all go home to their wives and children.

Our shattered barks may yet transport us o'er,
Safe and inglorious to our native shore :
Fly, Grecians, fly, your sails and oars employ,
And dream no more of heaven-defended Troy.

To Agamemnon's disgust, this feigned counsel was taken in earnest, and the braves were all ready to go at a moment's notice; and a stampede for the ships began. But here Juno interfered, and sent Minerva to stop the retreat, who soon set brave Ulysses to work. Ulysses shamed some, persuaded others, and some, like the factious, deformed and bawling Thersites, he unmercifully pounded. The stampede was checked.

Back to the assembly roll the thronging train,
Desert the ships, and pour upon the plain.

A grand review of the whole Grecian army followed, and that becomes occasion in the poem for the celebrated enumeration of the forces engaged, both Greek and Trojan, including

THE CATALOGUE OF THE SHIPS.

This enumeration, with its multitude of Hellenic proper names, and their happily descriptive epithets, while instinct with poetical conception, is a remarkable piece of metrical ingenuity, which, with any verbal forms less flexible than the Grecian, would have been impossible.

And Pope's paraphrase (for it is little else) is very felicitous. There is room for only a specimen line or two.

With these appeared the Salaminian bands,
Whom the gigantic Telamon commands;
In twelve black ships to Troy they steer their course,
And with the great Athenians join their force.

The proud Mycenè arms her martial powers
Cleonè, Corinth, with imperial towers,

Fair Aræthyrea, Ornia's fruitful plain,
 And Ægion and Adrastus' ancient reign;
 And those who dwell along the sandy shore,
 And where Pellenè yields her fleecy store,
 Where Helicè, and Hyperesia lie,
 And Gonöessa's spires salute the sky.

BOOK III.

The third book of the *Iliad* is mainly devoted to an account of the duel between Meneläus and Paris.

Paris, the son of Priam, King of Troy, was in fact the offender, who had precipitated the war between the Greeks and Trojans; for while on a visit to Meneläus in Greece, he had taken advantage of his host's temporary absence to corrupt the fidelity of his beautiful wife, Helen, and had carried her back with him to Troy. Meneläus, on his return, inflamed with anger at this treachery, had persuaded the Grecian chiefs to declare war upon the Trojan State for the recovery of his wife. This third book relates how, on the eve of a general engagement, it was arranged that a single combat between Meneläus the injured husband, and Paris the seducer of his wife, should settle the whole quarrel.

Then let a midway space our hosts divide,
 And on that stage of war the cause be tried:
 By Paris there the Spartan king be fought,
 For beauteous Helen and the wealth she brought,
 And who his rival can in arms subdue,
 His be the fair, and his the treasure too.
 Thus with a lasting league, your toils may cease,
 And Troy possess her fertile fields in peace;
 Thus may the Greeks review their native shore,
 Much famed for generous steeds; for beauty more.

Preparations for this combat were made immediately. Helen, summoned by the goddess Iris, comes to the Trojan battlements, attended by her maids, to view the scene; and there in answer to the aged Priam's inquiries, she names a number of the prominent Grecian heroes who are seen moving about on the plain, particularly Agamemnon, Ithacus, and Idomeneus.

Offerings and vows are made by the chiefs of the opposing armies; and the battle begins. Paris has the first spear cast.

The Trojan first his shining javelin threw;
 Full on Atrides* ringing shield it flew,
 Nor pierced the brazen orb, but with a bound,
 Leaped from the buckler, blunted, on the ground.

* Atrides (son of Atreus) was a name common to the brothers Agamemnon and Meneläus.

Meneläus casts his javelin with greater effect, and follows it up with a mighty sword cut at Paris's helmet, shivering his blade. Then he rushes upon Paris, lays hold of his crest, and drags him off toward the Grecian camp. But Venus flies to the rescue, spirits away the fallen combatant, and lays him on his bed in the palace, so that, when the victor reaches the camp, he finds an empty helmet in his hand. Helen is now called to Paris's chamber to see her lover; but upbraids him for his defeat, and makes damaging comparison of him with her lawful husband, yet soon relents, and takes him to her arms.

Book IV.

The fourth book brings the embattled hosts of Greeks and Trojans, each of which had been resting on their arms to witness the duel, into general and sanguinary action. The engagement was brought about by Minerva at the instance of Jupiter. Minerva instigated one Pandarus a Trojan, to aim a shaft at Meneläus. The arrow inflicted a painful, though not immediately dangerous, wound upon the hero, to the great grief and alarm of his brother, Agamemnon. Machäon came to the wounded man's assistance.

Straight the broad belt with gay embroid'ry graced,
He loosed : the corselet from his breast unbraced ;
Then sucked the blood, and sovereign balm infused
Which Chiron gave, and Æsculapius used.

Agamemnon, on his part, leaving his war chariot with Eurymedon, pressed through the Grecian forces on foot, stirring up each leader to new deeds of martial bravery, and urging immediate vengeance for the breaking of the truce. The poet enlarges on the manner in which he praised Idomeneus, admired Ajax, witnessed the discipline of Nestor, roused Ulysses and Diomed, and received ardent responses from all.

A furious battle ensued; and the fate that overtook particular heroes on both sides is described.

Had some brave chief this martial scene beheld,
By Pallas guarded through the dreadful field ;
Might darts be bid to turn their points away,
And swords around him innocently play ;
The war's whole art with wonder had he seen,
And counted heroes where he counted men.

The book closes with the lines,

So fought each host, with thirst of glory fired,
And crowds on crowds triumphantly expired.

BOOK V.

This book celebrates the valor and almost superhuman prowess of Diomed. Gods and goddesses mingle in the fray, coming conveniently upon the stage of action at those junctures where their favorites are in mortal peril, to shield, to hide, or to carry them away. They themselves receive occasional wounds, Venus and Mars in particular, which last mentioned worthy

. bellows with the pain
Loud as the roar encountering armies yield
When shouting millions shake the thundering field.

The book presents but little else than a series of encounters in which the spears crash through helms and corselets, cleave skulls, transfix bodies, and tear out entrails, and in which war chariots collide like meteors, and in which noble steeds are either turned in flight or captured by the foe. Diomed is the prominent figure throughout. First he is wounded by an arrow from the Trojan Pandarus. Æneas comes to the help of Pandarus, who is killed; and Æneas himself is badly injured by a rocky fragment hurled at him by Diomed.

Where to the hip th' inserted thigh unites,
Full on the bone the pointed marble lights;
Through both the tendons broke the rugged stone,
And stripped the skin, and cracked the solid bone.

His divine mother, Venus, carries him off the field. Then Diomed rushes after her, and levels his lance at her.

Her snowy hand the razing steel profaned,
And the transparent skin with crimson stained.
From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd,
Such stream as issues from a wounded god.

Venus, flying back to the abode of the gods, is nursed and pitied by her mother, Dione, and is advised by Jupiter to keep herself henceforth away from the field of strife.

Then Mars, the most fierce and quarrelsome of the gods, goes down to mix in the fray, and rouses the Trojan Hector to fury. The battle now becomes awful.

Stern Diomed with either Ajax stood,
And great Ulysses bathed in hostile blood.
Embodied close the laboring Grecian train,
The fiercest shock of charging hosts sustain.
Great Hector saw, and raging at the view,
Pours on the Greeks; the Trojan troops pursue:

He fires his host with animating cries,
And brings along the furies of the skies.
Mars, stern destroyer, and Bellona dread,
Flame in the front, and thunder at their head.

It were long to tell who were slain

. . . . Æneas brandishing his blade
In dust Orsilochns and Crethon laid.

On the other hand,

Alastor, Cromius, Halius, strow'd the plain,
Alcander, Prytanis, Noëmon fell.

Finally, Juno and Minerva take the field ; and the book ends amid gore and dust. Mars is healed by Pæon.

Juno and Pallas mount the blest abodes
Their task performed, and mix among the gods.

BOOK VI.

The sixth book is mainly occupied with the episode of Glaucus and Diomed, and that of Hector and Andromache. It opens with a scene of increased success of the Greeks, consequent upon the withdrawal from the field of the gods and goddesses. Ajax, Euryalus, Ulysses and other Grecian heroes, go on cutting down their foes without mercy.

Helenus, the chief augur of Troy, bids Hector retire from the field, hasten to the town, and send a solemn procession of Trojan maidens, headed by Queen Hecuba, and prayers and sacrifices, to the temple of Minerva, beseeching her to remove the daring deadly Diomed from the fight.

In the meantime, Diomed meets Glaucus on the field, a warrior of noble mien, and falls into conversation with him, learning his history, particularly the romantic story of one of his ancestors named Bellerophon. In this narrative it came out that their grandsires had been friends, whereupon Diomed and Glaucus became friends, and exchanged arms.

For Diomed's brass arms of mean device,
For which nine oxen paid (a vulgar price),
He gave his own of gold divinely wrought,
A hundred beeves the shining purchase bought.

At Hector's instance, the Queen led a procession of maidens to the shrine of Minerva, while he himself sought that kid-glove hero, Paris, and found him with Helen and her virgins, polishing his arms.

Him thus inactive with an ardent look,
The Prince beheld, and high resenting spoke.

Hector's reproachful address had the desired effect. It stung Paris, and shamed him into something like manly courage. At any rate he buckled on his things, and started for the field.

Hector, on his part, rushed away for a brief interview with his beloved wife, the "white-armed" Andromache, and found her with the nurse holding their beautiful child Scamandrius (called by the Trojans, Astyanax). The parting of Hector and Andromache becomes occasion for some of the most beautiful passages in the whole poem.

Yet while my Hector still survives I see,
My father, mother, brethren all in thee;
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all
Once more will perish if my Hector fall.

Hector clasps his boy, and lifts him up with a passionate appeal to the gods:

O thou, whose glory fills the ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless powers, protect my son;
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown.

On parting with Andromache he says,

Andromache, my soul's far better part,
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.

The book closes upon the spectacle of Hector and Paris hastening away in company to the field.

BOOK VII.

This book, like the third, is devoted in the main to a single combat, not now between Meneläus and Paris, but between two more terrible foemen, Hector and Ajax.

Hector, on the part of Troy, threw down the challenge. Nine Greeks came forward to accept it, viz., Agamemnon, Ajax, Diomed, Idomeneus, Oileus, Merion, Eurypylus, Thoas, and Ulysses. The name of the combatant was chosen by the lot shaken in the helmet; and Ajax won.

The lots produced, each hero signs his own:
Then in the general's helm the fates are thrown.
The people pray, with lifted eyes and hands,
And vows ascend from all the bands.

Ajax advances. He

. . . braced his dazzling armor on;
Sheathed in bright steel the giant warrior shone;

He moves to combat with majestic pace :
 So stalks in arms the grisly god of Thrace
 When Jove, to punish faithless men, prepares
 And gives whole nations to the waste of wars
 Thus marched the chief, tremendous as a god ;
 Grimly he smiled ; earth trembled as he strode.

After a vengeful encounter with spears, they heave rocks at each other.
 Hector

. . . . stooping down,
 In his strong hand up-heaved a flinty stone,
 Black, craggy, vast : to this his force he bends
 Full on the brazen boss the stone descends.

Ajax, on his part,

. . . . seized the fragment of a rock,
 Applied each nerve, and swinging round on high,
 With force tempestuous let the ruin fly.

Hector was badly hurt, but was healed by Apollo. Night closed the contest, leaving the result undecided. The combatants, however, exchanged tokens. Hector gave the Greek a sword, and Ajax gave the Trojan a belt.

Meanwhile, Antenor, in a council at Troy, proposed that the war should be closed by giving up Helen and her treasure. Paris objected. He would give up the treasure, but not the stolen wife. In the morning the offer of the treasure, with interest, was formally tendered to the Greeks, but was refused with disdain. A truce, however, was proclaimed for the burning of the dead.

In mingled throngs the Greek and Trojan train
 Through heaps of carnage, searched the mournful plain,
 Scarce could the friend his slaughtered friend explore,
 With dust dishonored, and deformed with gore.

The book closes with description of a fortification ; with towers, erected by the Greeks for the protection of their ships. This piece of work was displeasing to Neptune, who was pacified by Jove with the suggestion that by and by Neptune could shake the whole structure down by a sea storm, and cover the ruins with sand.

BOOK VIII.

In the eighth book, the battle is renewed, but under changed conditions. Jupiter assembles a council of the gods, and threatens them all with dire vengeance if they dare to interfere on either side.

The only concession he makes is to his "best beloved" Minerva, whom he gives permission to assist the Greeks with her wise "counsel." Yet he himself interferes in behalf of the Trojans, and

. . . . from Ida's top his horrors spreads ;
The clouds burst dreadful o'er the Grecian heads ;
Thick lightnings flash ; the muttering thunder rolls ;
Their strength he withers, and unmans their souls.

At the opening of the fight, old Nestor's horse is wounded by a dart from Paris ; and the "hoary monarch" would have come to grief but for the timely assistance of Diomed, who takes him into his own chariot. But here Jupiter's thunder and lightning came in.

The ground before him flamed with sulphur blue.

Nestor advised retreat, and they fled. The Trojans, led on by Hector, gathered fresh courage, and begin to press the Greeks more fiercely, and threaten their ships.

Where the deep trench in length extended lay,
Compacted troops stand wedged in firm array,
A dreadful front ! They shake the brands, and threat
With long destroying flames the hostile fleet.

The Greeks make a determined sally :

Forth rush a tide of Greeks, the passage freed ;
The Atridæ first, the Ajaces next succeed,
Meriones, like Mars, in arms renowned,
And godlike Idomen now passed the mound,
Evaemon's son next issues to the foe,
And last young Teucer with his bended bow.
Who, first by Teucer's mortal arrows bled ?
Orsilochus ; then fell Ormeneus dead.
The godlike Lycophon next pressed the plain
With Chromius, Daetor, Ophelestes slain.

He tries to bring down Hector, but in vain.

Since rallying from our wall we forc'd the foe,
Still aimed at Hector have I bent my bow :
Eight forky arrows from this hand have fled,
And eight bold heroes by their points lie dead ;
But sure some god denies me to destroy
This fury of the field, this dog of Troy.

Once more the Greeks were driven to take refuge within their walls, at which Juno, able no longer to contain herself, begs Minerva to go down with her and help turn the fortune of the day. The two arm themselves, and set forth, but are met by Iris with a stern mandate to forbear; and they are obliged to go back. Jupiter and Juno have a bitter quarrel. Night comes on; and

The victors keep the field; and Hector calls
A martial council near the navy walls.

The Trojans kindle immense watch fires, and keep them burning all night, illuminating all the shore, so that the Greeks may not embark and fly under cover of the darkness.

A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whose umbered arms, by fits, thick flashes send,
Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

BOOK IX.

The ninth book, justly admired for the spirit and the eloquence of the speeches it contains, relates the particulars of a fruitless appeal for aid to Achilles, whose anger at Agamemnon still kept him and his forces in retirement.

Agamemnon had proposed a cessation of hostilities, and an abandonment of the siege. Diomed scorned such counsel, and said,

The gods, O Chief, from whom our honors spring
The gods have made thee but by halves a king.

He was for continuing the war at all hazards. Nestor took the floor, and counseled an appeal to Achilles to return and help his old comrades to stem the tide of battle. Agamemnon fell in with this proposition, and offered immense rewards to move the purpose of the offended chief — gold, and tripods, and steeds, and Lesbian maids, and Briseis herself, about whom the whole difficulty had arisen. Besides all this, he promised captives and treasure from the vanquished Troy, and made the offer of one of his own daughters, whom he engaged to dower with

. so a vast a store
As never father gave a child before.

The embassy consisted of the aged Phœnix, as leader, Ajax, Ithacus, Hodus, and Eurybates. After suitable offerings to Jupiter, they set out, and soon

. arrived where on the sandy bay
The Myrmidonian tents and vessels lay.
Amused at ease the godlike man they found
Pleased with the solemn harp's harmonious sound.

Achilles received the messengers hospitably, and as became a prince, and they opened their commission, but all to no purpose. The chief had been stung too deeply. He had no faith in Agamemnon, denounced him as a tyrant, and rejected all his offers with scorn, expressing his intention soon to pack up, and sail back to his dominions in Phthia, there to spend the remainder of his days in peace. In vain did the aged Phœnix plead with him, reminding him of the share which he himself had taken in educating and training him, and endeavoring to move him by reciting the legend of Meleager, an ancient hero, who once had risen superior to personal resentments. Achilles remained unpacified, and unshaken in his resolution. Ulysses, in disgust, told his companions it was time to be off. The aged Phœnix, however, remained as a guest. The rest carried back the tidings of their failure, and Diomed, in a bitter speech, gave expression to the general sentiment by saying, for substance : Achilles be hanged ; we will continue to fight.

BOOK X.

The tenth book describes a night adventure of Diomed and Ulysses, who, through the resolution of a council hastily called by Agamemnon in his anxiety, had volunteered to penetrate the Trojan camp as spies.

A similar enterprise had been prepared by the Trojans to learn the secrets of the Grecian camp, from which one Dolon had been despatched. Diomed and Ulysses heard the cautiously approaching footsteps of Dolon, drew aside into the shadow, allowed him to pass, then pursued and arrested him. The wretched prisoner, trembling at the prospect of speedy death, weakly gave up certain secrets of the Trojan camp, in particular describing the spot where lay certain Thracian reinforcements led by Rhesus. Diomed then beheaded the spy, and hung up his arms for a trophy on a neighboring tamarisk. Then he and Ulysses pressed on, found the Thracians asleep ; and while Diomed passed along chopping off the heads of the sleepers, Ulysses dragged each corpse aside by the foot. When twelve had been thus executed, they untied the snowy steeds of Rhesus, and with these and his beautiful car, hastened back to the Grecian camp, stopping on the way for the trophy they had left of poor Dolon.

Then o'er the trench the bounding coursers flew ;
The joyful Greeks with loud acclaim pursue.
Straight to Tydides' high pavilion borne,
The matchless steeds his ample stalls adorn :
The neighing coursers their new fellows greet,
And the full racks are heaped with generous wheat,
But Dolon's armour to his ships conveyed,
High on the painted stern Ulysses laid,
A trophy destined to the blue-eyed maid.

BOOK XI.

The eleventh book is of no particular interest beyond the hint it contains of some softening on the part of Achilles.

The Greeks, led by Agamemnon, renew the fight with sanguinary success ; and Hector for the Trojans, rages round the field with supermortal valor. A remarkable passage in the opening of the book describes the armor of Agamemnon. First the cuirass :

Ten rows of azure steel the work infold,
Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold :
Three glittering dragons to the gorget rise,
Whose imitated scales against the skies
Reflected various light, and arching bow'd
Like color'd rainbows o'er a showery cloud,
(Jove's wondrous bow of three celestial dyes,
Placed as a sign to man amidst the skies).

Next the baldric, then the sword, and then

His buckler's mighty orb was next display'd,
That round the warrior cast a dreadful shade ;
Ten zones of brass its ample brim surround,
And twice ten bosses the bright convex crown'd.
Tremendous Gorgon frowned upon the field,
And circling terrors filled the expressive shield ;
Within its concave hung a silver thong,
On which a mimic serpent creeps along
His azure length in easy waves extends,
Till in three heads the embroidered monster ends.

Ulysses and Diomed distinguish themselves ; and both are wounded. Ulysses being in mortal peril cries for help, and is rescued by Menelaus and Ajax.

Machaon, the valued physician of the Greeks, is also wounded, and is borne from the field in the car of Nestor. Achilles, watching from afar,

feels interest enough in the fortunes of the day to send Patroclus with inquiries about the state of the battle, and particularly about Machaon, and receives from Nestor a full account of things framed in such a way as, it was hoped, might induce him to forget his resentments and return to the ranks. Nestor went so far as to suggest that, if Patroclus could not persuade Achilles to come back, he should come himself clad in Achilles' armor. On his way back, Patroclus meets the wounded Eurypylus, relieved him of the dart, and dressed his painful wounds.

Book XII.

The twelfth book shows the Greeks in dire extremity. They had retired behind their works; and, now, instead of besieging the Trojans, the Trojans were besieging them. But at the deep ditch before the walls

The panting steeds impatient fury breathe
But snort and tremble at the gulf beneath :
Just at the brink, they neigh and paw the ground ;
And the turf trembles, and the skies resound.
Eager they viewed the prospect dark and deep,
Vast was the leap, and headlong hung the steep,
The bottom bare — a formidable show !
And bristled thick with sharpened stakes below.
The foot alone this strong defence could force,
And try the pass impervious to the horse,

Polydamas advises that the horses be sent to the rear, and that the attack be managed on foot. His advice is taken; and the Trojan forces advance in fine bands, determined to scale the walls, or to break through, and fire the Grecian fleet. Prodigies of strength and valor are exhibited by both parties. Arrows darken the air; the besiegers thunder at the gates, or endeavor to scale the stronghold by means of ladders; showers of stones are hurled from the walls, and the trench heaped with slain. Sarpedon succeeds in breaching the walls; and Hector hurls a missile that shatters a pair of folding gates.

Book XIII.

The thirteenth book of the Iliad opens with a piece of great audacity on the part of one of the gods. Jupiter had strictly commanded that not one of the heavenly powers should interfere in the fight between the two armies, threatening them with his thunderbolts and hell fire, if they dared to disobey. Yet as related in the eighth book, he himself had interfered, and

now in this thirteenth book, we see Neptune profiting by the example of his superior, and going down, in the likeness of Chalcas, to assist the Greeks. They were in sore need of assistance. But under the inspiration of this new power they rallied, and in close phalanx put a stop to the enemy.

The details of the book are somewhat wearisome, reciting as they do the particulars of endless encounters between the opposing heroes, who hack, and pierce, and rend, and smash each other, covering the ground with blood, and brains, and entrails, till one shudders and sickens, and wonders how any audience could long have been kept from revolt under such a surfeit of horrors.

BOOK XIV.

The most noteworthy thing in the fourteenth book is the deception practised on Jupiter by his wife, an event speaking little for the sagacity of the King of gods and men.

The book opens with a description of Nestor's anxiety about the turn things were taking. The Grecian wall was down, and the Trojans were pressing forward to burn the fleet. Nestor hastens to Agamemnon, and meets him in company with Ulysses and Diomed. Agamemnon, as in the ninth book, was weakening again, and proposed an abandonment of the siege. Ulysses answered him with cutting sarcasm :

What shameful words, unkingly as thou art,
Fall from that trembling tongue and tim'rous heart ?
Oh were thy sway the curse of meaner powers,
And thou the shame of any host but ours !
A host by Jove endowed with martial might,
And taught to conquer or to fall in fight.

In such base sentence if thou couch thy fear,
Speak it in whispers, lest a Greek should hear.
Lives there a man so dead to fame, who dares
To think such meanness, or the thought declares ?

Agamemnon receives the rebuke of his subordinate meekly ; and all three go out to encourage the army.

Meantime Juno prepares a trick for her august husband. Arraying herself in her best, she borrows the magic girdle of Venus, and prevails upon the god of Sleep to seal Jupiter's eyes. Then she flies to Mount Ida where her lord is reposing, ravishes him with her charms, and sinks in his rapturous embraces. This gave Neptune an opportunity to accede to her anxious request that he would go and help the Greeks, which he does to such good purpose that the tide of battle is turned again. Ajax, whose favorite

weapons appear to be great stones, hurls one of ponderous weight, and brings down the Trojan leader.

So lies great Hector prostrate on the shore ;
His slackened hand deserts the lance it bore ;
His following shield the fallen chief o'erspread
Beneath his helmet dropped his fainting head.

The book closes with such reverses to the Trojans, as portend their speedy ruin.

Book XV.

In the fifteenth book, although there is plenty of savage fighting between the Greeks and Trojans, the celestial powers get by the ears to such a degree as to suggest the thought that the quarrel may possibly be transferred from the plains of Troy to the courts above.

Jupiter, awaking from his amorous dream, sees how ill things are going with the Trojans, while the Greeks are flushed with victory, and are led by Neptune ; and he straightway lays it to his wife, and loads her with reproaches. But she pacifies him by artful submission, and is sent by him to the council of the gods with a message to Iris and Apollo, directing the one to call off Neptune, and the other to assist the wounded and fainting Hector. These orders were obeyed. Neptune betook himself to his own watery domain ; and Apollo went to succor the Trojan hero.

Not half so swift the sailing falcon flies,
That drives a turtle through the liquid skies,
As Phœbus, shooting from the Idæan brow
Glides down the mountain to the plain below.
There Hector seated by the stream he sees,
His sense returning with the coming breeze ;
Again his pulses beat, his spirits rise ;
Again his loved companions meet his eyes :
Jove thinking of his pains, they pass away,
To whom the god who gives the golden day :
“ Why sits great Hector from the field so far ?
What grief, what wound, withholds thee from the war ? ”

In the meantime, Mars, egged on by Juno, had all but reached the point of precipitating himself in open rebellion upon the field to help the Greeks, but was dissuaded from the rash act by Minerva.

The revived Hector slays Arcesilas and Stichius ; Æneas cuts down Medon and Iäsus ; Mecystes does the business for Polydamas, and Agenor for Cloniüs. A great part of the Grecian wall is breached ; and the Trojans rush in to fire the fleet, but are held at bay by Ajax.

BOOK XVI.

The sixteenth book is big with fate. Patroclus, in the camp of Achilles, entreats his chief, if he will not go to help the Greeks himself, to allow *him* to go, dressed in Achilles' armor. Achilles consents, and places the bold and savage Myrmidons at his disposal. He charges him, however, to be content with saving the Grecian fleet from destruction, not to pursue the enemy to their walls, and on no account to kill Hector. He himself wants the honor of killing Hector when it shall please him, by and by, to show what he can do. He is a boastful fellow, this Achilles; and as he sees the Trojans pressing the Greeks closer and closer, he exclaims:

It was not thus, when, at my sight amazed,
Troy saw and trembled as this helmet blazed:
Had not the injurious king our friendship lost,
Yon ample trench had buried half her host.
No camps, no bulwarks now the Trojans fear,
Those are not dreadful, no Achilles there.

As Patroclus drew nigh to actual engagement in his chief's armor,

The war stood still, and all around them gazed,
When great Achilles' shining armor blazed:
Troy saw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh;
At once they see, they tremble, and they fly.

Hector himself flies. The great Sarpedon is killed by Patroclus—a heavy disaster for Troy. The combat thickens around his body, his enemies desiring to despoil him, and his friends to carry him off the field. Patroclus, elated with his valorous deed, presses on, and is encountered by Hector. He dashes a stone at the head of Hector's charioteer, Cebrion, toppling him dead to the ground, and vaunts over the feat in this sarcastic fashion:

Good heavens! what active feats yon artist shows!
What skillful divers are our Phrygian foes!
Mark with what ease they sink into the sand!
Pity that all their practice is by land.

But now, forgetting the charge of Achilles, he pursues the flying foe toward the city, where Apollo disarms him, Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him. Here is the grand turning point of the action.

Achilles will soon appear to avenge the death of his beloved Patroclus. His vengeance on the Greeks is already satisfied. Soon he will wreak a fearful and bloody vengeance on Hector, his great antagonist.

BOOK XVII.

The seventeenth book derives its chief interest from the mad efforts of each party to gain possession of the body of Patroclus. Meneläus and Euphorbus, Hector, and Ajax fight for it. Finally, Meneläus and Meriones, assisted by the two Ajaxes, bear off the body to the ships. In the meantime, Antilochus is despatched to Achilles with the sad news that his beloved Patroclus is killed.

One of the most noteworthy passages in this book is that which describes the almost human grief of the horses of Achilles for the loss of Patroclus.

Meantime at distance from the scene of blood,
The pensive steeds of great Achilles stood :
Their godlike master slain before their eyes,
They wept and shared in human miseries.
In vain Automedon now shakes the rein,
Now plies the lash, and soothes and threats in vain ;
Nor to the fight nor Hellespont they go,
Restive they stood, and obstinate in woe.

. Along their face
The big round drops coursed down with silent pace,
Conglobing on the dust. Their manes, that late
Circled their arched necks, and waved in state,
Trailed on the dust beneath the yoke were spread,
And prone to earth was hung their languid head.

Another fine passage is that which gives the prayer of Ajax for light.

. . . . Lord of earth and air,
Oh King, oh father, hear my humble prayer ;
Dispel this cloud ; the light of Heaven restore
Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more :
If Greece must perish, we thy will obey ;
But let us perish in the face of day.

BOOK XVIII.

The story of the eighteenth book is briefly told ; but it is one of the most exquisitely beautiful, and deeply interesting of all, memorable chiefly for its description of the *shield of Achilles*.

The body of Patroclus, though brought back as far as the fleet, is not out of danger. The Trojans are still madly battling to recover it, and are still repulsed by the brothers Ajax. Achilles, mourning over the news

of his friend's death brought him by Antilochus, complains bitterly to his mother, Thetis, who with her sea-nymphs comes to comfort him.

Thalia, Glauçè — every watery name —
 Nesaea mild, and silver Spio came ;
 Cymothoë and Cymodocè were nigh
 And the blue languish of soft Alia's eye,
 Their locks Actaea and Limnoria rear,
 Then Proto, Doris, Panopè appear,
 Thoa, Pherusa, Doto, Melita ;
 Agave gentle, and Amphithoë gay,
 Next Callianira, Callianassa show
 Their sister looks : Dexamenè the slow,
 And swift Dynamenè, now cut the tides ;
 Iaera now the verdant wave divides.
 Nemertes with Apseudes lifts the head ;
 Bright Galatea quits her pearly bed ;
 These Orythia, Clymene attend ;
 Maera, Amphinomè, the train extend,
 And black Janira, and Janassa fair
 And Amatheia with her amber hair.

Iris now appears on the scene with orders from Juno that Achilles go to assist in the complete rescue of the body of Patroclus. But, alas ! he has no armor ; that had been taken from the body of Patroclus by Hector. However, it is arranged that, with such armor as he can snatch, he shall show himself to the Trojans, and scare them, which he does very effectually by his blazing eyes and his prodigious shouting. Meantime, Minerva hastens to the workshop of Vulcan to get a new suit of armor for Achilles ; and a most interesting description is given of her visit to the celestial smithy, and particularly of the wonderful shield forged for Achilles by Vulcan.

The description of this shield is minute and very celebrated, but is too long to quote here. Flaxman devised a model of it — a magnificent work. Four casts were made in silver, valued at 2,000 guineas a piece, one of which was for the sideboard of George III., of England, and the three others for distinguished noblemen.

BOOK XIX.

Book nineteenth brings about the great result, hitherto so long and vainly sought, of a reconciliation between Agamemnon and Achilles.

No sooner does the alienated hero behold the shining and magnificent armor brought him by his mother from Vulcan, than he begins to glow with

martial ardor, and easily yields to her persuasion publicly to "renounce his ire." She offers miraculously to preserve the body of Patroclus from corruption, and Achilles goes forth.

The speeches made by him and Agamemnon in presence of the Grecian host are given, in which Agamemnon cunningly contrives to shift the odium of his own conduct in seizing Briseïs upon the "divinities that shape our ends."

Nor charge on me, ye Greeks, the dire debate;
Know angry Jove, and all-compelling Fate,
With fell Erinnyes, urged my wrath that day,
When from Achilles' arms I forced the prey.

His explanation of the transaction is elaborate, but lame; yet it is accepted. Commissioners are sent to Achilles' head-quarters with the presents promised by the King; and Achilles is impatient for the fight. He can hardly wait a moment for Hector's blood. By Ulysses's counsel, however, the army takes refreshment.

The strangest thing in the book is the reproach which Achilles addresses to his horses Xanthus and Balius, for their share of blame in the matter of Patroclus's death, and the reply of one of these horses declining to acknowledge that they were in fault. Achilles then rushes to the fray.

BOOK XX.

A portentous change in the conduct of the war is announced in the twentieth book. In the eighth book, Jupiter is represented as threatening dire punishment to any of the gods who should dare to interfere in the fight on either side. In this twentieth book, a council of the gods is called, the result of which is that the prohibition is removed. Jove says:

. . . . Celestial powers descend;
And, as your minds direct, your succor lend
To either host.

The gods mingle in the fray; and it becomes tenfold more fierce. The description of it is very grand. Jupiter thunders in the heavens; Neptune shakes the boundless earth and the mountain tops; Ida rocks on its base; and the city of the Trojans, and the ships of the Greeks trembled; and Pluto leaps from his throne in terror, lest his loathsome dominions should be laid open to mortals and immortals.

The interest gathers about a combat between Æneas and Achilles. Æneas is hard pressed, but is finally rescued by the assistance of Neptune. Achilles falls with fury upon the rest of the Trojans, and would have made

an end of Hector but for the timely intervention of Apollo. Achilles pursues the Trojans with great slaughter.

Dashed from their hoofs, while o'er the dead they fly,
Black bloody drops the smoking chariot dye.
The spiky wheels through heaps of carnage tore;
And thick the groaning axles dropped with gore.
High o'er the scene of death Achilles stood,
All grim with dust, all horrible in blood.
Yet stiff, insatiate, still with rage on flame;
Such is the lust of never-dying fame.

BOOK XXI.

In book twenty-first it is manifest that we are approaching a catastrophe. The Trojans are flying before Achilles, some toward the town, others to the river Scamander.

As the scorched locusts from the field retire,
While fast behind them runs the blaze of fire;
Driven from the land before the smoky cloud,
The clustering legions rush into the flood;
So plunged in Xanthus by Achilles' force
Roars the resounding surge with men and horse.

Twelve "chosen youths" he takes alive, and sends them to the ships, to be reserved as a sacrifice to the shade of Patroclus. As Achilles presses on revengeful, relentless, the very river turns against him, the river Xanthus.

Xanthus its name by those of heavenly birth,
But called Scamander by the sons of earth.

Achilles was boastful as well as cruel; and his

. . . . boastful words provoked the raging god;
With fury swells the violated flood.

At length Vulcan, by the instigation of Juno, almost dries up the river.

The scenes described in this part of the Iliad are full of action.

The imagery is of a lofty character. The battle with the rivers, the intervention of the gods, the flight and terror of the Trojans, the insatiable madness and hot pursuit of Achilles, the rush to the city, the hurried opening of the gates, affording a glimpse of safety, the crowding in of the dusty and worn-out fugitives, form a picture on which the pencil of Homer has lavished its most vivid coloring.

A striking passage, of which a few lines are here given, describes the flight of Achilles before the angry river.

Still flies Achilles, but before his eyes
 Still swift Scamander rolls where'er he flies ;
 Not all his speed escapes the rapid floods—
 The first of men, but not a match for gods.
 Oft as he turned the torrent to oppose,
 And bravely try if all the powers were foes ;
 So oft the surge in watery mountains spread,
 Beats on his back, or bursts upon his head.

BOOK XXII.

In this book the grand catastrophe is reached. The Trojans, routed in the field, have taken secure refuge within the walls of their city, except Hector, who stands without at the Scaean gate, refulgent in arms, and resolved to try the fortunes of the day with Achilles single handed. His aged father, Priam, and Hecube, his mother, with tears and passionate appeals, implore him to forego the hazardous encounter ; to come in, while he may, and not invite a death which will bring down their gray hairs, with sorrow, to the grave.

Hector, however, will not be persuaded. He awaits the approach of Achilles, who, "like a god"

. drew nigh.
 His dreadful plumage nodded from on high ;
 The Pelian javelin in his better hand,
 Shot trembling rays that glittered o'er the land ;
 And on his breast the beamy splendor shone,
 Like Jove's own lightning on the rising sun.

Hector, mastered by a sudden fear, flies before him ; and Achilles pursues him three times around the walls of Troy. The description of this pursuit by Homer is extremely vivid.

Thus at the panting dove a falcon flies,
 The swiftest racer of the liquid skies ;
 Just when he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey,
 Obliquely wheeling through the ærial way,
 With open beak and shrilling cries he springs,
 And aims his claws, and shoots upon his wings.

At last Minerva descends to the aid of Achilles. She deceives Hector, appearing to him in the shape of his friend Deiphobus, who encourages him

to turn with him and encounter Achilles. He does this, hurls a spear, and calls upon his friend for another.

He calls Deïphobus, demands a spear —
In vain; for no Deïphobus was there.

Then seeing that a trick had been played upon him by some superior power, he resigns himself to his fate, and is slain by Achilles, who flames with rage, and will not even grant his victim's dying request for the rites of sepulture. Worse than this; he ties him by the heels to his chariot, and drags his dead body round the walls of Troy in full view of his friends.

. . . . his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred
Unworthy of himself and of the dead;
The nervous ancles bored, his feet he bound
With thongs inserted through the double wound;
These fixed up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trailed along the plain.

The lamentations of the Trojans, particularly of his mother, and of his beautiful wife, Andromache, are pathetically described. As to this last description, and that of the parting of Hector and Andromache, in Book VI., Professor Felton well remarks that "the poet's claim to a place in the highest ranks of genius might safely rest on these two scenes alone."

Book XXIII.

A few words are all that need to be given to Book XXIII., nearly the whole of it being occupied with an account of the funeral of Patroclus, and of the games instituted in his honor.

The bodies of slain victims were laid on the funeral pile, and most horrible of all, the bodies of the twelve captives mentioned in Book XXI., though it does not appear that they were burnt alive.

High on the top the manly corse they lay,
And well fed sheep and sable oxen slay:
Achilles covered with their fat the dead,
And the piled victims round the body spread.
Then jars of honey, and of fragrant oil,
Suspend around low bending o'er the pile.
Four sprightly coursers with a deadly groan,
Pour forth their lives, and on the pyre are thrown.
Of nine large dogs, domestic at his board,
Fall two, selected to attend their lord.
Then last of all, and horrible to tell,
Sad sacrifice, twelve Trojan captives fell.

BOOK XXIV.

This, the closing book of the *Iliad*, is occupied with a description of negotiations and petitions for the body of Hector. Apollo, in a council of the gods, exclaims :

Unpitying powers, how oft each holy fane
Has Hector tinged with blood of victims slain !
And can ye still his cold remains pursue,
Still grudge his body to the Trojans view ?

Thetis is sent by Jupiter to soften the heart of Achilles ; and old King Priam, though earnestly dissuaded by Hecuba, sets out under the guidance of Mercury, to press his suit at the tent of Achilles.

The meeting between Priam and Achilles is pathetically described. The martial hero's heart is touched by the sorrowful aspect of the venerable suppliant.

Now each by turns indulged the gush of woe ;
And now the mingled tides together flow ;
This low on earth, that, gently bending o'er ;
A father one, and one a son deplore.

The request for the body of Hector is granted ; and the poem closes with an account of the funeral and of the lamentations of Andromache, Hecuba, and Helen.



DURANTE ALLIGHIERI DANTE.

BORN 1265.

ITALY.

DIED 1321.

DANTE.

As the dark ages were rolling away there suddenly appeared above the scattering mists a bright light in the literary firmament, as startling and as brilliant as if an unexpected comet flashed across the sky to the astonishment of all beholders.

This is a true genius. It is not to be accounted for by the spirit of the times, by the environment of a person, or by the demand of the public. We cannot see the underlying thought of the author of the *Divina Commedia*, or by what motive he was governed in the construction of his immortal work, though we can discover many things in his personal history that qualified him for it.

The original idea of the book and the development of the plan was an inspiration, but we can trace in his life a succession of events that enabled him, when ready to begin, to go on successfully with his undertaking.

Dante, or more properly, Durante Alighieri, was born in Florence, A. D. 1265, under the lovely sky of a Tuscan May. His family was of noble blood; by birth he belonged to the Guelfs, or the party of the Pope and the Church, and he was known as the enemy of the Ghibellines, or the party of the Emperor. His widowed mother devoted herself to his training in his earliest years, and as he advanced in life, Brunetto Latini and other distinguished masters carried on the work.

He became thoroughly acquainted with the rich stores of Latin literature. Virgil, Ovid and Horace were his chosen companions.

In his advanced youth he frequented the universities of Padua, Bologna and Paris, the most celebrated seats of learning then known, and it said that he went to England and sought to complete his education in the university of Oxford. In these institutions he pursued philosophy, by which name was included the whole round of scientific knowledge, and theology, which included all which we now call metaphysics. Though diligent as a student, and using books and teachers so as to gain from both the greatest advantage, he was by no means a recluse. He was cheerful, frank and generous in his disposition, and passed for a high-bred man of the world.

He was gathering material for his great work from every department of science, and from his general acquaintance with the world, and now, at the age of twenty-five, he was to make acquaintance with military life. In the battle of Campaldino, fought by the Florentines with their neighbors of Arezzo, because the latter favored Ghibelline refugees, Dante displayed great bravery; he fought in the first rank, and claimed a proud share in the victory of that day.

In the following year he took a conspicuous part in the siege of Caprona, and was thus storing his mind with rich treasures from his acquaintance with scenes of pillage and slaughter, to be brought forth as they were needed, to give life and vividness to his great poem.

He was often employed, as a citizen, on important embassies, especially to the Kings of France, Hungary and Naples, and in all he is said to have acquitted himself with honor and advantage to his country.

But that which contributed most to the preparation for his masterpiece, as quickening his imagination and stirring the deepest fountains of his soul, was his pure and true love for "Bice," or Beatrice Portinari. The young couple met at the house of her father at a festa, and the boy's heart was suddenly, and for all time, captured.

This passion cannot be called a boy's love. It was the fervor of a fond heart, that burned with the fire of devotion, not only during his boyhood (he was then but ten years old), but which continued after the death of the beloved object, to the disturbance of his conjugal relation, and to be the inspiration of his poetical dreams as long as he lived. Whether the fair object of his love responded to his heart we are not told. His devotion might well put to shame many a more mature lover.

Beatrice died A. D. 1290, at the age of twenty-four, and, notwithstanding his strong passion, he submitted himself to the bond of wedlock with another Italian dame. He married Gemma Donati within a year after Beatrice's death, and became the father of six children.

His thoughts and his language of devotion to the memory of his dead mistress were enough to embitter his married life. In A. D. 1300, Dante was made Prior, or chief magistrate of Florence, and then, as he himself says, his real troubles commenced. Party feeling was running very high in the city, and in his temporary absence on an embassy to Rome, his opponents succeeded in having him pronounced an enemy; his house was burned and his estate confiscated. He became a wanderer, and was not allowed to enter Florence for the rest of his life. In this period the "*Divina Commedia*" was written. Exile was a stimulus to his genius. He was a wanderer until his death, for about twenty years, and he died in Ravenna, where he had found temporary shelter, in A. D. 1321, at the age of fifty-six. He is undoubtedly to be ranked as the earliest and the greatest of the modern Italian poets.

THE INFERNO.

The whole book, the "*Divina Commedia*," is properly called "The Vision of Dante." It consists of an imaginary journey, as in a dream, through the three regions of Hell, Purgatory and Paradise.

By common consent, the *Inferno* is far superior to the other parts in sublime thought and elegant diction. It consists of thirty-four Cantos. In the first Canto, the poet introduces himself to his readers in the first lines, thus:

In the midway of this our mortal life,
I found me in a gloomy wood, astray.

This reference is doubtless to his own age. He had just passed the "midway of our mortal life." The days of our years are three-score and ten, and in A. D. 1300, he was thirty-five years of age.

How first I entered it, I scarce can say,
Such sleepy dulness, in that instant weighed
My senses down, when the true path I left.

The poet is here describing the confusion and doubt into which he was thrown by his exile, and the untoward circumstances by which he was surrounded.

But, when a mountain's foot I reached, where closed,
The valley that had pierced my heart with dread,
I looked aloft and saw his shoulders broad,
Already vested with that planet's beam
Who leads all wanderers safe through every way,
Then was a little respite to the fear.

The sight of the sunshine on the mountains he was approaching, comforted him, and he began the ascent, so poetically told in the words, "the hinder foot still firmer." (In a toilsome ascent the weight of the body rests on the hinder foot.)

. Scarce the ascent
Began, when lo, a panther nimble, light
And covered with a speckled skin, appeared ;—
Then a lion came against me, as it appeared
With his head held aloft and hunger-mad,
That e'en the air was fear-struck. A she-wolf
Was at his heels.

Whether by these fierce animals we understand the love of luxury or pleasure, the dominion of pride and the influence of avarice, or as other commentators suppose, the city of Florence, the King of France and the Court of Rome, the traveler pursues his upward way amid all obstacles. Though, as he says,

"While to the lower space, with backward step
I fell, my ken discovered the form of one
Whose voice seemed faint, through long disuse of speech.
When him in that great desert I espied,
'Have mercy on me,' cried I out aloud,
'Spirit, or living man, whate'er thou be.'
He answered, 'Now, not man ; man once I was.'"

This was the shade of the poet Virgil. He had left the world more than a thousand years before. He had endeared himself to all the poets of succeeding generations. He had been an especial favorite of Dante, who was now willing to accept as his guide to the unknown region he was about to explore one whom he had so long followed in his sweet songs. When Dante recognizes the old poet, from the full description he gives of himself, he replies :

"Art thou then that Virgil — that well-spring
From which such copious floods of eloquence
Have issued?" I with front abashed, replied,

“Glory and light of all the tuneful train,
 May it avail me, that I long with zeal
 Have sought thy Volume and with love immense
 Have conned it o’er. My master thou, and guide !
 Thou, he from whom alone I have derived
 That style, which for its beauty, into fame
 Exalts me.”

To escape these beasts, Virgil assures him he must take another way, and he promises

“I, for thy profit pondering, now devise
 That thou mayest follow me ; and I, thy guide,
 Will lead thee hence, through an eternal space
 Where thou shalt hear despairing shrieks, and see
 Spirits of old, tormented, who invoke
 A second death : And those next view who dwell
 Content in fire, for that they hope to come,
 Whene’er the time may be, among the blest,
 Into whose regions, if thou then desire
 To ascend, a spirit worthier than I
 Must lead thee, in whose charge, when I depart,
 Thou shalt be led : For that Almighty King,
 Who reigns above, a rebel to his law
 Adjudges me, and therefore hath decreed
 That, to his city none through me should come.
 He in all parts hath sway : there rules, there holds
 His citadel and throne. O happy those,
 Whom there he chooses.”

Dante replies,

“Barred by that God whom thou didst not adore
 I do beseech thee (that this ill, and worse,
 I may escape) to lead me where thou saidst,
 That I Saint Peter’s gate may view, and those
 Who as thou tell’st are in such dismal plight.”
 “Onward he moved, I close his steps pursued.”

CANTO II.

The shades of evening come on, and darkness befits the journey they are about to make. Then follows the invocation poets are accustomed to use at the beginning of a poem.

“O Muses ! Oh high genius ! now vouchsafe
 Your aid. Oh mind ! that all I saw has kept
 Safe in a written record, here thy worth
 And eminent endowments come to proof.”

Dante then begins seriously to question whether he is worthy to make this journey into the hidden world, and though he refers to the visit of Æneas to the infernal regions which Virgil has so vividly described, and to the experience of Paul, who was caught up to Heaven, he still doubts his own fitness for such an enterprise. He says :

. "not Æneas I, nor Paul.
Myself I deem not worthy, and none else
Will deem me. I, if on this voyage then
I venture, fear it will in folly end."

Virgil rebukes him for his fears, and to re-assure him he says,

. "I was among the tribe
Who rest suspended."

Thus he announces himself, as being in Limbo, i. e., neither admitted to a state of glory, nor doomed to punishment.

. "when a dame so blest
And lovely I besought her to command
Call'd me."

She gives him this direction :

"A friend, not of my fortune but myself,
On the wide desert, in his road has met
Hindrance so great that he, through fear, has turned.
Now much I dread that he past help hath strayed,
And I be risen too late for his relief,
From what, in Heaven, of him I heard. Speed now,
And by thy eloquent persuasive tongue,
And by all means for his deliverance meet,
Assist him—So, to me will comfort spring.
I, who now bid thee on this errand forth
Am Beatrice; from a place I come
Re-visited with joy—Love brought me thence,
Who prompts my speech. When in my Master's sight
I stand, thy praise to him I oft will tell."

Dante, on hearing that he was the object of Beatrice's care, was inspired with new courage, and uses this beautiful figure to describe his state of mind.

"As florets by the frosty air of night
Bent down and closed, when day has blanched their leaves
Rise all unfolded on their spiry stems;
So was my fainting vigor now restored."

Virgil and Dante then proceed on the deep and woody way.

CANTO III.

The travellers come to a portal's lofty arch, where, by the lurid light they are able to read the terrible and well-known inscription, the closing line of which is,

"All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

They enter, and the place is dismal enough.

"Here sighs, with lamentations and loud moans
Resounded through the air, pierced by no star."

The poet inquires of his guide,

"Oh master! what is this I hear? What race
Are these, who seem so overcome with woes?"

Virgil answers,

. "This miserable fate
Suffer the wretched souls of those who lived
Without or praise or blame, with that ill band
Of angels mixed, who nor rebellious proved,
Nor yet were true to God, but for themselves
Were only." "From his bounds Heaven drove them forth
Not to impair his lustre, nor the depth
Of Hell receive them, lest the accursed tribe
Should glory thence, with exultation vain."

To Dante's inquiry why these lament so loud, Virgil replies,

. "These of death
No hope may entertain;
Speak not of them, but pass them by."

A long train of Spirits appeared, some of whom Dante recognized. He at once knew the shade of Celestine V., who cowardly abdicated the Papal Chair in A. D. 1294.

They came next to the borders of the Acheron, where they have an interview with Charon, who proposes to take them into Eternal Darkness, but when he perceives that Dante is yet alive, he says,

. . . "Live Spirit get thee hence, and leave
These who are dead."

Virgil rebukes Charon and explains the right of the living man to visit the lower regions.

"Charon! thyself torment not: So 'tis willed
Where will and power are one: ask thou no more."

Charon fills his boat with those who desire to cross, and by blows of his oar compels those to enter who linger. The sad spectacle overcame the living man, and he swooned.

CANTO IV.

Aroused by a clap of thunder, he was bewildered and knew not where he was, but, looking round, he found it was the brink of the Lamentable Vale, the dread abyss, where he had fainted. It was so dark and deep that he could discern nothing. Virgil proposes to descend into the blind world beneath, but Dante perceiving his pallor, asks :

How may I speed, if thou yieldst to dread,
Who still art wont to comfort me in doubt ?

Virgil replies :

. . . . The anguish of that race below
With pity stains my cheek, which thou for fear
Mistakest.

They then come to the first circle that surrounds the abyss. Here no plaint was heard but sighs, not caused by tortures but from grief. The bard informs Dante that those confined here were blameless, but without baptism it profited them nothing.

Dante evidently considers Limbo as within the borders of Hell. In answer to his inquiry whether any came from thence to the regions of the blessed, Virgil replies :

. I was new to that estate
When I beheld a puissant one arrive
Amongst us, with victorious trophy crowned ;
He forth the shade of our First Parent drew :
And others, many more whom he to bliss
Exalted. Before these be thou assured
No spirit of human kind, was ever saved.

As they pass on, they meet a tribe possessing the place, held in great honor. Virgil says :

. The renown of their great names
That echoes through your world above, acquires
Favor in heaven which holds them thus advanced.

They meet four spirits, one of whom calls out :

. Honor the bard
Sublime ! His shade returns that left us late.

This is the recognition of Virgil by his brother poets, Homer, Flaccus, Naso and Lucan. Dante is honored by being made one of the number, being acknowledged as one of the six masters of song.

Proceeding, they come to a magnificent castle, and find it and the neighboring grounds occupied by some of the exalted ones of the earth. Kings, Queens, and philosophers; Hector, Caesar, Socrates, Plato, and, strange to say, Soldan, or Saladin, the rival of Cœur de Lion, who though an infidel, is given a place in Limbo because he gave some Christian directions about his burial.

CANTO V.

They come into the second circle, where are carnal sinners; those who have indulged in unlawful love. Those who are punished here are tossed about by furious winds.

. "The stormy blast of hell
With restless fury drives the spirits on."

Here Minos stands, a horrid monster, before whom each sinner comes and makes honest confession of all his sins, and receives sentence of proper punishment. Here a long train appears, headed by Semiramis, and followed by Dido, Cleopatra, and Helen, with some of their lovers, Achilles and Paris. Two shades attract Dante's attention, and as they approach, being Francesca Rimini and her adulterous lover, a long conversation follows, in which is given a full account of her fall, and the way in which she was led to it.

. "While thus one spirit spake
The other wailed so sorely that heart-struck
I, through compassion fainting, seemed not far
From death, and like a corse, fell to the ground."

CANTO VI.

On his recovery, the poet find himself in the third circle, where Cerberus, the dog of hell, is found.

. "Cruel monster fierce and strange
Through his wide threefold throat, barks as a dog
Over the multitude immersed beneath."

Virgil throws a "sop to Cerberus," as he gathers a handful of earth and casts it into his hungry maw. Passing among the multitude of prostrate shades, one suddenly raised himself and addressed Dante, announcing himself as a fellow citizen, by name Ciacco. He says:

. "For the sin
Of gluttony, damned vice, beneath this rain
E'en as thou seest, I with fatigue am worn.
Nor I sole spirit in this woe: all these
Have by like crime, incurred like punishment."

Ciacco, under the inquiries of Dante, utters a prophecy of the future condition of Florence. To Dante's question as to the condition of some of his personal friends, he says :

"These are yet blacker spirits. Various crimes
Have sunk them deeper in the dark abyss.
If thou so far descendest, thou mayest see them,"

and is then prostrated, to rise no more until the last trumpet sounds.

Dante asks Virgil whether the misery of these sufferers will be increased or mitigated, and Virgil answers, giving the sentiment of St. Augustine, that at the resurrection of the flesh, both the happiness of the good and the torments of the wicked will be increased.

CANTO VII.

Entering the fourth circle, they encounter Plutus, and Virgil, perceiving Dante's fright, says : "Let not thy fear harm thee"—then turning to Plutus, says :

"Curst wolf ! thy fury, inward on thyself
Prey and consume thee !"

In this fourth circle, where the wretched spirits are most numerous, their crime is avarice or prodigality, and the punishment is to meet in deadly conflict, rolling heavy weights against each other :

"Exclaiming these, 'Why holdest thou so fast?'
Those answering, 'And why castest thou away?'"

Some of these contestants had their heads shorn. Some were Popes or Cardinals, o'er whom,

"Avarice dominion absolute maintains."

In the discussion that follows about Fortune, Virgil says :

"Not all the gold that is beneath the moon
Or ever hath been, of these toil-worn souls
Might purchase rest for one."

They come to the borders of the Stygian Lake, and see a "miry tribe, all naked and with looks betokening rage," and to the inquiry, "What race is this?"

The good instructor spake "Now seest thou son,
The souls of those whom anger overcame."

CANTO VIII.

In this Canto they are ferried over the Stygian Lake by Phlegyas, and on the way are accosted by the Shades of Filippo Argenti, of whom Virgil says :

. "He in the world was one
For arrogance noted : to his memory
No virtue lends its lustre."

Coming to the City of Dis, whose minarets were shining with a vermillion light, they were forbidden entrance by a thousand demons. After a colloquy, in which they gave permission to the shade of Virgil, but forbade the living being to come in, and awaking great fear in Dante, lest his guide should forsake him, when the door was finally closed against Virgil he returned to Dante and said :

. "that I am angered, think
No ground of terror; in this trial, I
Shall vanquish, use what arts they may within
For hindrance. This their insolence not new,
Erewhile at gate less secret they displayed
Which still is without bolt: upon its arch
Thou sawest the deadly scroll: and even now,
On this side of its entrance, down the steep
Passing the circles, unescorted, comes
One whose strong might can open us this land."

CANTO IX.

While they are waiting the coming of the promised deliverer, Virgil tells his friend that he has already made this journey under the spell of Erictho, a famous sorceress, and that he is therefore well acquainted with the way. They see suddenly appearing on the top of the tower three forms :

In limb and motion feminine they seemed,
Around them greenest hydras twisting rolled.

These were the three Furies, Megaera, Alecto, and Tisiphone. They call to Medusa to turn the rash onlooker into stone, but, shielded by Virgil, Dante escapes this wretched fate. The promised help, an angel, now came with a terrible, crashing sound through the miry lake, with unwet feet :

. to the gate
He came, and with his wand touched it, whereat
Open, without impediment, it flew.

They now enter without hindrance and see the place thick with sepulchres, the lids of which are open, and out of which are bursting flames hotter than melted iron. Virgil explains :

“ The arch-heretics are here, accompanied
By every sect their followers.”

CANTO X.

In this Canto, Dante holds conversation with Farinata and Cavalcanti; in which some prophecies are given, the spirits declaring :

“ We view, as one who has an evil sight
. plainly, objects far remote ;
So much of his large splendor yet imparts
The Almighty Ruler : but when they approach,
Or actually exist, our intellect
Then wholly fails ; nor of your human state,
Except what others bring us, know we aught.”

In conversation, Cavalcanti asks :

“ If thou through this blind prison goest
Led by thy lofty genius and profound,
Where is my son ? And wherefore not with thee ? ”

Dante replied,

. “ Not of myself I come :
By him who there expects me, through this clime
Conducted, whom perchance Guido thy son
Had in contempt.”

The Shade says,

. “ How ! said'st thou, he had ?
No longer lives he ? Strikes not on his eye
The blessed daylight ? ”

and then as if utterly overcome, sinks back into the burning tomb, and is seen no more. Resuming his talk with Farinata, he abjures him to tell his friend who has just fallen that his son yet lives, and ask him who are partakers of his fiery doom. He answered,

“ More than a thousand with me, here are laid.”

He names among them Frederick II. and the Lord Cardinal; of the rest he would not speak.

CANTO XI.

Standing upon a rocky eminence, they see the tomb of Anastasius; and Virgil, rehearsing what they have already seen, makes a long discourse in answer to the inquiry why all sinners are not subject to the punishments of the city of Dis. He shows what is the nature of the various crimes which men commit, and more at length dwells on the sin of usury, which he says is contrary to the laws of Nature, and the laws of the Book of God.

The whole Canto is generally regarded as a resumé of the poem so far as written.

CANTO XII.

They descend by a rough passage to the seventh circle. The pass was guarded by the Minotaur. Virgil allays the fears of the beast, assuring him that they had come only to view his torment, and hurries Dante down the steep till they come to a river of blood, in which were immersed those who had injured others by violence. This river was guarded by Centaurs, three of whom came forth to oppose their coming. Nessus threatens them, but Virgil appeals to Chiron, and when they come near, Chiron says to his fellows :

“ Are ye aware that he who comes behind
Moves what he touches? The feet of the dead
Are not so wont.”

Virgil says :

. “ He is indeed alive,
And solitary, so must needs by me
Be shown the gloomy Vale, thereto induced
By strict necessity, not by delight.
She left her joyous harpings in the sky,
Who this new office to my care consigned.
He is no robber, no dark spirit I,
But by that virtue which empowers my step
To tread so wild a path, grant us, I pray,
One of thy band, whom we may trust secure,
Who to the ford may lead us, and convey
Across, him mounted on his back : for he
Is not a spirit that may walk the air.”

Nessus at the direction of Chiron carries Dante over the river of blood, but as they pass along the bank, they see the spirits of those who were given to blood and rapine, among whom are Alexander and Dionysius of

the ancient time, and Azzolino and Obizzo of comparatively modern times. Here also they see one thus described :

. " He in God's bosom smote the heart,
Which yet is honored on the bank of Thames."

Nessus have described the terrible condition of tyrants, among whom are Attila, Sextus and Pyrrhus, leaves them, " and alone repassed the ford."

CANTO XIII.

In the second compartment of the seventh circle they come to those who have committed suicide, and those who have violently consumed their goods : the first changed into rough and knotted trees, whereon the Harpies build their nests, and the latter chased and torn by female mastiffs.

Dante hearing moanings, and supposing that the dismal sound proceeded from persons concealed in the wood, Virgil, to enlighten him, says :

. " If thou lop off
A single twig from one of those ill plants,
The thought thou hast conceived shall vanish quite."

He broke off a branch and to his amaze issued a voice saying :

. " Why pluckest thou me ? "

and as the dark blood trickled down its side, these words were added :

. " Wherefore tearest me thus ?
Is there no touch of mercy in thy breast ?
Men once were we, that now are rooted here.
Thy hand might well have spared us had we been
The souls of serpents."

Virgil takes upon himself all blame for the rough conduct of Dante, and with flattering words, persuades the spirit to reveal itself, he says,

. " I it was who held
Both keys to Frederick's heart and turn'd the wards,
Opening and shutting with a skill so sweet,
That besides me, into his inmost breast
Scarce any other could admittance find."

This was Pietro della Vigne, who from a low condition raised himself to the office of Chancellor of Frederick II. By the envy of his fellow courtiers, and by means of forged letters, the monarch was made to believe that

he was holding secret intercourse with the Pope, with whom he was then at enmity. He was condemned by his too credulous sovereign to lose his eyes, and in his despair he put an end to his life by dashing out his brains against the walls of a church. He now declares his innocence. He says :

. " I swear
That never faith I broke to my liege lord."

In answer to Virgil's questions, he more fully explains the doom of self-murderers :

. " for what a man
Takes from himself, it is not just he have.
. throughout
The dismal glade our bodies shall be hung,
Each on the wild-thorn of his wretched shade."

Two swift runners are seized and torn in pieces by fierce mastiffs, and the leaves of a bush behind which they took shelter being scattered, the spirit of the bush begs the travellers to gather them up and place them at the foot of the trunk. This is an unknown suicide, who announces the crime in these words :

" I slung the fatal noose from my own roof."

CANTO XIV.

On their strange journey they come now to the third department of the seventh circle. They reach a wide area of arid sand, in which they see a multitude of wretched spirits, upon whose naked bodies flakes of fire are descending. Among these tormented ones is one of whom Dante asks his guide :

. " Say who
Is yon huge spirit, that, as seems, heeds not
The burning? "

The spirit answers for himself :

. " Such as I was
When living, dead, such now I am."

Virgil calls out with a louder voice than usual :

Capaneus !
Thou art more punished, in that this thy pride
Lives yet unquenched : no torment, save thy rage,
Were to thy fury pain proportioned full."

They come to a little brook whose crimson waves lifts Dante's hair with horror, and Virgil says,

"Of all that I have shown thee, since that gate
We entered first, whose threshold is to none
Denied, naught else so worthy of regard,
As is this river, has thine eye discerned,
O'er which the flaming valley all is quenched."

Dante replies,

"That having given me appetite to know,
The food he too would give, that hunger craved."

Then Virgil gives him a long account of the olden time, telling him that in Crete there is a huge statue, from the fissure in which tears distil, that in their progress flow downward and form the rivers of the infernal regions.

CANTO XV.

Passing on they come to a troop of spirits, by whom they themselves were carefully scanned, and one of them recognizing Dante caught him by the skirt and cried out: "What wonder have we here?"

It was the shade of Brunetto, his old instructor, and to Dante's expression of surprise: "And are ye here?" Brunetto proposes to turn back and have an interview with him. Dante proposes to sit down and have a long talk with him; but the shade replies:

"O son, whoever of this throng
One instant stops, lies then a hundred years,
No fan to ventilate him, when the fire
Smites sorest. Pass thou therefore on. I close
Will at thy garments walk, and then rejoin
My troop, who go mourning their endless doom."

In their conversation, Brunetto foretells a glorious future for Dante as a poet, though he would have some political troubles, and leaves him in haste as he sees a company of spirits approaching whom he does not wish to meet, commending his learned volume to him, as he says:

"I commend my *Treasure* to thee
Wherein I yet survive: my sole request."

CANTO XVI.

They come to the border of the eighth circle, and hear the sound of a stream falling, and meet three military men, who claim acquaintance with them, as being of their city. They were revolving like wheels, and in great

torment. They gave their names, and are recognized by Dante, who gives them some account of the present condition of Florence. They suddenly departed ;

“Not in so short a time might one have said
‘Amen’, as they had vanished.”

They now hear more clearly the roar of the torrent, and come to the brink of the cataract. Here Virgil took from Dante a cord which he wore around him, and cast it into the chasm. Then the poet says,

“ through the gross and murky air, I spied
A shape come swimming up, that might have quelled
The stoutest heart with wonder.”

CANTO XVII.

Virgil describes the creature called Geryon :

“Lo, the fell monster with the deadly sting,
Who passes mountains, breaks through fenced walls,
And firm embattled spears, and with his filth
Paints all the world.”

Virgil beckoned him to the shore.

“Forthwith, that image vile of Fraud appeared,
His head and upper part exposed on land,
But laid not on the shore his bestial train.
His face the semblance of a just man’s wore,
So kind and gracious was its outward cheer :
The rest was serpent all.”

While Virgil is making arrangement with Geryon to carry them down the abyss, Dante has an interview with some Florentines and a Paduan, who are known by the badges they wear ; then returning to his guide, they prepare for their descent.

“My guide already seated on the haunch
Of the fierce animal I found : and thus
He me encouraged. ‘Be thou stout : be bold.
Mount thou before : for that no power the tail
May have to harm thee, I will be i’ th’ midst.’ ”

The descent is made in safety. This Canto is filled with many poetical figures, and is itself one of the most highly wrought passages of the whole work.

CANTO XVIII.

They are landed in Malebolge, and here they meet, and are met by, two processions of tormented spirits. Here those are punished who have caused women to fall, either for their own pleasure, or for that of others, lashed by horned-fiends:

"That on their back unmercifully smote.
Ah! how they made them bound at the first stripe!
None for the second waited, nor the third."

They see one, who thus announces himself:

"Know then 'twas I who led fair Ghisola
To do the Marquis' will."

Among the company that come in the other direction, they see Jason,

. "whose skill and prowess won
The ram from Colchas."
"Here too, Medea's injuries are avenged.
All bear him company, who like deceit
To his have practiced."

Here were seen a crowd immersed in human ordure, among which Alessio is recognized, and the ancient Thais.

CANTO XIX.

They come to the third gulf of the eighth circle, here the sin of simony is punished. The bottom of the vault was filled with apertures like tombs, and out of each emerged the feet of a sinner, who was immersed therein head downwards. In the fourth gulf they come to one who mistakes Dante for Boniface VIII., who was not yet dead.

Nicholas III. of the Orsini family, intimates that he was expecting the coming of Boniface, who for the same crime was to receive punishment. He says:

. "Under my head are dragged
The rest, my predecessors in the guilt
Of simony. Stretched at their length they lie
Along an opening in the rock. Midst them
I also low shall fall, soon as he comes,
For whom I took thee, when so hastily
I questioned. But already longer time

Hath passed, since my soles kindled, and I thus
 Upturned have stood, than is his doom to stand
 Planted, with fiery feet. For after him,
 One yet of deeds more ugly shall arrive
 From forth the west, a shepherd without law,
 Fated to cover both his form and mine.

This is supposed to refer to Bertrand de Got, archbishop of Bordeaux, who assumed the title of Clement V., transferred the Holy See to Avignon, and died in 1314.

CANTO XX.

They see approaching them, but moving backwards, a tribe with heads reversed at the neck bone. This is the punishment of those who pretend to foretell future events. Amphiaraus is the first seen, whom the earth swallowed, and Tiresias, who for a time changed his sex, and Aruns, who killed Brutus, and Manto the daughter of Tiresias, who founded Mantua, of which the poet, in this canto, gives full account. Then Eurypylus is pointed out :

. "who with Calchas gave the sign
 When first to cut the cable,"

when the Greeks were going to the Trojan war. Michael Scott is also pointed out,

"Practiced in every slight of magic wile."

Guido Bonatti and Asdente, Italians, the latter a shoemaker who left the bench to practice the arts of divination, are shown in their torment, and Virgil says :

"See next the wretches, who the needle left,
 The shuttle and the spindle, and became
 Diviners : baneful witcheries they wrought
 With images and herbs."

CANTO XXI.

Still in the eighth circle, they look down from the bridge, and see what the poet likens to the pitch which the Venetian sailors prepare for their vessels.

"So, not by force of fire, but art divine,
 Boils here a glutinous thick mass, that round
 Limed all the shore beneath."

The place is filled with demons, whose work it is, with great hooks, to keep those who are tormented under the hot waves of pitch. One of

the elders is attempting to escape, and the demons are called upon to prevent it,

"E'n thus the cook bestirs him, with his grooms,
To thrust the flesh into the caldron down
With flesh-hooks, that it float not on the top."

To repel the assault of the raging demon, Virgil again makes mention of the Almighty will. He says :

"Believest thou Malacoda ! I had come
Thus far from all your skirmishing secure,
. without will divine
And destiny propitious ? Pass we then :
For so Heaven's pleasure is, that I should lead
Another through this savage wilderness."

The chief of the band of demons now points out a surer way for their progress, declaring that the rocks on which they were standing were rent, so as to be now insecure, when Christ was crucified. Calling a troop of ten by their names, he charges them to convey the travelers safely to the next stage in their journey.

CANTO XXII.

This Canto is introduced by a reference to the poet's experience in the various movements of soldiers in battle, in jousts, but the movements of this demonial escort surpasses all he has ever seen.

The view of the lake of pitch is still before them, and those within are represented by dolphins before a storm, showing their backs above the wave, and by frogs, which lift a part of their bodies above the moat in which they dwell. It is the work of these demons to force each such sufferer below the boiling pitch, and as they escort the travelers on their way, they are occupied with their peculiar work.

Ciampolo and the friar, Gomita, are pointed out as suffering in the pitchy flood, and are objects of special torture by this company of fiends. The poet describes the escape of one of their victims from their fury, as a water-fowl escapes from the pursuing falcon by diving below the wave, and this leads to a conflict between two of the demons, thus described :

. "O'er the dike
In grapple close they joined ; but the other proved
A goshawk able to rend well his foe :
And in the boiling lake both fell,
And we departing, left them to that broil."

CANTO XXIII.

These demons now turn their rage against Dante. He is reminded of a fable of Æsop's, in which the frog offering to carry the mouse across a stream, with the intention of drowning him, both are snatched up by a kite. They see the demons approaching, but Virgil caught Dante, as a sleeping mother catches up her babe when suddenly roused by the crackling of flames, and carried him to the next fosse, whither the demons were not allowed to come. They now come to a tribe, of whom it is said :

“Caps had they on, with hoods that fell low down
Before their eyes, in fashion like to those
Worn by the monks in Cologne. Their outside
Was overlaid with gold, dazzling to view,
But leaden all within.”

They first meet the mourning hypocrites, Catalano and Loderingo, joyous friars of Florence. Then they come to a pierced spirit ; nailed by his hands and feet to the ground, and they learn that this is Caiaphas, who gave counsel to the Pharisees, that it was fitting that one man should die for the people, and, in the fosse near by, Annas is lying and all partakers with him in that counsel against the Christ.

CANTO XXIV.

They go into the seventh gulf, climbing the rocks with great labor, Virgil encourages the fainting Dante thus :

Now needs thy best of man ;
For not on downy plumes, nor under shade
Of canopy reposing, fame is won ;
Without which whose'er consumes his days,
Leaveth such vestige of himself on earth,
As smoke in air, or foam upon the wave.
Thou therefore rise : vanquish thy weariness
By the mind's effort, in each struggle formed
To vanquish if she suffer not the weight
Of her corporeal frame to crush her down.”

As they proceed, Dante hears a voice, the words of which he could not catch distinctly. Dante proposes to go to the next circle, and Virgil replies :

“I answer not, but by the deed. To fair request
Silent performance maketh best return.”

The bridge over the chasm leading to the eighth mound revealed a crowd of the most horrible serpents among which ran a crowd of naked spirits,

. "winged with horrid fear
Nor hope had they of crevice where to hide,
Or heliotrope to charm them out of view.
With serpents were their hands behind them bound,
Which through their reins infixed the tail and head,
Twisted in folds before. And, lo! on one
Near to our side, darted an adder up,
And, where the neck is on the shoulders tied,
Transpierced him. Far more quickly than e'er pen
Wrote O or I, be kindled, burned, and changed
To ashes all, poured out upon the earth.
When there dissolved he lay, the dust again
Uprolled spontaneous, and the self-same form
Instant resumed."

The poet here gives an account of the fabled Phœnix, and ends the canto with some political prophecies from the mouth of Vanni Fucci, one of the tormented.

CANTO XXV.

Fucci, guilty of blasphemy amid his punishment, was seized by two serpents and, endeavoring to escape, was pursued by Cacus the centaur, inflamed with fury. Three spirits of noted robbers now appear, and the punishment of one is described. He is seized by a serpent with six feet, and in the struggle,

"That which was either now was seen no more."

The transformation is fully described—how the man is changed into a serpent, and the serpent into a man, so that

"The soul transformed into the brute, glides off,
Hissing along the vale, and after him
The other talking sputters."

CANTO XXVI.

This canto commences with an ironical exclamation for the poet's native city:

"Florence, exult! for thou so mightily
Hast thriven, that o'er land and sea thy wings
Thou beatest, and thy name spreads over hell.
Among the plunderers, such the three I found
Thy citizens: whence shame to me thy son,
And no proud honor to thyself redounds."

They come to the eighth chasm, where they see innumerable fires like the fire-flies seen by the peasant in the spring-time, and as Elisha saw the chariot and horses of fire when Elijah ascended to Heaven. Virgil says :

“ Within these ardors are the spirits, each
Swathed in confining fire.”

To Dante's inquiry about a special flame, he answers :

“ Ulysses there, and Diomed endure
Their penal tortures, thus to vengeance now
Together hastening, as erewhile to wrath,
These in the flame with ceaseless groans deplore
The ambush of the horse, that opened wide
A portal for that goodly seed to pass,
Which sowed imperial Rome.”

Ulysses invoked, gives an account of his travels and his shipwreck, thus closing the canto.

CANTO XXVII.

Another flame is seen, and its occupant inquires about the condition of Romagna, and receives such information as Dante could give. Dante asks :

“ Now tell us who art thou ?
Be not more hard than others,”
“ Then roared awhile the fire, its sharpened point
On either side waved, and thus breathed at last :
‘ If I did think my answer were to one
Who ever could return unto the world,
This flame should rest unshaken. But since ne’er,
If true be told me, any from this depth
Has found his upward way, I answer thee,
Nor fear less infamy record the words.’ ”

He then gives an account of his crime :

“ A man of arms at first, I clothed me then
In good Saint Francis' girdle, hoping so
To have made amends. And certainly my hope
Had failed not, but that he, whom curses light on,
The high priest, again seduced me into sin.
Long as this spirit moved the bones and pulp
My mother gave me, less my deeds bespoke
The nature of the lion than the fox.
All ways of winding subtlety I knew,
And with such art conducted, that the sound
Reached the world's limit.”

By subtlety, he aided the Pope to obtain possession of Penestrino, and, though promised absolution of his crime, when he died and St. Francis came to claim his spirit, a dark cherub met him and cried, "Wrong me not : he is mine." Taken to Minos, he was condemned to the eighth circle, where he is to remain.

CANTO XXVIII.

They come to the ninth gulf, and see bodies frightfully mangled, among whom is the arch heretic Mahomet, who says :

"Whom here thou seest, while they lived, did sow
Scandal and schism, and therefore thus are rent.
A fiend is here behind, who with his sword
Hacks us thus cruelly, slivering again
Each of this realm, when we have compassed round
The dismal way : for first our gashes close
Ere we repass before him."

A hundred wretched spirits cry out to warn Dolcino of the doom that awaits him as a heretic, and Pietro prophesies the cruel deaths of Guido and Angelo. Curio, deprived of his tongue for giving fatal advice, and Mosca now appear, the latter the author of the saying :

"The deed once done there is an end, that proved
A seed of sorrow to the Tuscan race."

Bertrand of Born now comes to view, bearing his head in his hand. He incited John to rebel against his father, Henry II. of England, and for this breach between two who should be so closely united he is condemned to the separation of his head from his body.

CANTO XXIX.

They go to the bridge that crosses the tenth gulf, where they hear the cries of the forgers and the alchemists who are tormented therein. Going down the rock, they see a multitude afflicted with various foul diseases. Here Dante is looking intently, and says :

"Within that cave I deem,
Whereon so fixedly I held my ken
There is a spirit dwells, one of my blood,
Wailing the crime that costs him now so dear."

This was Geri of Bello, a kinsman of Dante, whom he places among the lost. One for pretending to teach another to fly, was burned and after

death was condemned by Minos to this gulf for alchemy, and several Sienese are here for alchemy. One introduced himself thus :

“ I am Capocchio's ghost
Who forged transmuted metals by the power
Of alchemy.”

He is said to have been a fellow-student of Dante in natural philosophy. The punishment of these sufferers is so grievous that they scratch themselves and others, until

. “ the crust
Came drawn from underneath in flakes like scales
Scraped from the bream, or fish of larger mail.”

CANTO XXX.

In the same gulf other sinners are punished in a similar manner. In the introduction to the canto the poet gives the sad story of Athemas and other great sinners, who were visited by the Furies in order to say that some of the Furies of Thebes or Troy compared with those that now appeared. One attacked Capocchio. This was Schicchi. He personated a dead man and made a will in favor of another, for which service he was rewarded with a mare of extraordinary beauty, called “the lady of the herd.” The other was the ancient Myrrha. Adamo begs for a drop of water to cool his parched tongue. He is extremely anxious to meet Guido, who instigated him to his crime of making counterfeit money. He is chained and cannot move, but says :

. “ were I but so light
That I each hundred years might move one inch,
I had set forth already on this path,
Seeking him out amid the shapeless crew.”

Potiphar's wife, and Sinon, who helped to introduce the wooden horse into Troy, are now seen in torment, and a long quarrel of words, preceded by a blow given and returned, is recited between Sinon and Adamo. Virgil reproves Dante for listening, and says :

. “ to hear
Such wrangling is a joy for vulgar minds.”

CANTO XXXI.

Approaching the ninth and last circle of the lower regions, they heard the terrible blast of a horn,

“Sounded so loud, the peal it rang had made
The thunder feeble.”

Daute seems to see in the dim distance a lofty tower, and to his inquiry, "Master! what land is this?" Virgil answers:

. "too long a space
Of intervening darkness has thine eye
To traverse: thou hast widely erred
In thy imaginings."
"Yet know, ere further we advance
That it less strange may seem, these are not towers
But giants. In the pit they stand immersed
Each from his navel downward round the bank."

They first come to Nimrod the mighty hunter, whose horn they had heard, and then to Ephilaes, who was foremost in the battles with the gods. Dante gives this philosophical view of the reason why the race of giants is not continued:

"All teeming Nature, when her plastic hand
Left framing of these monsters, did display
Past doubt, her wisdom, taking from mad War
Such slaves to do his bidding: and if she
Repent her not of the elephant and whale,
Who ponders well, confesses her therein
Wiser and more discreet: for when brute force
And evil will, are backed with subtlety,
Resistance none avails."

They come to Antæus, a mighty giant, whom Virgil engages to carry them down to the lowest depths, and

. "in the abyss,
That Lucifer with Judas low engulfs,
Lightly he placed us. Nor, there leaning stayed,
But rose, as in a bark the stately mast."

CANTO XXXII.

To complete his picture of human suffering, the poet now describes the punishment by extreme cold, as in contrast with that of burning heat.

. "as down we stood
In the dark pit beneath the giants' feet,
But lower far than they, and I did gaze
Still on the lofty battlement, a voice
Bespoke me thus: 'Look how thou walkest! Take
Good heed, thy soles do tread not on the heads
Of thy poor brethren.' Thereupon I turned,
And saw before and underneath my feet
A lake, whose frozen surface liker seem'd
To glass than water."

Above this icy surface many heads were protruded. Several names of Italians are given.

"A thousand visages
Then marked I, which the keen and eager cold
Had shaped into a doggish grin : whence creeps
A shivering horror o'er me, at the thought
Of these froze shadows."

Passing on, he strikes his foot against a head, whom, complaining of the abuse, and refusing to tell his name, Dante seizes by the hair, and threatening to pull off his scalp if he would not own his name. A neighboring spirit reveals this secret, calling him by name, Bocca.

The poet sees two heads in close contact, the jaws of one fastened upon the brain of the other, and the answer to his inquiry who these are, is given in the beginning of the next Canto.

CANTO XXXIII.

Count Ugolino tells at length the sad story of the destruction of himself and his children by being starved to death by the direction of Archbishop Ruggieri, and justifies the savage attack he is making upon his brain, by the heinousness of the crime.

The friar Alberigo cries out for help. He is punished for the assassination of some of his brethren at a banquet. And now appears a ghost whose body is still on earth, for Alberigo says,

"Know that the soul, that moment she betrays
As I did, yields her body to a fiend
Who after, moves and governs it at will.
Till all its time be rounded : headlong she
Falls to this cistern."

This is the ghost of Branca Doria, who murdered his father-in-law.

CANTO XXXIV.

They descended to the fourth and last round of the ninth circle, and see the King of the infernal regions. His coming is thus introduced by Virgil :

"The banners of Hell's monarch do come forth
Toward us ; therefore look."

Dante's description of Satan is a fitting subject for the last Canto. Here the lost souls were seen through the ice. The poet describes the monarch of the lower regions :

. "That emperor who sways
 The realm of sorrow, at mid-breast, from the ice
 Stood forth; and I in stature am more like
 A giant, than the giants are his arms.
 Mark now, how great that whole must be, which suits
 With such a part. If he were beautiful
 As he is hideous now, and yet did dare
 To scowl upon his Maker, well from him
 May all our misery flow. O, what a sight!
 How passing strange it seemed, when I did spy
 Upon his head three faces; one in front
 Of hue vermilion, the other two with this
 Midway each shoulder joined, and at the crest
 The right twist wan and yellow seemed; the left
 To look on, such as come from whence old Nile
 Stoops to the lowlands. Under each, shot forth
 Two mighty wings, enormous as became
 A bird so vast. Sails never such I saw
 Outstretched on the whole sea. No plumes had they
 But were in texture like a bat; and these
 He flapped i' th' air, that from him issued still
 Three winds, wherewith Cocytus to its depths
 Was frozen. At six eyes he wept: the tears
 Adown three chins distilled with bloody foam.
 At every mouth his teeth a sinner champed,
 Bruised as with ponderous engine; so that three
 Were in this guise tormented."

These three spirits, subjected to such fierce torture, are Judas, Brutus and Cassius. Virgil now says:

. "But night now reascends
 And it is time for parting. All is seen."

At the bidding of his guide, Dante grasps his neck, and he clasping the jagged coat of Lucifer goes on towards the center of the infernal region until reaching the thighs of the monster, he suddenly turns and goes upwards, and with an infinite struggle reaches the open air.

. "By a hidden way
 My guide and I did enter, to return
 To the fair world: and heedless of repose
 We climbed; he first, I following his steps,
 Till on our view the beautiful light of Heaven
 Dawned through a circular opening in the cave:
 Thence issuing we again beheld the stars."



GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO DI CERTALDO

BORN 1313.

ITALY.

DIED 1375.

GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO.

The name Boccaccio has a vigorous sound ; we feel that its owner must have been robust in physique and intellect. Grave Dante, his master, could write in dignified blank verse of solemn things ; his friend, the poet Petrarch, eased his heart in dainty sonnets ; but for Boccaccio, honest prose best expressed his genius, in strong words, with never an inartistic hesitation at calling " a spade a spade." The question as to where Giovanni Boccaccio was born is still an unsettled one, but whether at Paris or Florence, the rivals for this honor, it is certain that it was in the year 1313 that the little Vanni, the Italian equivalent for Jack, first opened his eyes. He was an illegitimate child, for there is in existence a papal dispensation, allowing him to enter on an ecclesiastical career, though disqualified by the laws of the church on account of his illegitimacy. While he was still very young he was seized with the desire of inventing fiction, and in the tales that he made for his companions was a faint foreshadowing of his future power as one of the world's greatest story-tellers. His father, an avaricious, sordid man had little sympathy with this son of an early love, but intended him to follow his own calling, that of a merchant, and here is Boccaccio's account of this period of his life :

" I well remember that my father used his utmost endeavor in my childhood to make a merchant of me, and that he placed me, when I was yet a youngster, as a pupil with a very large trader, with whom for the space of six years I did nothing else but purposely waste that irrecoverable time." And then he tells of the next attempt to fit him into a groove where he did not belong. " After that, inasmuch as it appeared, from the circumstances of the case, that I was fitter for the cultivation of literature, my father ordered me to commence the study of canon law, under the persuasion that I should by that means achieve fortune ; and thus, under a most celebrated teacher, I labored for an equal space of time in vain." It was hard for the old tradesman to realize that his son would handle any book rather than a ledger, but the conviction was finally forced upon him ; " the genius of literature had marked him for her own, and canon law could dispute her empire no more successfully than trade." It is a difficult matter to fix exact dates to events in Boccaccio's life, but when he was between twenty-five and thirty years of age his father sent him to Naples, probably for purposes connected with his canonical studies, and it was there that he first saw and loved Fiammetta ; and received what proved to be the strongest passion of his life, the impulse to follow in the steps of the classic writers. For centuries the wonders of the early Greek and Latin literature had been buried ; no school boy wrestled with his *Cæsar* or *Virgil*, but the awakening was at hand, and it is impossible to speak of Boccaccio without referring to that new enthusiasm for Greek and Latin literature and art, which, springing up in Italy about the time of the 14th century, and spreading rapidly through Europe, received the name of the Renaissance, or new birth. During the 12th and 13th century the growth of the city Republics of Italy caused a revived study of the Roman law, and this in a natural sequence led to a fresh interest in the old Latin authors ; from the Latin to the Greek classics is but a short step, and so Italian scholars began to drink at the " fountain

head of the world's literature." Petrarch was the real originator of the movement, so far as it could be the work of one man; his love for the ancient classic writers amounted to worship, and he was a most ardent searcher after old parchments. The newly-discovered manuscripts were multiplied by the happy invention of the art of printing from movable types, which occurred in the early days of the Renaissance. It was at this time that the famous Vatican Library was founded by the Pope Nicholas V. to contain these treasures. Closely following Petrarch as regards his interest in the classic writers came Boccaccio. There is a story told of his lingering at Virgil's tomb, in a quiet spot, just out of Naples, and there resolving to take him for a master and devote his life to letters. It was at church that Giovanni first saw Fiametta, and instantly the flame was kindled of an enduring love, which had so strong an influence on his literary career. "Her tresses," he tells us, "are of a blonde hue, and under her slender brows are two lovely eyes, such rogues in their movement, that the light flashing from their beauty renders it scarcely possible to tell what they are." Fiametta's name in the world was Maria, her surname is unknown, as, unfortunately for them both, she was already married. Boccaccio himself remained unwedded, and it is believed was at least constant to this mis-placed affection. His first literary attempt was a prose romance, called *Filocopo*, followed by the long and tedious poem of the *Teseide*. The latter was the delight of his countrymen for generations, and it is the foundation of Chaucer's *Knights Tale*, but now Trollope says, "that it would probably be a safe bet, that no living Italian has ever read the whole of it, it is so intolerably dull and incorrect." When Boccaccio was somewhat over thirty, there came to the Neapolitan throne a beautiful, dissolute woman, Queen Giovanna, and it was to please her as well as Fiametta that he wrote the *Decameron*, the book which has made him illustrious and given him the right to his title of the Father of Italian prose. When he was some years older he wrote the "Life of Dante," and lectures on the *Divina Comedia*; they have continued to be read on account of the interest always attaching to the subject. During his father's old age he was obliged to go back to Florence, and his grief at being separated from his mistress brought forth the poetical romance which he named in her honor, "Fiametta." With the exception, however, of his work on Dante, it is certain that Giovanni Boccaccio's reputation has rested, and will rest, wholly on the *Decameron*. The word means a ten-day's bout at anything, and in this case, it is a ten-day's bout at story-telling. The author imagines that a party of Florentines, seven women and three men, in fear of the terrible plague which is devastating the city, shut themselves up in one of the delightful villas in the environs of Florence. They form a court, each individual to rule for a single day, and the royal edict is issued that every one of the party shall tell a story on each of the ten days they are together; so at the end of that time a hundred novels or novelettes have been produced. The introduction tells how the company hit upon this plan, and contains a vivid, artistic description of the plague, perhaps the finest bit of writing ever done by Boccaccio. The fact that there is "nothing new under the sun" is proved again in the *Decameron*, for most of the plots are taken from older sources—the *Arabian Nights*, and the *French Tableaux*. But Boccaccio cannot be called a plagiarist any more than Chaucer or Shakespeare, who drew freely upon the *Decameron* for their plots, Chaucer even taking from it the whole frame in which he has enclosed the "*Canterbury Tales*." The grave charge, however, which is brought against the book by modern readers is its immorality; it was an age of license, and its author mirrored the profligate manners of those about him; the book is like a brilliant flash-light on the times, showing not only the evil but the out-spokenness of Boccaccio's day. The story-tellers, the ten ladies and gentlemen in the villa, were represented as being thoroughly virtuous and discreet; the marvel is that such persons should have sat in a circle and talked

to each other with such anti-fag leaf simplicity. The general opinion that the Decameron is a grossly indecent book is a true one, but a late writer has said, "that there is not a page in it which is not innocent and edifying compared with several of the novels which have recently obtained in France the highest degree of success and approbation."

As one finds occasionally a jewel in a mud-hole, so in the mass of these tales, unreadable for their vulgarity, is found so exquisite a story as that of the Patient Griselda, inimitable in its tenderness and delicacy. The Decameron was a prohibited work by its author's contemporaries, and Boccaccio himself deeply regretted its publication, but it was not wholly for its coarseness. He frequently ridicules monks and nuns, and tells stories to their discredit; he speaks of the sacraments of the church with unbecoming levity, and writes generally in an irreverent tone, which must have been offensive to all good Catholics. It was this that grieved the pure-minded Petrarch, and undoubtedly this was what lay heaviest on Giovanni's conscience, when, in his latter years, he repented sorely of having written what all the world was reading. However great the blemishes of the Decameron, it deserves to be remembered as being the first book since the classic days written in easy, flexible prose, and as the "well of Tuscan, undetiled," from which the best modern writers have drawn their plots or inspiration, from old Chaucer of Boccaccio's own time down to Rudyard Kipling, that flashing light in the literary sky of 1890. Late in his life Boccaccio assumed the ecclesiastical habit and studied theology. He was frequently an ambassador to the petty Italian courts, and finally, full of years and honors, retired to end his days at Certaldo, a little town on a height some twenty miles from Florence. Here he died in his sixty-third year, and was buried in the parish church. "His tombstone was removed about a hundred ago, on account of the popular opinion and tradition that Messer Giovanni di Boccaccio was a powerful magician, as indeed he was."

It is to be regretted that much of the matter is base, while the manner is fine.

STORIES FROM THE DECAMERON.

In Florence had we birth;
That company who chose to sit
Ten sunny days, a fountain's flight beside
Scattering the rose, and weaving tales of wit
What time by Arno many cursing died."

"Fiametta."—Helen Gray Cone.

INTRODUCTION.

To the ladies.

When I reflect how disposed you are by nature to compassion, I cannot help being apprehensive lest what I now offer to your acceptance should seem to have but a harsh and offensive beginning; for it presents at the very outset the mournful remembrance of that most fatal plague so terrible

yet in the memories of us all ; but, as the occasion of the occurrences of which I am going to treat could not well be made out without such relation, I am forced to use this Introduction.

In the year, then, of our Lord, 1348, there happened at Florence a most terrible plague. Unlike what had been seen in the East, where bleeding from the nose is the fatal prognostic, here there appeared certain tumors in the groin or under the arm pits, some as big as a small apple, others as an egg ; and afterwards purple spots in most parts of the body, the usual messengers of death. To the cure of this malady, neither medical knowledge nor the power of drugs was of any effect, and few escaped, but nearly all died the third day from the first appearance of the symptoms. What gave the more virulence to this plague was that, by being communicated from the sick to the hale, it spread daily, like fire when it comes in contact with large masses of combustibles. Such was the quality of the pestilential matter as to pass not only from man to man, but, what is more strange, it has been often known that anything belonging to the infected, if touched by any other creature, would certainly infect and kill that creature in a short space of time. This occasioned various fears and devices amongst those who survived, all tending to the same uncharitable and cruel end ; which was, to avoid the sick and every thing that had been near them, expecting by that means to save themselves. And such at the time was the public distress, that the laws human and divine were no more regarded ; for the officers, to put them in force, being either dead, sick, or in want of persons to assist them, every one did just as he pleased. I pass over the little regard that citizens and relations showed to each other ; for their terror was such that a brother even fled from his brother, a wife from her husband and, what is more uncommon, a parent from his own child. Every place was filled with the dead ; hence, it became a general practice for the neighbors, assisted by what porters they could meet with, to clear the houses and lay the bodies at the doors ; and every morning great numbers might be seen brought out in this manner to be carried away on biers or tables, two or three at a time ; and sometimes it has happened that a wife and her husband, two or three brothers, and a father and son have been laid on together. The consecrated ground no longer containing the numbers which were brought thither, they were forced to dig trenches, piling them up in rows, as goods are stowed in ships, and throwing in a little earth till they were filled to the top.

Not to dwell on every particular of our misery, I shall observe that it fared no better with the adjacent country — the poor, distressed laborers dying like cattle rather than human creatures. The oxen, asses, sheep, goats, swine, and the dogs themselves were left to roam at will about

the fields and among the standing corn, which no one cared to gather or even reap. What can I say more, if I return to the city? What magnificent dwellings, what noble palaces were depopulated to the last inhabitant! What number of both sexes, whom in the morning neither Galen, nor Æsculapius himself, would have desired to be in perfect health, breakfasted in the morning with their living friends and supped at night with their departed friends in the other world!

But I am weary of recounting our late miseries; therefore I proceed to say, that it happened one Tuesday that seven ladies met in the church of Santa Maria Novella. The eldest I call Pampinea, the next to her Fiametta, the third Filomena, the fourth Emilia, the fifth Lauretta, the sixth Neifile, and the youngest Eliza. While they were talking over the terrors of the plague of a certain place they had in mind, three gentlemen came into the church; one was called Pamfilo, the second Filostrato, and the third Dioneo, all of them well bred and pleasant companions. Pampinea, who was related to one of the three, acquainted them with their design, which was for them all to betake themselves to one of the beautiful villas on the Arus and there shut themselves up until all fear of the contagion was over. The gentlemen agreeing to this, by the next day the company were gathered in a certain palace, which was cleaned and ready for their reception. Around it were fine meadows, and most delightful gardens, with fountains of the purest and best water. The party being seated Pampinea made the following suggestion: I, who first proposed the means by which such an agreeable company is met together, do find there is a necessity for our appointing a principal, whom we shall honor and obey in all things as our head. And that every one may share alike, "I hold it best that each of us should experience both the honor and the trouble for one day." These words were received with the highest satisfaction, and Filomena, running to a laurel tree, made a garland and put it upon Pampinea's head, crowning her queen of the first day.

It was little more than three the next morning when the queen arose and ordered all to be called, alleging that much sleep in the day-time was unwholesome. Then they went into a meadow of deep grass, and sat down in a circle, while Pampinea addressed them in this manner: "As the sun is high and the heat excessive it would be madness for us to think of moving yet; let us begin and tell stories, and in this manner one person will entertain the whole company; and by the time it has gone all around, the worst part of the day will be over and then we can divert ourselves as we like best." This motion being approved by all, the custom was continued for each of the ten days that the merry company were together.

SECOND DAY.

NOVEL IX.

Told by Filomena.

A company of Italian merchants were assembled in a tavern at Paris, and the conversation turned on the subject of their wives. They all expressed themselves with levity or scepticism, on the virtue of women, except a young Genoese merchant, named Bernabo, who maintained that he possessed a wife no less true than beautiful. Heated by wine, and excited by the coarse raillery of another young merchant, Ambrogiolo, he proceeded to enumerate the various perfections of his Zinevra. He praised her loveliness, her submission, and her discretion, her skill in embroidery; and he added, as rarer accomplishments, that she could mount a horse, fly a hawk, write and read, and cast up accounts as well as any merchant of them all. His enthusiasm only excited the laughter of his companions, particularly of Ambrogiolo, who by an artful mixture of contradiction and argument roused the anger of Bernabo, and he at length exclaimed that he would stake his life on the truth of his wife. Ambrogiolo eagerly wagers one thousand florins of gold against five thousand that Zinevra is accessible to temptation; that in less than three months he will bring her husband proofs of her falseness. He set off for Genoa to find Zinevra; but on his arrival the discrete and noble character of the lady made him despair of success by fair means. By bribery, he was conveyed to Zinevra's chamber, concealed in a trunk from which he issued at night; he made himself master of her purse, her morning robe or cymar, her girdle, and of a certain mark on her person. With these evidences of guilt he returned to the wretched husband. Bernabo rejected every proof against his wife, until Ambrogiolo mentioned the "mole, cinque-spotted," when, without further dispute, he paid the forfeit, and filled with rage and despair returned towards Genoa. From his country house he sent a messenger to Zinevra, desiring her to meet him there, but with secret orders to the man to dispatch her by the way. The servant spared her life on condition that she would fly from the country forever. In the disguise of a mariner, Zinevra embarked on a sailing vessel, and on arriving at Alexandria was taken into the service of the Sultan, under the name of Sicurano. Her sex not being suspected, she was soon after sent, as captain of the guard, to the fair at Acre. Here she met Ambrogiolo and saw in his possession her own purse and girdle. In reply to her inquiries, he related with fiendish exultation how he had obtained them, and she persuaded him to go back with her to Alexandria; she then sent a messenger to Genoa in the name of the Sultan, calling her husband to Alexandria. At a proper opportunity she summoned both before the Sultan, obliged Ambro-

giolo to make confession of his treachery, wrung from her husband the avowal of his supposed murder of herself, then, falling at the Sultan's feet, discovered her real name and sex, to the astonishment of all. Bernabo was pardoned at his wife's entreaties, and Ambrogiolo was condemned to be fastened to a stake, smeared with honey and left to be devoured by flies and locusts. Zinevra, enriched by the presents of the Sultan and the forfeited wealth of Ambrogiolo, returned with her husband to Genoa, where she lived in great honor and happiness to the end of her life.

Shakespeare has closely followed this tale in his play of "Cymbeline"; the character of Zinevra, or Imogen, as he calls her, being one of the loveliest and most perfect of his heroines.

THIRD DAY.

NOVEL IX.

Told by Neifile.

There was in France a young lady, Gilette de Narbonne, who was married by the king's order, to repay a favor she had done him, to a certain Count de Roussillon. She had loved the Count from a child, but he, being married against his will, heartily disliked the wife forced upon him. As soon as the wedding feast was over he left France, and took up his abode in Tuscany, at the same time sending his bride this message, that he would come to her and live with her at his home of Roussillon when she should present him with a cherished ring which he always wore, and a son of his own begetting. By a clever ruse she succeeded in accomplishing both difficult objects, he believing her to be a Florentine girl whom he loved. When, after some time, Gilette showed her husband his ring in her possession, and not only one, but two sons, twin boys, he saluted her as his lawful countess, and from that time he showed her all due respect, and they continued happy together as long as they lived.

Shakespeare's "All's Well that Ends Well" is based on this tale.

FOURTH DAY.

NOVEL I.

Told by Fiametta.

Tancred, Prince of Salerno, was a most humane and generous lord, had he not in his old age defiled his hands in a lover's blood. He had one beautiful daughter, whom he dearly loved; so his anger was the more violent

against her, when he discovered that she had a lover, a person of low parentage but noble qualities, Guiscard by name. Tancred resolved to say nothing to anyone but to carry out a plan of revenge that he had in mind. One night Guiscard was seized by two men, and brought before Tancred, who, when he saw him, said, with tears in his eyes, "Guiscard, you have ill requited my kindness towards you." Guiscard made no other answer but this: "Sir, love has greater power than you or I." In the morning Tancred gave orders to the two men to strangle Guiscard and to take his heart out of his body and bring it to him. They executed his commands, and Tancred putting the heart into a golden cup sent it by a trusty servant to his daughter. When the woeful present was delivered to Ghismond, she took the cup and seeing the heart therein, and knowing that it must be Guiscard's, she looked steadfastly at the man, and said: "My father has done wisely; such a heart requires no worse a sepulchre than one of gold." When the servant had gone, she shed a flood of tears, kissing the heart a thousand times; then she poured some poisoned water into the cup with the heart, drank it without the least dread, and threw herself upon her couch, expecting death. Her frightened maidens sent at once for her father, who reached her in time to hear her last request, which was that her body and that of Guiscard might be interred together publicly. As she was dying she strained her lover's heart strongly to her breast, saying: "Receive us, Heaven; I die!" Then closing her eyes she departed this miserable life. Such an end had the loves of Guiscard and Ghismond, and the Prince, repenting of his cruelty, had them buried in one grave, in the most public manner, amid the general grief of all the people of Salerno.

No tale of Boccaccio has been so often translated and imitated as this one. It forms the subject of not fewer than five Italian tragedies, one of which "*La Ghismonda*," was falsely attributed to Tasso. In England it is best known by the "*Sigismunda and Guiscardo*" of Dryden. The fine arts have also added celebrity to the tale; there is a beautiful painting, supposed to be by Correggio, in which Sigismunda is represented as weeping over the heart of her lover.

FOURTH DAY.

NOVEL V.

Told by Filomena.

There lived at Messina three brothers and a sister, Isabella, a lady of worth and beauty. The brothers, who were merchants, had in their employ a young man called Lorenzo. After some time it was discovered that these two were deeply in love with one another, which was most displeasing to the

brothers. However, they behaved with the same civility to Lorenzo as before the discovery, and one day, under pretense of going out of the city upon a party of pleasure, they invited him to go with them, and arriving at a lonesome place, they slew him, unprepared as he was, and buried him on the spot. After some time Isabella, thinking that her lover made a long stay, inquired of her brothers concerning him. Their answer did not satisfy her, and fearing she knew not what, she spoke no more of him and spent her life in a tedious and anxious waiting for his return. One night it happened that having wept herself to sleep, Lorenzo appeared to her in a dream, pale and ghastly, and said to her: "My dearest Isabella, I can return no more to thee, for thy brothers have put me to death." Then describing the place where they had buried him, he disappeared. Isabella wakened in the morning, weeping bitterly, but did not dare say anything to her brothers. As soon as it was possible she sought the lonesome spot, and there to her grief and horror found her lover's body. She cut off the head, and burying the trunk again returned to her home without being discovered. She then shut herself up in her chamber and lamented over the head, until she had washed it with her tears, and then she put it into a flower pot, planted sweet herbs therein with sprigs of basil, which she watered with nothing but rose or orange water, or else with her tears, accustoming herself to sit always before it and devoting her whole heart unto it, as containing her dear Lorenzo. Her brothers being told by a neighbor of this strange devotion to a flower pot, first remonstrated with their sister and then removed it from her. The young men wondered why she should have so great fancy for it; turning out the earth therefore, they found the head not so much consumed but that, by the curled locks, they knew it to be Lorenzo's. This threw them into the utmost astonishment, and, fearing lest it should be known, they again buried it privately and withdrew themselves thence to Naples. Isabella never ceased weeping, and calling for her pot of basil, till she died; and thus ended her unfortunate love. But in some time afterwards the thing became public, which gave rise to the well-known song, "Most cruel and unkind was he, that of my flowers deprived me."

Keats' beautiful poem of "Isabella, or the Pot of Basil," has made this story familiar to English readers.

No heart was there in Florence but did mourn
 In pity of her love so over-cast,
 And a sad ditty of this story borne
 From mouth to mouth through all the country pass'd;
 Still is the burthen sung "O cruelty,
 To steal my Basil-pot away from me."

— Keats.

FIFTH DAY.

NOVEL IX.

Told by Fiametta.

“ Only a tale of love is mine
Blending the human and divine
A tale of the Decameron, told
In Palmieri's garden old,
By Fiametta, laurel-crowned,
While her companions lay around,
And heard the intermingled sound
Of airs that on their errands sped,
And wild birds gossiping overhead,
And lisp of leaves, and fountain's fall,
And her own voice more sweet than all,
Telling the tale, which wanting these,
Perchance may lose its power to please.

“ Tales of a Wayside Inn.”—Longfellow.

At Florence there dwelt a young gentleman, named Federigo, who in feats of arms and gentility surpassed all the youth in Tuscany. He was deeply in love with a lady, Monna Giovanna, one of the most agreeable women in Florence. She, however, did not return his affection though he was continually making tilts, balls, and such diversions to win her favor, lavishing away his money in rich presents, and every possible extravagance. As Federigo continued to spend profusely and acquire nothing his wealth soon began to waste, till at last he had nothing left but a small farm, his income almost nothing, and a single hawk, one of the best in the world for hunting. Monna Giovanna in the meantime had married, her husband had died, and left her with a large fortune, and one child. It happened that the boy fell ill, and taking one of the fancies which often come to the sick, he begged his mother to get for him Federigo's hawk, which he had often seen and longed to possess. After much hesitation the widow sought her old lover's cottage, and after the usual compliments, told him that she had come to take a neighborly dinner with him, if he would receive her after her past unkindness. Federigo replied: “Madame, I do not remember ever to have suffered any loss by your means; and most assuredly this courteous visit is more welcome to me, than if I had all that I have wasted returned to me to spend over again; but you are come to a very poor host.” Although his poverty was extreme, never till now had he been so sensible of his past extravagance, for finding nothing to entertain the lady with, he was in the utmost perplexity until he espied the hawk upon its perch, and heard the gay jingle of its bells. Without further thought, he wrung the head off and

gave it to a girl to dress and roast carefully. Then, when all was ready, with a smile on his countenance, he went to the garden where he had left Monna Giovanna and told her that what little dinner he was able to provide was now served. She, therefore, entered and sat down with him, he serving her with great respect, while she dined upon the good hawk, not knowing what it was. After the meal was over, and they had sat chatting a little while, the lady thought it a fit time to tell her errand, and accordingly told him of her son's illness and his great desire for the trained falcon. Federigo was overcome at this request, and when he was able to answer, told Monna Giovanna, how, wishing to treat her with something choicer than he would anyone else, and having little in his house, he had ordered his hawk to be roasted for her dinner. "Nor," he went on, "could I have thought him better bestowed, had you not now desired him in a different manner, which is such a grief to me that I shall never be at peace as long as I live," and saying this he produced the falcon's feathers, feet and talons. The lady blamed him for killing such a bird to entertain any woman with, but in her heart extolled the greatness of his soul, which poverty had no power to abase. A few days after her son died, and she continued sorrowful for some time, but being left young and rich, her brothers pressed her to marry again. She told them that if she must take a husband, it should be none other than Federigo Alberighi. They smiled contemptuously at this, and said: "You foolish woman! He is not worth one farthing." She replied: "I know it, brothers, but I would sooner have a man in need of riches, than riches without a man." They accordingly gave her to him, with all her wealth, and they lived together in true happiness to the end of their lives.

This is the "Faucon" of La Fontaine. Longfellow has put it in the mouth of the Student in one of the most charming of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn." Of this story it has been said, that, "as a picture of the habitual workings of some one powerful feeling nothing ever has approached the story of Federigo and his Falcon. The perseverance in attachment, the spirit of generosity displayed in it, has no parallel in the history of heroical sacrifices."

TENTH DAY.

NOVEL VIII.

Told by Filomena.

Sophronia, believing herself to be the wife of Gisippus, is really married to Titus Cuintus Fulrius, who carries her to Rome, where Gisippus arrives, some time after, in great distress, and thinking himself despised by Titus, confesses himself guilty of a murder, in order to put an end to his life. Titus recollects him, and, to save him, accuses himself, which, when the murderer sees, he delivers himself up as the guilty person. Finally, they are all set at liberty by Octavius, and Titus marries Gisippus to his sister, and

gives him half his estate. The story ends with the following beautiful eulogy on friendship, which is, in the opinion of critics, the most eloquent passage in the Decameron, or perhaps in the Italian language.

"A most sacred thing, then, is Friendship, and worthy not only of singular reverence, but to be celebrated with perpetual applause, as being the prudent mother of magnanimity and honor, the sister of gratitude and charity, and the enemy of hatred and avarice ; always ready, without being requested, to manifest that virtuous kindness to others which she would have shown to herself ; whose divine effects are rarely now to be met with, to the great reproach of the sordidness of mankind, which has driven it in a long exile to the farthest corner of the earth.

What degree of love, wealth or affinity could have wrought so effectually upon the heart of Gisippus, to make him feel the pangs of his friend, and give him up to his beloved spouse ? What greatness, what rewards, could have made him heedless of disobliging all his own relations, as well as Sophronia's, and indifferent to the unjust murmurs and insults of the people, to serve his friend ? What, I say, but friendship only ? On the other hand, what could have prompted Titus, without deliberation, when he might have fairly pretended not to have seen him, to contrive his own death in order to save Gisippus ? What could have made him so liberal in parting with half his substance to Gisippus ? What but this alone could have induced Titus, when he saw him poor — destitute — to give him his sister ?

To what purpose, then, do men covet numbers of relations, brethren and children, and procure at a vast expense great plenty of servants, when, for the least inconvenience they may sustain, people are apt to forget their duty to parent, brother, or master ? Whereas, in true friendship it is quite otherwise ; that sacred obligation serves instead of all degrees of affinity."

TENTH DAY.

NOVEL X.

" This story is said, not for that wives should
Follow Griselda, as in humility,
For it were importable though they would ;
But for that every wight in his degree
Should be constant in adversity
As was Griselda."

" Canterbury Tales." — Chaucer.

Told by Dioneo.

A-long time ago there was a young Marquis of Saluzzo, called Gaultieri. He was a bachelor, and his subjects felt most anxious that he should marry, lest they might be left without a lord. The idea was distasteful to him, and

yet he at length yielded to their importunities; and, as he was determined to wed no fine lady, for fear of a bad temper, he turned his eyes toward a poor young country girl, whose behavior had pleased his fancy. After he had acquainted her father with his intentions, he sent for his people and said to them, "Gentlemen, contrary to my own inclination, I am about to espouse a wife; as I take this step solely at your solicitation, I protest that I look for all due respect and honor toward the one of my choice, although she be but a poor young woman of the neighborhood." When all preparations were made for his nuptials, as well as the wedding garments and a coronet and ring for the bride, the Marquis of Saluzzo repaired, with his lords and gentlemen, to the old man's house whose daughter he intended to wed. It was about the third hour of the day, and Griselda, still ignorant of the honor in store for her, was hastening with her morning duties, that she might go with the rest to see the new marchioness. Her father was first called, and the Marquis addressing her, asked if he were to espouse her would she make it her study to please him, and always be patient and obedient unto his will? To all which she answered, "Yes." Then commanding the gorgeous robes to be brought, Griselda is arrayed as becomes a lady of rank, the coronet is set upon her head, all disordered as is her pretty hair, and turning towards her, everyone being in amaze, the Marquis says, "Behold, this is the person whom I intend for my wife, provided she will accept of me for her husband. Will you," said he to the gentle girl, who stood abashed in her royal apparel, "have me for your husband?" She replied, "Yes, if it so pleases your lordship." "Well," he said, "and I take you for my wife." So he married Griselda in that public manner, and, mounting her on a palfrey, conducted her to his palace, and celebrated his marriage with as great pomp and rejoicing as if he were wedded to the daughter of the King of France. The young bride proved so intelligent and obedient to her husband, that he thought himself the happiest of men; and soon she was honored in all the country round for her good works and gracious manner, and beloved by her husband's subjects even as their own lives. At length a time of new rejoicing came, for a daughter was born to the happy pair; but while the babe was still young, the Marquis was taken with the fancy that he should make trial of his wife's patience by long and intolerable sufferings; so, he began with harsh words, as if his love had changed to her, and told her that his people were dissatisfied with her mean parentage. Finally, one day a man servant came to her, who said: "Madame, I must obey my lord's commands, and he has ordered me to take your daughter," and he then carried the child away, leaving the mother to infer that her beloved babe was to be killed. Griselda submitted to this cruelty, and, although her heart throbbed with maternal affection and appre-

hension, she said quietly : " It must be as thy lord and mine commands." Her meekness and constancy greatly astonished her tyrannical husband. Some years after this, the Marquis was delighted by the birth of a second child, a son and heir to the noble house of Saluzzo ; but not satisfied with what he had already done, he began again to persecute Griselda, telling her that since the birth of her son he could no longer live in peace with his subjects, on her account. She heard the untruth with resignation, and only said, " My lord, study your own happiness, without a thought for me, for I am pleased only with what is agreeable to you." A few days after her boy was taken from her, as her daughter had been ; this she bore with the same fortitude, so that the Prince wondered greatly, declaring that there was no other woman capable of doing the like. As he knew her to be extremely fond of her children, he was sure that it was from no lack of affection, only from her entire obedience. The people thought him the worst and most cruel of men, as they believed the children were both put to death, but the patient Griselda would accept of no condolence, saying only : " It was not my will, but his who begot them." Several more years being now passed, Gualtieri made a last trial of his wife's patience, by declaring before many people that he could no longer bear to keep Griselda with him, but should solicit a dispensation from the Pope to send her away and take another. And soon after, pretending that he had received the letters from Rome, he turned towards her, his subjects being present, and said in a brutal manner : " Woman, by leave of his Holiness, I may dispose of thee back to thy humble cottage with the same portion thou broughtest me." Then gentle Griselda with difficulty refrained from tears as she answered : " My lord, I know that my servile descent does not accord with your high rank ; for what I have been I am indebted to Providence and to you ; I consider it as a favor lent me I therefore willingly restore it. Behold the ring with which you espoused me ; as for the dowry which I brought you, there is no need for a sumpter-horse to carry it away, for I do not forget that I brought you nothing, not even my clothing ; but I would entreat your grace, that you would be pleased to let me have one shift over and above my dowry." Clothed in a single garment, the deeply wronged woman sought her father's house, and took up her usual duties there, with the greatest courage imaginable. Gualtieri then gave it out that the young bride, whom he had just quietly married, was soon to arrive and must be received with great ceremony ; and he ordered Griselda to come and make the preparations for his nuptial feast. " For," he said, " thou knowest I have no woman fit as thyself to perform such work properly ; and, too, I would have thee receive the guests as if thou wert still mistress, and after, get thee back to thy father's again." With breaking heart she returned in her coarse gown to the palace, from

which she had but just departed, and there fulfilled the Marquis' commands. Soon the supposed bride arrived, a young lady of twelve or thirteen years, accompanied by her little brother and attendants, and when the guests were assembled, the feast began, and then poor patient Griselda was called to the board, to sit beside the prince all meanly attired as she was. As she came towards him, he asked her: "Griselda, what thinkest thou of my bride?" She answered, "My lord, if she be as prudent as she is fair, you will be a happy man with her, but I beseech you not to take the same heart-piercing measures with her as with your first wife, for this young lady has not been inured to hardship from her cradle as I was." Gualtieri then said, "Griselda, I intend now to restore, in one hour, all the happiness I have taken from you during many years, and to make you the sweetest recompense for all the pangs you have suffered. Behold in this young lady and her brother our own daughter and son, whom I have caused to be carefully brought up during this time of separation." Then embracing her most affectionately, he led her to the children, and she, weeping for joy, pressed them to her heart. The Marquis, continuing the rest of his life with Griselda, showing her all the respect and honor possible, was judged a very wise man, though abundantly too severe; but as for Griselda, she was beyond compare; divine spirits may descend from Heaven into the meanest cottages, whilst royal palaces shall produce such as seem rather adapted to have the care of beasts than the government of men.

"The Patient Griselda" has been the most popular of all the stories of the Decameron, and was probably founded on some real or traditional incident. Of all the French and English versions of the tale, Chaucer's is the most famous. He assigns it to the Clerk of Oxenforde in his *Canterbury Tales*; the clerk declares, in his prologue, that he learned it from Petrarch, and it is possible that Chaucer, when in Italy, heard the story related by Petrarch, who had got it by heart, in order to repeat it to his friends. The tale was so great a favorite in France, that the comedians of Paris represented, in 1393, a *Mystery*, in French verse, entitled, "*Le Mystere de Griseldi*." There is also an English drama, named "*Patient Grissel*," published in 1599.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

BORN 1564.

ENGLAND.

DIED 1616

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Like the greatest of Greek poets, Homer, the personal details in the existence of the greatest of all Englishmen, intellectually speaking, are shrouded in a veil of medieval obscurity. Sufficient is it to know that on the 26th of April, 1564, the "myriad-minded Shakespeare" received his baptismal name of William. Of the particular day of his birth there is no authentic record. All that we can gather is that in the little town of Stratford on the river Avon in Warwickshire, the life began of one who by the splendor of his poetic genius, the abiding interest of his dramatic productions and the philosophic depth of everything he wrote, has contributed to modern times a literary heritage, second only to the Bible itself in the breadth, wealth and extent of human knowledge and experience.

To self-made men it must always be a source of satisfaction that the author of *Hamlet*, *Julius Caesar*, *Coriolanus*, *Anthony and Cleopatra*, *Lear*, *Othello* and *Macbeth*, began life as the son of a poor country glover, John Shakespeare, whose highest title to consideration was his marriage to Mary Arden, the gentlewoman who became the mother of the mighty Shakespeare. In common, then, with the fate of the majority of those who have won fame's most enduring honors, the chief of English poets was in his younger years a lad of humble circumstances. His thrifty father had amassed a moderate estate, whose income was sufficient to permit the youth to go to school and learn that store of classic erudition which so adorns and vivifies the pages of his plays. Yet, long before his education was complete, monetary losses compelled John Shakespeare to remove his gifted son from school to aid in propping up the falling fortunes of their home. In this, however, father and son had but a small success, so that at seventeen our future paragon found himself the heir of a bailiff-hunted debtor and himself a poacher on the lands of the neighboring Knight, Sir Thomas Lucy. Hauled before that magistrate for stealing deer, the hero of this sketch was roundly rated for his dissolute ways, and, in revenge, published a lampoon so bitter, that the ridiculed Sir Thomas practically drove his youthful foe from Warwickshire to London.

At eighteen Shakespeare had fallen under the influence of Anne Hathaway, a woman eight years his elder, whom, nevertheless, he speedily married. Five months later, in April, 1583, his eldest child, Susanna, was born. Before he was twenty-one he was the father of two additional children, Hamnet, a son, and Judith, a daughter. Then came the trouble with his father's debts and Sir Thomas Lucy's persecutions; and the result was that the young man turned his eyes toward the great metropolis with the hope of bettering his fortunes. Though there is no historic evidence to warrant the conclusion, the inference is irresistible that his marriage proved a bitter disappointment, and that he realized too late the fatal error he had made. At all events, his journey Londonward appears to have been in the nature of a final separation, so far as marital affection is concerned. Thenceforth, though at times, he visited his family, and always carefully provided for its support, a permanent estrangement seems to have existed between the husband and the wife.

His career in the Capital City was in every way a gratifying success. Turning his hand readily to the writing of plays, he not only adapted old plays, produced originals, and played in both, but he entered during the early years of his connection with the drama into business schemes of theatrical management, which later on bore fruit in handsome cash returns.

Tradition says that he began his stage career by holding horses at the doors of London theatres; but this, perhaps, is only such a tale as belongs to the fanciful legends that grow up about the name of an illustrious man. Whatever may have been his start in London, this is certain, that seven years after his arrival there, we find him on terms of intimate friendship with that nobleman and noble man, Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton. To him Shakespeare dedicated in 1593 his *Venus and Adonis*, and the next year the *Rape of Lucrece*, two poems peculiarly charming for their virile thought, quaint fancy, rich phraseology and felicitous expression. To the just appreciation, munificent patronage, and warm friendship of the illustrious Earl, we owe perhaps some of the finest of the Shakespearian dramas. By Southampton's generosity, the poet was relieved from the drudgery of the stage and placed in a position to employ his genius to its best advantage. On us then, for whom that genius has clothed the dead forms of history with a vital breath, and permitted us to speak face to face, as it were, with such personages as Cæsar, Richard the Third, Egypt's Queen, Coriolanus and the Prince of Denmark, there is the obligation of everlasting gratitude to Henry Wriothesley.

In 1596 Hamnet, Shakespeare's son, died at the age of twelve years, and the great dramatist lost the only heir of his race and fame. This was a heavy blow; for Shakespeare was then in the height of his influence and prosperity, a man whose reputation owed to a certain degree even the imperious Elizabeth, to whom he paid the exquisite compliment of "Love in Idleness."

During the eighteen years he spent in the metropolis, he amassed a comparatively large fortune and won an eminence that places his name mountainpeaked and alone above all his contemporaries. Among these were men like Raleigh, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden and Sidney—cosmopolitans all—yet, with the exception of Jonson, there is no authentic proof that he ever had any personal associations with them.

Hence we have the anomaly of a man whose genius was so perfect that without the aid of experience it could sound all the depths and shallows of human experience; and yet, so far as we can judge, the petty prejudices of the time excluded the actor from the circles that acknowledged the glory of the poet. In life, as in fame, the greatest of Englishmen seemed destined to be apart and solitary.

In 1610, or 1612, he retired to his native place at Stratford, where, after four years of quiet country life, he died in 1616, his death resulting as the story goes, from a fever occasioned by over-drinking in honor of a visit from his friend, Ben Jonson. On the 26th of April, two days after his decease, he was buried in the Church of Stratford, which still preserves his hallowed ashes. Over his tomb is this epitaph:

"Good frend for Jesus sake forbear,
To digg the dust enclosed here;
Blese be the man that spares thes stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

If one sentence could sum up the stupendous literary merits of this Colossus of Letters, it would probably be something akin to this: that Shakespeare is greatest because he is truest and completest of all poets in his delineation of the hopes and fears and aspirations, the hates, furies and ambitions, the fancies and imaginations, the quiescence and activities, the oblivions and the memories, the engaging frankness and the subtle turnings of the human heart. Nothing of interest to man escapes his all-observing eye and penetrating glance. He has recorded his impressions, and the sublimity of the truth in which they are clothed has given him the crown and sceptre in the Empire of Mind. As Edward V. says of Cæsar in *Richard III.*:

"Death makes no conquest of his conqueror,
For now he lives in fame though not in life."

HAMLET.

Act I., Scene first, opens at Elsinore, in Denmark. Bernardo, an officer, relieves Francisco, a soldier, from his guard, and Francisco says "For this relief, much thanks." Marcellus, a brother officer, and Horatio, the friend of Hamlet, join Bernardo, and the conversation turns upon a ghost which has been said to have appeared, the previous nights, about the Palace of the King. In the midst of their conversation the ghost enters, but when approached, departs again. Horatio discourses on the subject, and remarks, regarding similar portents in the past :

A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

The ghost re-enters, but at the crowing of the cock fades out of view. The scene ends with their departure in search of Hamlet.

In Scene second, the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes and courtiers are present in a room of state. The King, after dispatching envoys to Norway, and bidding farewell to Laertes, who is off for France, addresses Hamlet as "My Cousin Hamlet, and my son," at which Hamlet mutters under his breath :

A little more than kin, and less than kind.

The King and Queen both attempt to rouse Hamlet from the sorrow occasioned by the death of his father, the late King of Denmark, whose crown is now worn by Hamlet's uncle. They make no impression, however, owing to the disgust he feels that his mother should have married his uncle only two months after the late King's death. On their departure, Hamlet, left alone, cries out :

O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,

How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world !

That it should come to this !
But two months dead !—nay, not so much, not two :
So excellent a King ; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr : so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of Heaven,
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth !
Must I remember ? why, she would hang on him
As if increase of appetite had grown

By what it fed on: And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy name is woman!—

But break, my heart: for I must hold my tongue!

Horatio, Marcellus and Bernardo enter Hamlet greets Horatio, who says he came to see the dead King's funeral, whereat the Prince exclaims, "I think, it was to see my mother's wedding," and bitterly adds

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral-baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Then speaking of his father, Hamlet says:

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Horatio tells him of the ghost, which is said so closely to resemble Hamlet's father, and says the spirit has

. . . . A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.

And Hamlet, after hearing all, exclaims:

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape.

The next scene portrays the parting of Laertes and Ophelia, children of Polonius. Her brother warns Ophelia to beware of Hamlet's love, and says:

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes.

To which Ophelia rejoins:

. . . . But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whil'st like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads.

Polonius enters at this point, and greets them with:

A double blessing is a double grace;

Bidding Laertes a God-speed, the old man says:

. . . . Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel:

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
 Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit, as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be :
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all,— To thine own self be true ;
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou can'st not then be false to any man.

Laertes departs, and Polonious also adds his caution to Ophelia to beware of Hamlet's passion.

Scene fourth shows Hamlet and Horatio waiting for the appearance of the ghost. Hamlet complains of the cold, and Horatio agrees that :

It is a nipping and an eager air.

The sound of feasting and music breaks upon their ears, and wassail songs are heard. Horatio asks if it is Danish custom, to which Hamlet replies:

Ay, marry, is't :
 But to my mind, though I am native here,
 And to the manner born,— it is a custom
 More honor'd in the breach than the observance.

After some further exchange of conversation, they are startled by the appearance of the spirit, and Hamlet exclaims:

Angels and ministers of grace defend us !

Then addressing the ghost, the Prince interrogates :

What may this mean,
 That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous ?

The spirit beckons Hamlet to follow him, and though Horatio and Marcellus attempt to restrain the Prince, he obeys. Horatio sadly muses on the occurrence :

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

In Scene fifth the apparition says to Hamlet :

. . . . I am thy father's spirit ;
 Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night ;
 And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
 Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
 Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul ; freeze thy young blood ;
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres ;
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand on end
 Like quills upon the fretful porpoise.

Then the ghost tells the Prince that it was sent from its mortal body by a "murder most foul," and says the murderer is the present King of Denmark. Hamlet cries out :

O, my prophetic soul ! my uncle.

The spirit hastens its discourse, describes the murder by the pouring of poison into the late King's ears, and urges revenge. The suddenness of the murder is the especially damning fact, for, as the spirit says :

No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head.

Then, perceiving the dawn, the ghost bids Hamlet farewell :

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire.

The Prince in meditation bitterly concludes, as he reflects upon his uncle's crime :

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain.

Horatio and Marcellus enter, and are both required to swear to the utmost secrecy. Horatio marvels at the events, to which surprise Hamlet answers,

There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio,
 Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

The voice of the spirit beneath urges them all again and again to take the oath, until Hamlet says, "Rest, rest, perturbed spirit." Then, as they all depart, the Prince exclaims :

The time is out of joint ; O cursed spite
 That ever I was born to set it right !

ACT II., Scene first. Polonius gives Reynaldo, his servant, funds for Laertes, and also cautions that an eye be kept upon the behavior of the youth. Reynaldo departs and Ophelia enters. She tells her father of the strange, distracted conduct of Hamlet. Polonius thinks he has found the secret of the Prince's madness, namely, Hamlet's love for Ophelia.

Scene second shows the King endeavoring to work through the courtiers, Guildenstern and Rosencrantz, to the end that Hamlet's cheerfulness may be restored. Polonius interrupts the conversation and announces the return of Denmark's embassy to Norway. This being fully heard, Polonius says that Hamlet is mad :

Mad call I it : for, to define true madness,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad ?

The Queen impatiently :

More matter with less art

To which Polonius replies :

That he is mad, 'tis true : 'tis true, 'tis pity ;
And pity 'tis 'tis true.

Then he reads a love letter of Hamlet to Ophelia, and they agree to observe the pair, and note the actions of the Prince. They all depart, and Hamlet enters. Polonius waits and speaks to him, and Hamlet makes a reference to Ophelia, whereat Polonius says :

Still harping on my daughter.

Hamlet speaks so shrewdly, that Polonius observes :

Though this be madness, yet there's method in it.

Polonius departs, and Guildenstern and Rosencrantz appear. Hamlet bewails the misery of the world, but they do not agree, whereupon he remarks : " Why, then, 'tis none to you ; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so." Then speaking of man, he says : " What a piece of work is man ! How noble in reason ! how infinite in faculty ! in form and moving, how express and admirable ! in action, how like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a god ! the beauty of the world ! the paragon of animals ! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust ? man delights not me,—nor woman neither."

The courtiers try to argue him out of his mood, but he significantly shows his knowledge of their design, by the remark, " when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw."

At this point Polonius enters and announces that he has secured a band of players. Hamlet greets them cordially, and when the other courtiers

depart, he hires the chief of the troupe to play the murder of Gonzago in exact imitation of Hamlet's father. Thereupon the Prince exclaims :

. . . The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.

ACT III., Scene first, deals with Hamlet's interview with Ophelia. The Prince enters, soliloquizing thus :

To be, or not to be, that is the question :—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them ?—To die,—to sleep,—
No more ;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die ;—to sleep :—
To sleep ! perchance to dream ;—ay, there's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause : there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life ;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin ? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life ;
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will ;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of ?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

Ophelia enters, and returns his presents in the following words :

Take these again ; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.

He tells her that he does not love her, and bids her

To a nunnery, go ; and quickly too.

She bewails his shattered reason and his sad estate :

The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers ! quite, quite down !

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.

Scene second opens with Hamlet's advice to the players not to "out-herod Herod" in their acting, the chief purpose of which is "to hold the mirror up to nature." Any extravagance, "though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve." After arrangements are made for the play, Hamlet says to Horatio, in referring to the latter's honesty :

. Nay, do not think I flatter.

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning.

. Give me that man,
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

The King, Queen, courtiers and afterwards the players enter. The latter enact the murder of Gonzago, whose wife reiterates her love for him. Hamlet questions his mother regarding this particular phase of the play, and is answered :

The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

The King inquires about the play, whether there be any offense in it, but Hamlet says none whatever :

. Let the
Galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

The actors continue, and one pours poison in the ear of sleeping Gonzago, whereat Hamlet's uncle rises in fright and rushes away, followed by all the others, save Hamlet and Horatio. The former says :

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play :
For some must watch, while some must sleep ;
So runs the world away.

Guildestern and Rosencrantz come with the message that the Queen desires to see Hamlet in her chamber. He responds :

We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.

Polonius enters and pretends with Hamlet that a distant cloud resembles a camel, a weasel, and a whale, whereupon the Prince remarks :

They fool me to the top' of my bent.

Polonius departs, and Hamlet muses :

'Tis now the very witching time of night ;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world.

Scene III. shows the King plotting with Guildestern and Rosencrantz to inveigle Hamlet into a trip to England. The King, after these courtiers go out, exclaims :

O, my offense is rank, it smells to Heaven ;

In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offense's gilded hand may shove by justice ;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law ; but 'tis not so above.

Hamlet comes upon him at prayer, but decides to postpone, for the present, revenge.

In Scene fourth, Hamlet upbraids his mother, who says :

Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

The Prince, by his manner, frightens the Queen, who calls for help, a call repeated by Polonius who has hidden himself behind the curtain. Hamlet draws his sword, runs it through the arras and slays Polonius. Then the Prince continues the arraignment of his mother as guilty of

. . . . Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty ;
Calls virtue, hypocrite ; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there ; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths.

Then he contrasts his father and his uncle :

Look here, upon this picture, and on this ;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow :
Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself ;

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a Heaven-kissing hill ;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.

His uncle he describes as a " King of shreds and patches." The ghost enters, but does not appear to the Queen, who thinks Hamlet's madness is affecting him again. But he replies

Lay not that flattering unction to your soul.

He urges her to cease association with the King, and says :

Assume a virtue if you have it not,

and adds

I must be cruel, only to be kind.

ACT IV., Scene first, the King, Queen, Guildenstern and Rosencrantz discuss the aberration of the Prince. In Scene second, the two latter come for the body of Polonius. In Scene third, the King meditates :

. . . . Diseases, desperate grown
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all.

Hamlet and Guildenstern enter, and Hamlet, after much wordy fencing, tells where he has placed the body of Polonius.

Scene fourth shows Fortinbras, Prince of Norway, with captain and soldiers, marching against Poland. Hamlet muses on the uselessness of the expedition :

. . . . Rightly to be great,
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake.

In Scene fifth, at Elsinore, in the Palace, Horatio tells the Queen the madness of Ophelia. The Queen, fearing the effect of the girl's distracted speech, exclaims :

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Ophelia enters, and the King reflects,

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions !

Then Laertes, at the head of a tumultuous mob, breaks into the palace and threatens the King, who calms the Queen with the words :

. . . . do not fear our person ;
There's such divinity doth hedge a King,
That treason can but peep to what it would.

Then he explains to Laertes that he is guiltless of the death of Polonius, but the conversation is interrupted by the entrance of Ophelia, who sings various songs and strews flowers about the room :

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance ;
Pray, you, love remember : and there is pansies,
That's for thoughts.

The King assures Laertes he will tell him all at another time.

Scene sixth announces to Horatio the capture of Hamlet, on his way to England, by pirates.

Scene seventh develops a plot between the King and Laertes for the destruction of the Prince, whose return is just announced. Laertes is to fence with Hamlet and use a poisoned foil. In the midst of the plot the Queen enters and with the exclamation,

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,

reports the drowning of Ophelia.

ACT V., Scene first, opens on a churchyard. Two gravediggers are singing at their work. Hamlet and Horatio approach. The former questions one of the clowns, but gets such painfully exact answers, that he says : "How absolute the knave is ! We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us." Finally, one of the diggers throws out the skull of Yorick. Hamlet picks it up. "Alas ! poor Yorick !—I knew him, Horatio ; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy : he hath borne me on his back a thousand times ; and now how abhorred in my imagination it is ! My gorge rises at it." Then he continues :

To what base uses we may return, Horatio
.
Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

The funeral of Ophelia approaches. Laertes says :

Lay her i' the earth :
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring.

The Queen adds, as she scatters flowers :

Sweets to the sweet : Farewell !

Hamlet and Laertes quarrel, but the King interferes, and advises the latter to bide his time.

Scene second describes the fencing contest between Laertes and the Prince. Hamlet wins the first point, and Osric cries

"A hit, a very palpable hit."

Laertes, however, wounds the Prince, who retaliates, and they scuffle and change foils. Hamlet with Laertes' poisoned blade wounds its owner. The Queen, who had drunk her son's health in the tampered wine intended by the King for Hamlet, hereupon expires. Laertes confesses and Hamlet slays the King. He himself almost immediately falls dead. Horatio says of him "Now cracks a noble heart," and as Fortinbras, the Prince of Norway, enters, they all hail him as the Majesty of Denmark.

RICHARD III.

The play of King Richard III. opens with the soliloquy of the Duke of Gloucester on the peace which has just ended the War of the Roses. This terrible conflict had lasted more than thirty years, during which the flower of the English nobility fell in internecine conflicts, and the commercial prosperity of the country was completely ruined. Two families claimed the throne, one headed by the reigning king, Henry VI., and the other by Richard, Duke of York.

Henry VI. traced his ancestry to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, fourth son of Edward III. Richard, Duke of York, on his mother's side, traced his descent from Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward III., and on his father's side to Edmund, Duke of York, fifth son of Edward III. The Black Prince, eldest son of Edward III., had died before his father, and his claim descended to his son, Richard II., who was deposed by his cousin Henry Bolingbroke, son of John, Duke of Lancaster. Henry thereupon assumed the title of Henry IV., notwithstanding that Edmund Mortimer, great-grandson of Lionel, was the nearest of the blood. This prince dying shortly afterwards, his claim passed to his sister Anne, whose son was Richard, Duke of York, father of Edward IV. and Richard III. On the death of Henry IV., his son, Henry V., succeeded him, and the early death of this monarch transferred the kingdom to his infant son, Henry VI.

The weakness of Henry VI. gave Richard of York his opportunity, and the ambition of this duke led to the struggle known as the War of the Roses — so called, because a white rose was the symbol of York, and a red rose was the emblem of Lancaster. The conflict resulted in the signal triumph of the House of York, but Duke Richard himself lost his life in the war, and the crown passed to his eldest son, Edward IV., brother of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, whose soliloquy opens the play. With the single exception of Hamlet's monologue on suicide, there is no more famous soliloquy in the whole domain of literature. It begins with the celebrated lines :

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York,
And all the clouds that lowered upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreathes,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war has smooth'd his wrinkled front,
And now instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

Then he turns his mind to his own deformity, and exclaims :

And therefore since I cannot prove a lover
I am determin'd to prove a villain
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams
To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate, the one against the other ;

In the midst of Richard's meditations, Clarence approaches under arrest, and on his way to the Tower. Richard greets him, pretends sympathy, and deplores the evil tongues that have inflamed the anger of the King. Clarence departs, and Lord Hastings appears with the news that Edward IV. is sick unto death. The first scene closes with the glee of Richard at the prospect of the vacant throne.

In the next scene, Anne, daughter of Warwick, enters, accompanying the dead body of Henry VI. to the place of burial. The bearers rest awhile, and Anne with lamentations curses Richard for the murder of both the dead

King and his son, her late husband. In the midst of her grief, Richard appears and proposes for her hand. She turns upon him in fury, whereat he replies :

It is a quarrel most unnatural
To be revenged on him that loveth thee,

and continues with his honeyed words and smooth assertions, till she has given her consent. No sooner is she gone than he exults :

Was ever woman in this humour wooed?
Was ever woman in this humour won?

And I no friend to back my suit withal
But the plain devil and dissembling looks
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!

Then he recalls her husband whom he murdered, and remarks :

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman
Framed in the prodigality of nature
Young, valiant, wise ; and, no doubt, right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford.

Then ironically contrasting his own deformity, he concludes :

Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

Scene third opens in a room in the palace where Edward's queen and a number of nobles are conversing about the King's health. Richard enters, and charges the queen with undermining himself and Clarence in the opinions of the King. He says :

Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

The queen denies the imputation, whereupon he rejoins :

I cannot tell ; the world is grown so bad
That wrens may prey, where eagles dare not perch.
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

The quarrel hereupon becomes general, and Margaret, queen of Henry VI., appears, and curses all, especially Richard, whom she calls a

“poisonous, bunchbacked toad.”

A summons from the King ends the broil and Richard is left alone. Two murderers appear, and are hired to dispatch the Duke of Clarence.

Scene fourth changes to the Tower. Clarence relates to the keeper a dream in which he imagined he was drowning, and gives the following splendid narrative :

O Lord, methought what pain it was to drown !
 What dreadful noise of water in my ears !
 What sights of ugly death within my eyes !
 Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks,
 A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon ;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
 All scattered in the bottom of the sea :
 Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in the holes
 Where eyes once did inhabit, there were crept,
 As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
 That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Shortly after the murderers enter, take charge of the Duke, stab him and throw him into a cask of Malmsey wine.

Act II. opens on a room in the Palace. King Edward has just effected a reconciliation of the various factions, when Richard enters and announces the death of Clarence. The King is overcome and retires to his room in grief. Richard charges the death to the influence of the queen.

In scene second the Duchess of York is comforting the children of Clarence when the Queen rushes in bemoaning King Edward's death. Richard and Buckingham shortly follow, and the latter proposes that the Prince at once be fetched to London for the coronation.

Scene third expresses, through the conversation of two citizens, the general fear of evil times.

In scene fourth the news is brought to Queen Elizabeth, the Duchess of York and the Archbishop, that the Queen's friends, Rivers and Grey, have been arrested by Richard, whereupon she and little York, Edward the Fifth's brother, take sanctuary. In this scene Elizabeth says of the prating York : “Pitchers have ears.”

Act III. opens on the arrival of Edward V. in London, where his uncle, Richard, and Buckingham propose that he make the Tower a home until

his coronation. The King demurs, but soon becoming interested in the history of the structure, asks whether it is of record that the Tower was built by Julius Cæsar, and remarks :

But say, my Lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retailed to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Then speaking of Cæsar, he continues :

That Julius Cæsar was a famous man ;
With what his valor did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valor live.
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror,
For now he lives in fame though not in life.

Whereat Richard remarks, under his breath :

Short summers lightly have a forward spring.

A few moments afterwards, little York appears and enters into biting repartee with Gloucester, in which the latter by double meanings foreshadows the death of both the children. The King consents to go to the Tower, and after his departure, Buckingham and Catesby plot the elevation of Richard, who promises the Earldom and movables of Hereford to Buckingham.

In the next scene Catesby fails to corrupt Lord Hastings, and in scene third Rivers, Grey and Vaughan are led to execution.

Scene fourth opens on a council in the Tower, at which Lord Hastings is present and urges the immediate coronation of Edward. Richard enters, and learning of Hasting's unfavorable designs, accuses him of witchcraft, and brutally exclaims :

Off with his head ! Now by St. Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.

In scene fifth, Richard, on the Tower walls, receives the head of Hastings. The Lord Mayor comes and promises to justify the execution to the citizens of London. Richard dispatches Buckingham to attend the public meeting, and cast doubts on the legitimacy of King Edward, and King Edward's sons.

Scene sixth presents a scrivener moralizing on the indictment of Hastings and bewailing the evil of the times.

Scene seventh, in Baynard's castle, describes Buckingham's report of London's coldness towards the claims of Richard. Shortly after, under the

stress of Buckingham's designs, the Lord Mayor with a deputation waits upon Richard and begs him to accept the crown. At first he affects to refuse :

To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,

but finally consents, and all set up a shout of forced thanksgiving.

Act IV., scene first, portrays Queen Elizabeth, the Marquess of Dorset, the old Duchess of York, and Lady Anne, Duchess of Gloster, before the Tower, on their way to visit the Princes. They are refused admittance, and Anne is summoned to the coronation of Richard. Weeping, she departs, whereat the Queen says :

Farewell thou woful welcomer of glory!

In scene second, Richard, crowned and in state, approaches Buckingham with the words :

Ah Buckingham, now do I play the touch
To try if thou be current gold indeed!

The Duke pretends not to understand the drift of Richard regarding the murder of the Princes, and thereupon the King bursts out :

Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes,

and bitterly adds :

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.

The Duke reminds the King of his promise about the Earldom and possessions of Hereford, whereat the King roars at him :

Thou troublest me! I am not in the vein.

Scene third is the Murderer Tyrrel's soliloquy on the slaughtered Princes, during the course of which occurs the famous lines :

Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
That in their summer beauty kissed each other.

Richard enters, gleefully hears of their death, but has his joy dashed by the arrival of the news that Morton has fled to the Earl of Richmond, Richard's rival. Moreover, Buckingham is up in arms; but the old Plantagenet valor rises in Richard, and he cries :

Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury and herald for a king!
Go, muster men, my counsel is my shield,
We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

Scene fourth pictures Queen Margaret gloating over the miseries of the House of York. Queen Elizabeth and Richard's mother, the Duchess of

York, approach, and are taunted by the widow of Henry VI., who says to the Duchess :

From forth the Kennel of thy womb hath crept,
That dog that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood.

Richard himself appears, only to receive the curses of Margaret, Elizabeth and his mother, whose parting words are :

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end,
Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend.

Nothing daunted, the King proposes for the daughter of Elizabeth, who, in terror, affects to consent. At this juncture Ratcliff and Catesby announce the arrival of Richmond off the Western coast.

The King summons the Duke of Norfolk to his aid, and warns Lord Stanley that his son George Stanley's head will pay the profit of any treason on the father's part. Catesby returns and reports the capture of Buckingham, at which the King vindictively exclaims :

Off with his head, so much for Buckingham !

In scene fifth, Stanley plots treason in favor of Richmond.

ACT V. opens at Salisbury with the execution of Buckingham. Scene second introduces Richmond at Tamworth, where he addresses his soldiers, and concludes with the lines :

To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
With this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Then later adds :

True hope is swift and flies with swallow's wings
Kings it makes gods and meaner people Kings.

Scene third is at Bosworth Field, where Richard and Richmond marshal their respective armies. At nightfall Richard seeks his tent and tries to sleep, but the ghosts of his victims in ghastly procession haunt his dreams and curse him on the morrow. They bless the cause of Richmond. Richard starts from his sleep and tries to reason away the visions, but failing, he exclaims :

—Fool, do not flatter,
My conscience has a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.

Ratcliff enters, and, in response to the King's inquiry, says :

The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn.

Then Richard, speaking of his dream, exclaims :

Hence bubbling dreams, you threaten here in vain,
Conscience avaunt, Richard's himself again !

The Earl of Richmond, marshaling his host, gives them the battle cry

God and St. George, Richmond and Victory !

Richard addresses his warriors, and cries :

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell,
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell !

Stanley's desertion is announced, but Richard roars :

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom,

and the battle thereupon begins.

Scene fourth opens with Catesby imploring aid from Norfolk and exclaiming :

The King enacts more wonders than a man.

Richard rushes in and thunders forth

A horse ! a horse ! My kingdom for a horse !

to which Catesby responds that he will bring a horse, and the King replies :

I think there be six Richmonds in the field,
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.
A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse !

Richard departs in search of his foe, finds him, nearly slays him, when Stanley rides against Richard and the last of the Plantagenets is killed. The act and the play ends with the triumph of Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I., scene first, shows a public place in Verona. Two servants to Capulet, armed with swords and bucklers, enter, and are met by two servants of Montague. The ancient feud between the families of Capulet and Montague extends to the servants ; a quarrel ensues, during which Abram asks of Sampson : "Do you bite your thumb at us, sir ?" Sampson replies : "No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir ; but I bite my thumb."

A fight follows. Benvolio, nephew to Montague, and Tybalt, nephew to Lady Capulet, enter and participate in the affray. They are followed by partisans of both houses, and finally Capulet and Montague, the heads of the rival houses, appear, and words and blows are freely exchanged, until the opportune appearance of the Prince, with attendants, who commands peace, chides both parties for their turbulence, and withdraws, followed by nearly all the combatants. Lady Montague and her husband remain, and converse with Benvolio in regard to their son Romeo. They question him as to the cause of Romeo's melancholy moods. Benvolio answers, that often

. "before the worshiped Sun
Peered forth the golden window of the East;"

he had seen Romeo walking in the wood, but

. "Measuring his affections by my own,
That most are busied, when they're most alone,"

he made no attempt to speak with him. Montague says that Romeo frequently goes forth in the early morning, and returns home

"So soon as the all cheering sun
Should in the farthest East begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,"

and darkening his chamber, gives himself up to his sad thoughts, and that Romeo is

"So far from sounding and discovery
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the Sun."

Lord and Lady Montague then withdraw, and Romeo approaches. Con-
versing with Benvolio, he tells him that he himself is

"Out of her favour, where I am in love."

Benvolio expresses sympathy with his cousin's sorrow, and Romeo
replies :

"Why, such is love's transgression.
Griefs of my own lie heavy in my breast."

Benvolio asks him what the griefs are, and Romeo answers :

"In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman,"

and after further questioning, he says of the unknown fair one,

. "She'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit."

"She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold,"

Benvolio advises him to forget her ; but Romeo says,

"He that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost
Farewell ; thou canst not teach me to forget."

In scene second, Paris, a kinsman of the Prince, asks of the Lord Capulet the hand of his daughter Juliet. Lord Capulet urges delay for two years on account of her extreme youth. He invites the "County Paris" to an entertainment at his house that night, where he would see many "fresh female buds," whose charms might eclipse those of his daughter. They withdraw, and Benvolio and Romeo enter ; Benvolio suggests to Romeo, that

. "One fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessened by another's anguish ;"

advises him to be present at the Capulet feast and compare "the fair Rosaline whom thou lovest" with other ladies there.

In scene third, Lady Capulet informs Juliet that the Count Paris is a suitor for her hand, desires her to observe him closely when he comes to the festivity, and adds :

"This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover.
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story."

Scene fourth. A Street. Romeo, Benvolio, Mercutio with torch bearers and others on their way to Capulet's house. Romeo expresses his reluctance to participate in the festivities.

In scene fifth, a hall in Capulet's house is shown ; Capulet welcomes his guests, urges the younger ones to dance, and his "Cousin Capulet" to sit, "For you and I are past our dancing days." Romeo's attention is attracted by the beauty of a lady unknown to him, and he soliloquizes :

"O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright !
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear,
Beauty too rich for use, for Earth too dear !"

Tybalt, hearing the voice, and suspecting the speaker to be a Montague, calls for his rapier.

He is checked by Capulet, who forbids discourtesy to Romeo, his guest. Tybalt angrily withdraws. Romeo addresses Juliet, each being unknown to the other,

"If I profane with my unworthy hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this —
My lips, two blushing pilgrims ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss."

Their conversation is interrupted. Romeo learns who Juliet is and departs. Juliet is told Romeo's name, and exclaims :

"My only love sprung from my only hate
To early seen, unknown, and known too late."

ACT II., scene first, is an open place adjoining Capulet's garden. Romeo appears, climbs the wall of the garden, and disappears within.

The second scene is in Capulet's garden. Romeo speaks

"He jests at scars that never felt a wound."

Juliet appears at a window, and Romeo exclaims:

"But soft ! what light through yonder window breaks ?
It is the East and Juliet is the Sun !
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon."

"See how she leans her cheek upon her hand !
O, that I were a glove upon that hand
That I might touch that cheek."

Juliet, unconscious of any listener, thus soliloquizes

"O, Romeo, Romeo ! wherefore art thou Romeo ?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name."

"What's in a name ? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet."

"Romeo, doff thy name ;
And for that name which is no part of thee,
Take all myself."

Romeo hearing this, addresses Juliet :

"I take thee at thy word."

Juliet recognizes the voice, and warns him of his danger, if he is found there by any of her kinsmen, and Romeo tells her :

"Alack ! there lies more peril in thine eyes
Than twenty of their swords."

She asks him :

"Dost thou love me ?
At lover's perjuries
They say Jove laughs."

Romeo protests his love :

"Lady, by yonder blessed moon, I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-trees tops —"

And Juliet replies :

"O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon
That monthly changes in her circled orb
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable."

"Do not swear at all
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self
Which is the god of my idolatry."

"Sweet, Good night,
This bud of love by summer's ripening breath
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet."

The nurse calls her from within the house ; she withdraws a moment, then returns, and Romeo promises to arrange for their marriage, and to send her word to-morrow, and again Juliet bids him

"Good night : good night ! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow."

The third scene is at Friar Laurence's cell. The friar is gathering herbs, musing upon their various qualities,

"Naught so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give
Nor aught so good, but strained from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;
And vice sometimes by actions dignified."

Romeo enters, and discloses his wish that the good friar should unite him in marriage to Juliet that day. The friar consents to do so.

In the fourth scene Benvolio tells Mercutio that Tybalt has sent a challenge to Romeo. Romeo appears and joins in the lively badinage in which the others are indulging. Juliet's nurse enters, and Romeo directs her to tell her mistress to meet him at Friar Laurence's cell that afternoon, where the marriage will take place.

In the fifth scene, the nurse delivers the message to Juliet, and in the sixth scene, the friar's cell, while waiting for Juliet, Romeo says, if he may but call Juliet his own he cares not what may follow, and the friar answers :

"These violent desires have violent ends
And in their triumph die ; like fire and powder
Which, as they kiss, consume."

As Juliet enters, he adds,

"Here comes the lady : O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint."

As they approach the altar, Juliet says to Romeo :

"They are but beggars that can count their worth,
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth."

ACT III. Scene first. A public place. Benvolio, Mercutio, Romeo and servants are met by Tybalt and others of the Capulet faction. Tybalt attempts to force Romeo to fight. Romeo declines. Mercutio draws his sword ; Tybalt defends himself. They are soon separated. Tybalt and his followers withdraw, and Mercutio says :

"I am hurt ;
A plague o' both your houses ! I am sped."

Romeo tries to cheer him by saying : "The hurt cannot be much." Mercutio answers : "No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve." He dies, and Tybalt reappearing, Romeo and Tybalt fight, and Tybalt is killed. Romeo, in deep sorrow, exclaims : "Oh, I am Fortune's fool."

The Prince enters with attendants, makes enquiry into the deaths of Mercutio and Tybalt, and Romeo is banished by the Prince.

Scene second. Capulet's orchard ; Juliet, expectant of Romeo, says :

"Give me my Romeo and when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun."

The nurse enters and tells Juliet of the death of Tybalt and of Romeo's banishment. Juliet, distracted with grief and horror that Romeo should have done the dreadful deed, exclaims :

"Beautiful tyrant ! Fiend angelic,"

"Was ever book containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound ? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace !"

The terrible accumulation of woes proves almost too much for her reason, swayed as she is by the fierce conflict of the passions of love and grief. The scene ends with the promise of the nurse to bring Romeo to her, to take his last farewell.

Scene third takes us again to Friar Laurence's cell. The friar informs Romeo of the sentence of banishment pronounced by the Prince, and Romeo says death would be preferable to banishment from Juliet. The very flies,

" May seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,"

while Romeo may not ; he is banished. The good friar attempts consolation by speaking of

"Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy."

The nurse enters and describes to Romeo the anguish of Juliet. Romeo is in despair, but Friar Laurence advises him to go to Juliet, bid her farewell, and then travel to Mantua, and in due time the marriage should be announced, Romeo's friends would secure a pardon from the Prince, and call the exile back.

In the fourth scene Capulet promises Paris that Juliet shall marry him on Thursday next, and directs his wife to prepare Juliet for the wedding.

The fifth scene shows Romeo taking leave of Juliet in her chamber. Juliet says :

"Wilt thou be gone ? It is not yet near day.
It was the nightingale and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear,"

and Romeo answers :

"It was the lark, the herald of the morn.
Night's candles are burned out and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top,"

and Juliet at last, realizing his danger in longer tarrying, urges him to go.

"It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps."

He leaves her, and Lady Capulet enters, and informs her daughter of the marriage project. Juliet refuses to carry out the wishes of her parents. The father adds his commands, and Juliet, under pretence of confession, goes to Father Laurence for advice.

ACT IV. In the first scene Juliet finds Paris at Friar Laurence's cell. He takes his leave, and Juliet tells her new trouble to the friar. He counsels her to consent to the marriage, and hands her a phial containing a powerful drug, which will cause the appearance of death in the person taking it. He tells her to drink the potion Wednesday night; she would be found apparently dead on Thursday morning, and, according to custom, she would be laid in the monument of the Capulets.

Romeo would be advised and at hand when she awakened, to bear her away to Mantua. Juliet consents to the plan, and in the second scene informs her parents she has repented and will carry out their wishes.

Scene third. Juliet dismisses her nurse at night, drinks the potion and throws herself upon the bed. Scene fourth shows the family busied with the final preparations for the marriage, and in scene fifth the lifeless body is found in Juliet's chamber, wept over, and carried to the tomb.

ACT V. Scene first. In Mantua; Romeo is informed by his servant, Balthasar, that Juliet is dead. He resolves to go to her tomb and there commit suicide. He finds an apothecary, who at first refuses to sell him poison, as the law of Mantua makes the sale of poisons a capital offense. He afterwards yields to a bribe of forty ducats, explaining:

"My poverty, but not my will consents."

Scene second. Friar John explains to Friar Laurence that the letter intended for Romeo at Mantua had not been sent, and Friar Laurence, in distress, hurries away, in order to be at hand when Juliet awakes from her trance, to explain Romeo's failure to arrive as intended.

Scene third. A churchyard containing the Capulet monument. Paris and his page enter, bearing flowers and a torch. He hears footsteps and retires, and Romeo and Balthasar enter, carrying a mattock. Romeo, dismissing his servant, breaks open the door of the monument. Paris, seeing the act, rushes forward, and threatens Romeo with death, as a penalty for his sacrilege. Romeo entreats him,

"Tempt not a desperate man."

Paris defies him ; they fight, and Paris is slain. Romeo laments over him, lays him within the monument, and seeing Juliet lying there, still insensible, thus apostrophizes her :

. "Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there."

.
"Eyes, look your last.
Arms take your last embrace !"

He drinks the poison and dies just as Friar Laurence enters the monument. At that moment Juliet wakes. The friar is alarmed by the approach of the watch, and tries to take Juliet away with him, but she refuses to leave the dead body of her husband. She hears the watch close at hand, and snatches Romeo's dagger, buries it in her breast, and dies. The watchmen find the dead bodies, and messengers are dispatched in all directions. The Prince soon appears upon the scene, followed by the Montagues and Capulets. Friar Laurence is called upon by the Prince to tell what he knows, and his testimony, joined with that of the page of Paris, and of Balthasar, makes the cause of these terrible events very plain.

The Prince calls before him the heads of the rival houses and shows them the results of their wicked enmity ; the two bereaved fathers are reconciled over the dead bodies of their children, and the tragedy closes with these words from the mouth of the Prince :

"For, never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet, and her Romeo."

MACBETH.

The play of Macbeth, regarded by some as the greatest of the Shakespearian tragedies, opens on a deserted heath in Scotland. Amid thunder and lightning three witches enter. One begins :

"When shall we three meet again ?"

to which another responds :

"When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won,"

and the third concludes :

"That will be ere set of sun."

Then saying they will meet Macbeth, they vanish, all exclaiming :

“Fair is foul and foul is fair !”

Scene second shows a camp near Forres. An alarm sounds, and King Duncan, attended by his sons, Malcolm and Donalbain, enters with Lennox. A bleeding soldier is brought in, who reports that Macbeth has routed the rebel chief Macdonwald. On the heels of this news the Lords of Ross and Angus appear and recount the triumphs of Macbeth over the combined forces of the Norweyan King and the rebel lord of Cawdor. Duncan pronounces the doom of the latter nobleman, sends greeting to Macbeth and dubs that valiant chief the “Thane of Cawdor.”

In scene three, the witches reappear upon the heath and cast a charm. A drum sounds and Macbeth and Banquo enter. The witches, one after another, hail Macbeth as thane of Glamis, thane of Cawdor, and as future king. Macbeth starts, and becomes wrapt in thought, whereat Banquo questions the withered hags as to his own destiny. Two hail him as lesser and greater than Macbeth, and the third says : “Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.” Macbeth shakes off his meditation, and expresses wonder at his own predicted fortune. Glamis he is, but Cawdor lives,

. “and to be King,
Stands not within the prospect of belief.”

He questions the witches further, but they disappear. While Banquo and Macbeth are turning this strange experience over in their minds, Ross and Angus arrive to hail Macbeth as Cawdor. At this fulfilment of the witches’ prophecy, the newly created nobleman whispers to himself :

“Glamis and Thane of Cawdor !
The greatest is behind.”

Then, turning to Banquo, he asks him if it is not possible the children of Banquo shall be kings, to which Banquo cautiously responds :

“Oftentimes to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths ;
Win us with honest trifles to betray ’s
In deepest consequence.”

Macbeth, communing with himself, exults :

“Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.”

Then a thought crosses his mind, that makes, as he expresses it, "My seated heart knock at my ribs," and then putting aside the suggestion of murder, he muses :

"If chance will have me King, why chance may crown me,
Without a stir."

Banquo interrupts the train of speculation by reminding him that they are waiting on his leisure. He excuses himself for detaining them, and they all depart together.

Scene four is at Forres, and discloses a room in the Palace. Malcolm acquaints the King with the execution of the deposed thane of Cawdor, and says :

. "Nothing in his life,
Became him like the leaving it."

To which Duncan replies, on hearing of the rebel's repentance :

. "There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face :
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust."

Macbeth now enters with Banquo, Ross and Angus. The King greets him most affectionately, and extends like courteous welcome to Banquo. Then the aged monarch, in the assembly of his nobles, proclaims as heir apparent to the throne Malcolm, his eldest son. Duncan shortly afterwards expresses his intention of paying an immediate visit to the castle of Macbeth, who says he will ride ahead to be the harbinger of the King's approach.

In scene fifth, Lady Macbeth, at Inverness Castle, enters, reading a letter from her husband, in which he sets forth the witches' prophecy, and its strange fulfilment in one particular. She exclaims :

"Glamis thou art, and Cawdor ; and shalt be,
What thou art promis'd — Yet do I fear thy nature :
It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou would'st be great,
Art not without ambition ; but without
The illness should attend it : What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou, holily ; would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win.

An attendant enters and informs her of the coming of the King. Macbeth himself shortly appears, and in reply to his wife's question as to

when the King intends to leave their castle, replies : " to-morrow." At this Lady Macbeth bursts out :

. " O, never
Shall sun that morrow see."

Macbeth responds : " We will speak further."

Scene sixth represents the meeting of Lady Macbeth and Duncan. In scene seventh Macbeth soliloquizes on the murder of the King :

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well.
It were done quickly if th' assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success ; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases,
We still have judgment here ; that we but teach,
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague th' inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips.

. Besides, this Duncan,
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued against
The deep damnation of his taking off.

. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent ; but only
Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

Lady Macbeth enters, and her husband announces he will no longer entertain the design of Duncan's murder. She upbraids him with weakness, and accuses him of

Letting " I dare not " wait upon " I would "
Like the poor cat i' the adage.

Macbeth replies :

I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none.

She reiterates her reproach, and he suggests : " If we should fail ? " At which she exclaims :

. We fail !
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail !

She then outlines the plan : to make the guards of Duncan drunk, so that "Memory, the warder of the brain," shall sleep ; thereupon to murder Duncan and lay the guilt upon the snoring sentinels. Macbeth, in admiration of her courage, cries :

Bring forth men children' only !
For thy undaunted metal should compose
Nothing but males.

Stirred by her words he thus consents, and girds his spirit for the fearful deed.

ACT II. Scene first. Banquo and his son Fleance enter with a torch and are met by Macbeth and a servant also with torch. Banquo is the bearer of gifts from Duncan to Macbeth, and after a few remarks, the thane of Glamis is left alone. He sees a vision and exclaims : "Is this a dagger that I see before me ?" and as he muses, a bell strikes, whereat he says :

Hear it not Duncan ; for it is a knell,
That summons thee to Heaven or to Hell.

Lady Macbeth enters, and fearing some disturbance of their plan, ejaculates : "The attempt and not the deed confounds us." Macbeth returns from the murder all unstrung and imagines he has heard a voice cry out : "Sleep no more ; Macbeth doth murder sleep," to which trepidation Lady Macbeth replies : "'Tis the eye of childhood that fears a painted devil." On her departure to stain the garments of the sentinels with blood, Macbeth groans to himself :

"Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand ? No, this, my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine."

Lady Macbeth returns, and unconsciously meets his thoughts with the remark : "A little water clears us of this deed." A knocking is heard, and after the dilatory porter has opened the gate, Macduff and Lennox enter. Macbeth and his wife have previously retired, but the former returns, as if from his bed, and greets the visitors. Macduff, according to the King's instructions, is to awaken the sovereign at an early hour. He is shown to the King's room by Macbeth. On entering it, he is horror stricken at the sight and rushes out, proclaiming the murder of the King. Great confusion ensues, during which Macbeth kills the guards in pretended vengeance of the crime.

Malcolm and Donalbain, sons of Duncan, have their suspicions, and hastily flee the country, one to England and one to Ireland.

In scene fourth Macduff informs Ross that the sovereignty has fallen on Macbeth.

ACT III. Scene first represents a room in the Palace. Banquo enters, musing upon the strange events, and hopes his posterity will number kings, as promised by the witches. Macbeth enters, greets Banquo, and invites him to the royal supper that evening. Banquo accepts, but tells of a journey he is to make in the afternoon, and thereupon, with his son Fleance, departs. Macbeth hires murderers to follow him, for the usurper says to himself :

“ He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him ; then, prophet-like,
They hailed him father to a line of Kings.”

Scene second opens with Lady Macbeth, at the palace ; Macbeth presently enters and says : “ We have scotched the snake, not killed it,” and then, musing on the whole unhappy business, breaks out :

“ Duncan is in his grave,
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well ;
Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further ! ”

Lady Macbeth consoles him, and they proceed to the banquet hall.

In scene three the assassins murder Banquo, but Fleance and his servant escape.

Scene four discloses a banquet, at which the ghost of Banquo appears, and terrifies Macbeth out of all prudence. The guilty man exclaims : “ Thou canst not say I did it : never shake thy gory locks at me.” The ghost disappears, but the King no sooner gains his composure than it reappears, whereat Macbeth cries out :

“Avaunt and quit my sight. Let the earth hide thee !
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with.

Hence, horrible shadow, unreal mockery, hence ! ”

Then Lady Macbeth dismisses the guests with the injunction :

“ Stand not upon the order of your going
But go at once.”

When they are alone, Macbeth learns that Macduff has declined the invitation to the banquet. The King determines to consult the weird sisters regarding affairs, and adds:

" I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

Scene fifth pictures an interview between the witches and their mistress, Hecate.

In scene sixth Lennox converses with a Lord of the Court, who tells him that Malcolm is at Edward of England's palace, and that Macduff has also fled thither. Their conversation ends with the prayer of both for the downfall of Macbeth.

ACT IV., scene first, represents a dark cave ; a caldron boiling in the middle, and the three witches around it. Distant thunder. Macbeth enters shortly. The witches call up apparitions. One, that of a child, says to the King :

" Be bloody, bold and resolute, laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth."

Another apparition of a child foretells :

" Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him."

Macbeth, delighted, asks if Banquo's issue shall ever reign, whereat the witches show him the apparition of eight kings, one after another, until Macbeth bursts out : " What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom ? " The witches vanish. Lennox enters, and tells him of the flight of Macduff, and the King reflects :

" From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand,"

and determines to sack the castle of his enemy.

In scene second the murder of Lady Macduff and her child is accomplished. She had been previously warned by a messenger, but resolved to remain, as she believed that to be her duty, though she said :

" I am in this earthly world ; where to do harm,
Is often laudable, to do good sometimes
Accounted dangerous folly."

Scene third shows the friendly interview in England between Malcolm and Macduff, interrupted by the news of the massacre of the latter's family. The two at once resolve on the invasion of Scotland.

ACT V., scene first, presents the Court Doctor and a gentlewoman discussing the sleep-walking fits of Lady Macbeth, who immediately after enters. The somnambule Queen exclaims, as she looks at her hands: "Out damned spot!" and later adds: "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand." As she raves, she half discloses the murder of Duncan and the assassination of Banquo. Then she returns to her chamber.

Scene second shows some of the great Scottish Lords with their attendants marching to the support of the invading Malcolm.

In scene third Macbeth relies on the witches' prophecy and scouts the rebels and their forces. Nevertheless, he is heartsick of the toils and turmoils: "My way of life" he says,

"Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not."

He turns to the doctor and asks about Lady Macbeth. The physician says she is better, but is troubled with strange fancies; whereat the King interrogates:

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?"

On the doctor's negative reply, Macbeth, in scorn, remarks: "Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it."

In scene four the soldiers of Malcolm, on coming to Birnam wood, each hew a bough and carry it, to make the host of the invader seem more terrible. Thus the witches' prophecy is unconsciously fulfilled.

Scene fifth opens on the Castle of Dunsinane, and Macbeth gives orders: "Hang out our banners on the outward walls!" As he is bustling with preparations, the death of the Queen is announced. He is overcome, and says:

"She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
 To the last syllable of recorded time,
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more : it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.

A messenger enters with news that the Birnam wood is coming to Dunsinane, at which announcement Macbeth exclaims :

" I pull in resolution, and begin
 To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
 That lies like truth :
 " I 'gin to be aweary of the sun,
 And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.
 Ring the alarum-bell ! Blow, wind ! come, wrack !
 At least we'll die with harness on our back."

Scene sixth shows the arrival of the invading army before the Castle. Scene seventh presents Macbeth in the battle. He slays the son of an opposing chieftain, and then meets Macduff. Macbeth warns him off from certain death, as none of woman born may hope to prevail ; but the thane of Fife replies :

" Despair thy charm ;
 And let the angel whom thou still hast served
 Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
 Untimely ripp'd."

The usurper cries :

" Accursed be the tongue that tells me so,
 For it hath cow'd my better part of man !
 And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
 That palter with us in a double sense ;
 That keep the word of promise to our ear,
 And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee."

To which Macduff replies : "Then yield thee, coward." Macbeth, in anger, cries :

" I will not yield,
 To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
 And to be baited with the rabble's curse.

Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
 And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
 Yet I will try the last. Before my body
 I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
 And damn'd be he that first cries 'Hold, enough!'

They fight ; Macbeth is slain, and the play ends with the departure of Malcolm to be crowned at Scone.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE, living in banishment.	TOUCHSTONE, a clown.
FREDERICK, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.	SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.
AMIENS, } Lords, attending on the banished	CORIN, } shepherds.
JAQUES, } duke.	SILVIUS, }
LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.	WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.
CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.	A person representing Hymen.
OLIVER, }	ROSALIND, daughter to the banished duke.
JAQUES, } sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.	CELIA, daughter to Frederick.
ORLANDO, }	PHEBE, a shepherdess.
ADAM, }	AUDREY, a country wench.
DENNIS, } servants to Oliver.	Lords, pages and attendants, etc.

SCENES—Oliver's house ; Duke Frederick's court ; and the Forest of Arden.

ACT I., scene first, shows the orchard of Oliver's house. Orlando and Adam enter, and Orlando complains bitterly of the neglect of Oliver, who does not treat him like a brother. Oliver enters, and a war of words follows, in which Orlando demands the thousand crowns left him in his father's will.

Oliver then sends for Charles the wrestler, and, telling him Orlando intended to wrestle and disgrace him before Frederick, gives him permission to break Orlando's neck.

Scene second shows the lawn before the duke's palace. Rosalind and Celia enter. Rosalind grieves for her banished father, and Celia cheers her, and begs her to be merry. Rosalind promises, and suggests falling in love. Le Beau enters and tells them of the wrestling.

Duke Frederick, Orlando, Charles, Lords and attendants enter. Rosalind and Celia comment on Orlando's youth and inexperience, and beg him

to desist lest he be injured. Orlando tells them he is determined, and in the wrestling disables Charles. Rosalind is struck with admiration, and gives Orlando a chain from her neck. As she is departing, Orlando thanks her, and Rosalind says :

“He calls us back : my pride fell with my fortunes ;
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir ?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.”

Scene third is a room in the palace. Rosalind laments the departure of Orlando, and Celia seeks, by ridiculing her sudden affection, to cure it, but Rosalind will not be comforted, and cries : “Oh, how full of briers is this working-day world !”

The Duke enters and orders Rosalind to leave his court within ten days under the penalty of death. Celia, who has much love for her cousin, determines to accompany her into banishment, and suggests seeking Rosalind's father in the Forest of Arden. That they may travel with safety, Rosalind dons male attire and Celia is clad in lowly costume.

ACT II., scene first, shows the Forest of Arden, with the banished Duke and his followers. The Duke says :

. “Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court ?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam.
.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

Scene four is in the Forest of Arden. Rosalind as Ganymede, Celia as Aliena, and Touchstone, the Clown, who fled with them, enter all weary and worn out. Says Rosalind : “I could find it in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman ; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoats.”

In Scene fifth Amiens is singing a song. Jaques asks for more, and Amiens tells him it will make him melancholy.

Jaques. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

Amiens. My voice is ragged : I know I cannot please you.

Scene seventh shows the Duke and his followers at dinner in the forest, when Jaques enters and tells of having met a fool in the forest.

"Good morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, sir," quoth he,
 "Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune :"

He then asks the Duke to appoint him fool, and says :

... "I must have liberty
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
 To blow on whom I please ; for so fools have ;
 And they that are most galled with my folly,
 They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so ?
 The "why" is plain as way to parish church."

Orlando comes in, and demands food for his servant, who is fainting, and the Duke, turning to his followers, says :

"Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy :
 This wide and universal theatre
 Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
 Wherein we play in."

To which Jaques replies :

"All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players :
 They have their exits and their entrances ;
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
 And then the whining school-boy with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like a snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
 Sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacle on nose and pouch on side,

His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all ;
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Amiens then sings this song :

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude ;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly :
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
 Then heigh-ho, the holly !
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot :
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.

Heigh-ho ! sing, etc.

ACT III, scene second, shows Orlando in the forest. Hanging a paper on a tree, he says :

" Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love :
 And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
 With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
 Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.
 O, Rosalind ! these trees shall be my books,
 And in their barks my thoughts I'll character ;
 That every eye which in this forest looks
 Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.
 Run, run, Orlando, carve on every tree
 The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she.

Rosalind and Celia each find verses praising Rosalind, which had been hung up by Orlando. Rosalind inquires of Celia whose writing they are,

and says : " I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings."

Orlando and Jaques enter, and Rosalind, taking advantage of her disguise, jeers at Orlando's love for the Rosalind to whom he has been penning so many and such pretty verses, and questions : " In good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees?" Orlando says : " I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, that I am he, that unfortunate he."

Rosalind. " But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?"

Orlando. " Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much."

Rosalind offers to cure him of his love, and suggests that he imagine her to be his Rosalind, and woo her.

In scene four Rosalind and Celia discuss Orlando, and, in speaking of his kisses, Rosalind says : " And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread." To which Celia replies : " He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana ; a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously ; the very ice of chastity is in them."

In scene five Silvius declares his love to Phebe, but she, being in love with Ganymede, rejects him.

ACT IV., scene first, is a part of the forest. Rosalind and Celia meet Jaques. Rosalind questions Jaques' sadness, and he replies :

" I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation, nor the musician's, which is fantastical, nor the courtier's, which is proud, nor the soldier's, which is ambitious, nor the lawyer's, which is politic, nor the lady's, which is nice, nor the lover's, which is all these : but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness."

Rosalind tells him that " To have seen much and to have nothing is to have rich eyes and poor hands." Jaques says he has gained experience. Rosalind replies :

" I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad."

Orlando comes upon them and is taxed for being late, and in the wooing which follows, Rosalind says : " Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love."

Rosalind finally repents, and says she would have twenty such as Orlando. He asks : " Why twenty?" and she replies : " Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing?"

They go through a mock wedding, Celia acting as priest, and Rosalind remarks that "a woman's thought runs before her action:" To which Orlando replies: "So do all thoughts; they are winged." He then departs, promising to return later.

In scene third Orlando does not appear at the time appointed for his return, but in his stead comes Oliver, who bears a bloody napkin, which Orlando sends to Rosalind. Oliver explains Orlando's absence, by telling how

"He left a promise to return again
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity,"

he saw a wretched ragged man sleeping. About his neck was coiled "a green and gilded snake," while in the bushes close by lay a lioness waiting for the man to move. Orlando found the wretched man was his brother, who had turned him adrift. Orlando gave battle to the lioness and killed her. In the fight he was wounded, and sent the blood-stained napkin to Rosalind, as his excuse, by the brother he rescued. Upon hearing the story, Rosalind swoons.

In ACT V., scene second, Orlando and Oliver discuss Rosalind and Celia, and Oliver confesses his love for Celia. Rosalind enters, and Orlando tells her of Oliver's love for Celia, and his determination to marry her on the morrow, and says:

"But O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart heaviness."

Rosalind then tells Orlando that she can do strange things; that she has studied magic, and that when his brother marries, Orlando shall marry Rosalind. Orlando asks: "Speakest thou in sober meanings?"

In the last scene the old Duke notices a strong resemblance between Ganymede and his daughter Rosalind, and promises Ganymede that if he produce Rosalind she may marry Orlando.

While Ganymede departs for Rosalind, Touchstone tells how he quarrelled upon the "seventh cause," and says:

"Upon a lie seven times removed, as thus, sir, I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again 'it was not well cut,' he would send me word, he cut it

to please himself : this is called the Quip Modest. If again 'it was not well cut,' he disabled my judgment : this is called the Reply Churlish. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would answer, I spake not true : this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would say I lied : this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome : and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct."

Asked if he can nominate in order the degrees of the lie, Touchstone says :

"O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book ; as you have books for good manners : I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous ; the second, the Quip Modest ; the third, the Reply Churlish ; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant ; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome ; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance ; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct, and you may avoid that, too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, 'If you said so, then I said so,' and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peacemaker ; much virtue in If."

Rosalind, clad as a woman, with Celia and Hymen enter. In the midst of a wedding song, Jaques de Boys enters and tells how Duke Frederick, coming to the forest to murder his banished brother, met a religious man, was converted from the world and bequeathed his crown to his banished brother, restoring at the same time their lands to those who were exiled with him. The wedding merriment proceeds and ends with a dance, after which Rosalind recites the epilogue :

"It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue ; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue ; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play ! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me ; my way is to conjure you, and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases you ; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women—as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them—that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not ; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make courtesy, bid me farewell."

OTHELLO.

The play of "Othello" more than any other of the Shakespearean dramas touches the chord of modern love and passion. The plot turns on the jealousy excited in the mind of Othello, the Venetian general, by Iago, his subordinate, who is mad for revenge because of Othello's suspected intrigue with Emilia, Iago's wife. Iago also burns with resentment, because Cassio has been made the General's lieutenant.

Scene first discloses Iago conversing in a street of Venice with Roderigo, who is deeply in love with Desdemona, the heroine of the play. Iago tells him how Othello repulsed the friends whom Iago sent to plead for the latter's appointment as lieutenant. Furthermore, to add insult to injury, the Moor had chosen for that place,

"One, Michael Cassio, a Florentine."

Roderigo warmly sympathizes with Iago, and urges him to resign Othello's service, to which Iago replies :

"I follow him to serve my turn upon him,"

and adds, that, when Iago's sentiments are known by outward action :

. . . . "I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at."

Then he suggests to Roderigo to arouse Brabantio, the father of Desdemona, and excite his ire against the Moor. They repair to the aged Senator's house, and sting him to fury with the report of his daughter's marriage to Othello. Brabantio collects his friends, and starts out in search of the General, exclaiming as he goes :

"Who would be a father?"

In scene second Cassio meets Othello, with a summons from the Doge, regarding a disturbance in the Venetian tributary, Cyprus. Immediately afterwards Brabantio enters, with a troop of friends, and upbraids Othello with the theft of Desdemona, a maid

"So opposite to marriage that she shunned
The wealthy, curlèd darlings of our nation."

The old Senator wishes to drag Othello forthwith to prison, but consents to repair, all together, to the Council Chamber of the Duke.

Scene three discloses the Duke receiving messages from Cyprus. Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo, and officers enter. Brabantio accuses the General, who replies to the Duke's question as follows :

" Most potent, grave and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters :
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
Is most true ; true, I have married her :
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more.

. " Yet by your gracious patience,
I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love."

Brabantio interrupts, but Othello appeals to the testimony of Desdemona, who is thereupon sent for. Meanwhile, Othello continues :

" Her father lov'd me ; oft invited me ;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have passed.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it ;
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances ;
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach."

. " Such was my process ;
. These things to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline :
But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse : Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently : I did consent ;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
She swore,—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange ;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :

She wish'd she had not heard it ; yet she wish'd
 That Heaven had made her such a man : she thanked me ;
 And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake :
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd ;
 And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd ;
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it."

The Duke admires Othello's story, and bids Brabantio wisely make the best of the matter. The Senator, addressing his daughter, asks her to whom she owes, in all the company, the most obedience, to which Desdemona answers :

" My noble father,
 I do perceive here a divided duty,"

and gives her allegiance to the Moor. Brabantio thereupon resentfully relinquishes his claims, and speaks of Cyprus. The Duke refers the matter to Othello, who accepts the conduct of the expedition.

Preparations are made for Othello's immediate departure, and, as a farewell shot, Brabantio maliciously exclaims :

" Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see ;
 She hath deceived her father, and may thee."

To which Othello rejoins :

" My life upon her faith !"

Othello and Desdemona then proceed homeward, leaving Iago and Roderigo together. The former promises the latter ultimate possession of Desdemona, and duping him, urges the gullible Roderigo to convert his property into ready cash, to forward Iago's schemes in his behalf. " Put money in thy purse," is the villain's refrain. The Moor will grow cold is Iago's encouragement, and Desdemona will soon tire of her swarthy choice. " The food that to him now is luscious as locusts shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida," says Iago. Roderigo snaps at the suggestion and agrees to sell his land. Iago, after his dupe departs, muses on the possibility of making Othello jealous of the lieutenant Cassio, and concludes that such shall be the scheme.

ACT II., scene first, discloses a seaport town of Cyprus, where the arrival of the General is awaited. In conversation with the collected gentlemen, Cassio says of Othello :

. " He hath achieved a maid
 That paragons description and wild fame."

Shortly after, Desdemona, with her waiting woman, Emilia, wife of Iago, enters. Cassio greets the ladies, and kisses Emilia. This leads to badinage, in which Iago caustically observes of women :

“Come on, come on; you are the pictures out of doors;
Bells in your parlors; wild-cats in your kitchens;
Saints in your injuries; devils being offended;”

Desdemona chides him for his severity, whereat he replies :

“O gentle lady, do not put me to’t
For I am nothing if not critical.”

She, however, presses Iago, regarding his ideas of women. After describing his ideal and paragon, he adds, that such an one is fit,

“To suckle fools and chronicle small beer,”

to which Desdemona rejoins :

“O most lame and impotent conclusion !”

Soon after, Othello enters, greets Desdemona, and both depart with their attendants. Iago continues his conversation with Roderigo, to whom he outlines his plan of creating jealousy in Othello. The villain says that the Moor will love, thank and reward him, for making Othello

. “egregiously an ass.”

In scene second a herald proclaims feasting and thanksgiving for the defeat of the Turks and the delivery of Cyprus.

Scene three shows Cassio entrusted with the guard of the island that night. Iago joins him, and, discussing Desdemona, comments upon the beauty of her eye, to which Cassio responds :

“An inviting eye, and yet methinks, right modest.”

Cassio leaves after a few farther remarks, and Iago plots to get him intoxicated, that being the lieutenant’s chiefest weakness. Roderigo has already drunk to Desdemona, “potations pottle-deep.” While Iago is ruminating, some Cyprian gentlemen, the worse for wine, approach, at which he exclaims :

“My boat sails freely both with wind and stream.”

Cassio and friends enter at the same time. The roysterers propose song and drink, and Cassio quaffs a goblet in honor of Othello. When Cassio bids the company farewell, Iago spurs Roderigo on to pick a quarrel with the lieutenant. Roderigo departs on this errand, and shortly rushes back with Cassio in hot pursuit. They fight; the spectators make an uproar; the alarum rings, and Othello, wakened from his sleep, appears. The Gen-

eral questions Montano regarding the origin of the brawl, and expresses surprise at finding him in such an outbreak, whereat the latter, being weak from wounds, refers Othello to Iago. That plotter, after some affected hesitation, tells the story in such a way that, while seeming to shield the fault of Cassio, really condemns it. Othello regretfully exclaims :

" Cassio, I love thee :
But never more be officer of mine."

Desdemona, at this point, enters to find out what has happened, and is led away by Othello. Iago, when the two are left alone, asks Cassio if he's hurt, to which the lieutenant replies : " Ay, past all surgery ! " and adds : " Reputation ! reputation ! reputation ! O, I have lost my reputation ! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial." Iago rejoins : " Reputation is a most idle and false imposition ; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving." But Cassio mournfully continues : " O, thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil ! " Iago questions him as to the provocation which excited Cassio's wrath, but the lieutenant remembers nothing. " O," he cries out, " that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains ! " Iago cunningly advises him to entreat the influence of Desdemona with the Moor. Cassio jumps at the suggestion, and in more hopeful mind, proceeds to his home. Iago, hereupon, is met by Roderigo, who complains of lost money and no success, to which the conspirator counsels patience, and the act ends with the conciliation of Roderigo and the chuckle of Iago.

ACT III., scene first, discloses Cassio and some musicians, whom he hires to serenade the General. A clown enters and asks if their apparatus are wind-instruments, and being assured they are, remarks : " O thereby hangs a tale ! " Without explaining his observation, he gives them money, and tells them that Othello desires them to cease their noise. They depart, and Cassio hires the clown to carry a request to Desdemona, to grant an interview to Cassio. The clown retires and Iago enters. Through Emilia, his wife, Iago pretends to aid the suit, and she unconsciously lends her assistance to bring together Cassio and Desdemona.

Scene second is a room in the Castle. Othello gives letters to Iago, to be delivered to the pilot of the argosy, going to Venice, and the General, with his attendant gentlemen, departs to view the fortifications.

In scene three, Desdemona promises Cassio her assistance. Iago and Othello enter at a distance, whereat Cassio takes a hurried departure. Iago pretends to be disturbed at the sight, and Othello, half divining his companion's thought, feels an uneasy fear. His wife immediately begins an

“Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul
But I do love thee! And when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.”

“ Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls :
Who steals my purse steals trash ; 'tis something, nothing ;
'Twas mine, 'tis his and has been slave to thousands ;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which nothing enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.”

“O beware my lord of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.”

“Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy
No; to be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolved.”

“ Their best conscience
Is not to leave’t undone, but keep’t unknown.”

“ Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune.”

"That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites."

"If she be false, O, then Heaven mocks itself!
I'll not believe't."

Desdemona, noticing his distraction, asks him if he is ill, and he complains of headache. She offers to bind his temples with her handkerchief, but he puts it aside. It falls to the ground, and he, bidding her let it go, takes her off with him. Emilia picks it up, and keeps it for Iago, who has begged her to steal it for him. The reason — unknown to her — why he desires it, is because Othello gave it as a special gift to Desdemona to be kept forever. Iago enters, and snatches the handkerchief from the hand of Emilia, who asks it back unless he greatly wishes to retain it. Iago tells her to depart, and then meditates to drop the handkerchief in Cassio's room; for

“Trifles light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ.”

Othello approaches, and his villainous subordinate remarks :

“Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou own'dst yesterday.”

The General enters and bitterly upbraids Iago for telling him suspicious thoughts that have ruined all confidence in Desdemona. “O, now, forever,” exclaims Othello :

“Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content !
Farewell the plumèd troops and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue ! O, farewell !
Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war !
Farewell ! Othello's occupation's gone.”

Iago attempts to commiserate him. Whereupon Othello seizes the villain by the throat and cries :

“Give me the ocular proof !”

of Desdemona's sin.

Iago protests and asks if Othello would spy upon the guilty love of the suspected pair, whereat the Moor roars out :

“Death and damnation !”

Then Iago relates a pretended dream, in which the lieutenant confessed the relation which he held with Desdemona. To add to Othello's wrath and conviction, Iago refers to the handkerchief, purported to have been found in Cassio's room. The Moor, beside himself with rage, cries :

“O that the slave had forty thousand lives !
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.”

Then he vows the death of Desdemona, and appoints Iago his lieutenant.

In scene four, before the Castle, Desdemona, Emilia, and a clown enter. Desdemona asks the clown where Cassio lives, and the fellow makes a wordy and ambiguous answer. Shortly after, Othello appears, and Desdemona begins her suit again for Cassio's restoration. Othello pretends he has a rheum, and asks her for her handkerchief, the one he gave her as a special gift. Of course she cannot give it, and he rushes away in jealous rage, whereat Emilia says :

" 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man."

At this point, Iago and Cassio enter, the latter immediately requesting the continued influence of Desdemona in favor of his re-instatement in the good graces of Othello. She replies that her husband is angry, and so she must wait till he becomes in better humor. She expresses wonder at Othello's rage or jealousy, and says she never gave him cause, to which Emilia replies :

"But jealous souls will not be answered so."

Then Desdemona and Emilia excuse themselves, and depart, leaving Cassio alone ; Iago having sometime previously taken his departure. While Cassio is meditating, his mistress Bianca appears, and they make an appointment together.

ACT IV., scene first, is still before the Castle. Iago spurs on the jealousy of Othello by reminding him of the handkerchief. Then, as Iago continues the pretended tale of Desdemona's guilt, Othello falls in a trance. Iago says : "Work on, my medicine, work !" Cassio enters, but is warned to depart by Iago, who promises to counsel with him later. Othello recovers, and Iago pursuing the conversation, observes :

"O 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste !"

Iago then tells him of Cassio's coming and the latter's promise to return on the General's departure. Iago urges Othello to conceal himself and watch the actions of Cassio when questioned of his victories with Desdemona. Othello agrees, and Cassio soon returns. Iago in a lowered tone, questions him of his intrigue with Bianca, whereat the lieutenant laughs and jokes. Othello, from his retirement, grimly growls :

"They laugh that win."

Bianca enters at this point, and upbraids Cassio with the handkerchief which he has given her, and charges him with having received it from some

other favorite. Cassio pacifies her, by agreeing to sup with her that night, and departs in her company. Othello, coming out, exclaims :

“ I would have him nine years a-killing.”

Then musing on the perfections of Desdemona, and remembering her supposed duplicity, he wails : “ But yet the pity of it, Iago ! O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago ! ” The latter suggest to strangle her in the marriage bed, and Othello so determines. At this point Lodovico, a messenger from Venice, together with Desdemona and attendants, enter. Lodovico delivers to the Moor a letter, which proves to be his recall, and the appointment of Cassio in his stead. Desdemona expresses pleasure at the thought of a return to Venice, and Othello in his rage smites her in the face. Then after a few words of greeting to Lodovico, Othello takes his leave of the scene. The former expresses to Iago the pain and disappointment felt at viewing such an exhibition.

In scene two Othello questions Emilia, but getting no satisfaction, summons his wife. He taxes her with faithlessness and, exclaims that he could have endured anything. Desdemona expostulates, and to his question, whether she has not been false, she says : “ No, as I am Christian ! ” Othello scorns her, and then recalls Emilia, as he departs himself. Desdemona tells her to prepare the marriage bed. Emilia meets Iago, who questions her about the trouble, and she asserts that some villain has laid the plot, and then she adds :

“ O, heaven, that such companions thou’ldst unfold
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascals naked through the world ! ”

Desdemona appeals to Iago for help, and he pretends to think Othello is merely out of humor. Emilia and her mistress depart, and Roderigo enters. He charges Iago with defrauding him, and demands restitution of the money and jewels entrusted for Desdemona. Iago quiets him by the promise that Roderigo shall enjoy her the following night, and then persuades the dupe to kill Cassio, as a means of detaining Othello in the isle.

Scene third discloses a room in the Castle, with Desdemona, Othello, Lodovico, Emilia and attendants. Lodovico bids Desdemona good night, and Othello commands her to her room at once. The Moor, Lodovico and the rest depart, leaving Desdemona and Emilia alone. The latter, after preparing her mistress for bed, is dismissed, Desdemona singing a pathetic little song. Emilia, before she goes, delivers an opinion on the chastity of wives, and says :

“ But I do think it is their husbands’ faults,
If wives do fall.”

ACT V., scene first, shows Iago and Roderigo lying in wait for Cassio. Iago, urging on the deed, exclaims : "It makes us, or it mars us!" Cassio enters, and Roderigo rushes upon him, but fails to wound him. Cassio, however, thrusts his sword into Roderigo, whereat Iago glides out, wounds Cassio in the leg and then disappears. The outcries of the wounded men attract Othello, who, thinking Iago has revenged on Cassio the wrong to his General, rushes off to strangle Desdemona. Lodovico and Gratiana approach, and shortly after Iago returns. Cassio appeals to him for help, and Roderigo also calls to him. Pretending to think the latter a "murtherous slave," Iago stabs the prostrate Roderigo, who exclaims :

"O damn'd Iago ! O inhuman dog !"

Bianca enters at this point, and Iago charges her with conspiracy against Cassio. She grows pale, and he cries out :

"Nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use."

In scene second, Othello enters the bedchamber of Desdemona, who is sleeping. As he gazes upon her beauty, he murmurs to himself :

"Yet I'll not shed her blood ;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
As smooth as monumental alabaster."

Then he muses :

"Put out the light and then — Put out the light
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister !
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me : but once put out thy light,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume."

He kisses her and she awakes. He charges her with her reputed sin, but she denies the accusation. Thereupon he smothers her. Then, as he realizes she is gone, he cries :

"O insupportable. O heavy hour !"

Emilia knocks, and being admitted, tells the Moor that Roderigo has been killed but Cassio lives. Then discovering the murder of Desdemona, she raises an alarm that brings Montano, Gratiano and Iago. Othello tells them why he has killed his wife, and instances the handkerchief as proof of guilt. At this Emilia tells the truth about it and Iago stabs her and runs out. The others guard the door to prevent the possibility of Othello's escape, but he, with bitterness, asks them :

"Why should honor outlive honesty ?
Let it go all !"

Then he says :

“Here is my journey’s end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.”

Raving over Desdemona, he curses Iago, who is shortly afterwards brought in prisoner. The moment Othello sees him, he rushes at the villain and wounds him, but is seized and prevented from wreaking complete vengeance. Then the whole plot is revealed, and the handkerchief accounted for by Cassio’s explanation. Lodovico then orders the custody of Othello, and proclaims Cassio as Governor of Cyprus. Othello says :

“Soft you ; a word or two before you go.
I have done the State some service, and they know’t;
No more of that : I pray you in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down ought in malice ; then must you speak
Of one that lov’d not wisely, but too well ;
Of one, not easily jealous, but being wrought,
Perplex’d in the extreme ; of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe ; of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinable gum : Set you down this :
And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban’d Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog
And smote him — thus !”

Othello stabs himself, and almost instantly expires. Lodovico, turning upon Iago, says :

“O Spartan dog !
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea !”

And then to the Governor, the envoy adds, to wreak vengeance on Iago.

“The time, the place, the torture, O enforce it !
Myself will straight aboard ; and, to the State,
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.”

And here the curtain falls.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS;

OR,

THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS.

This series of Oriental Legends is a delightful pageant of powerful Caliphs, in turbans encrusted with jewels, Grand viziers, genii with flashing scimitars, hideous afrites, almond-eyed maidens clothed in silken tissues, reclining in blooming gardens, and the whole laden with "odors of Araby the Blest."

When the tales were written, or who were the writers, no one knows. Advocates of equal ability have claimed for them a Persian, Indian or Arabian source; but it is now generally allowed that they are to be traced to an older work, of very early origin, are founded upon Mohammedan customs, and describe Moslem manners, religion and superstitions. There have been many translations of these tales.

In 1704 Antoine Galland, a Frenchman, published the first translation into a modern tongue, and the ladies of the gay court of Louis the Fourteenth read it with keen enjoyment.

In the early part of this century there were a number of English translations made, and now there is hardly a language in whose literature "The Arabian Nights" may not be found.

The translations vary in many ways, but, as some one has said, "The machinery of the stories is much the same; the same genii flashed out in smoke and flame, and the same scimitars went blazing and dealing death through all the copies of the Thousand and One Nights."

The stories may be divided into two classes. The first delights in the wonders of magic, in the intervention of fairies and genii; the second consists of genuine Arabian tales and anecdotes, in which adventures of the times of the Caliphs, and particularly of the renowned Haroun al Raschid, are related.

He was the greatest of all the Mohammedan rulers of Bagdad, a broad-minded, intelligent man, who lived in the ninth century, while Charlemagne was on the Imperial throne.

The meaning of the title is the framework that holds the stories together, and is itself a story. It runs this way :

There was in ancient times, a Sultan of India and China, called Schahriars, who, becoming convinced of the unfaithfulness of his wife, the Sultana, decided that all women were untrue, and as a slight punishment to the light-minded sex, devised this plan ; that he would wed a damsel each night and have her put to death the following morning.

This odious scheme was carried out through the aid of his Grand Vizier, until the sound of wailing was heard through the land, for every day there was "a maid married and a wife murdered." The Grand Vizier, who was the unwilling executioner of all these fair maidens, had two daughters, Scheherazade and Dinarzade.

Scheherazade, the elder, was exceedingly clever, and had, among other good qualities, a wonderful memory. She was a constant reader, and never forgot what she read. Now, this beautiful, clever woman, in her turn, devised a plan ; she would sacrifice herself for her sister, become the bride of the Sultan, and take the risk of being murdered the next day, if her plot should fail.

It was with great difficulty that she succeeded in getting her father's consent, but the matter was finally arranged, and Schahriar's eyes were delighted with the most beautiful bride that he had yet seen ; however, it was not to the charm of her lovely face that Scheherazade trusted. She begged the Sultan that her younger sister, Dinarzade, might spend the last hours with her, and this being granted, Dinarzade had a couch given her in the bride-chamber. According to their agreement, the younger sister wakened Scheherazade, about an hour before day, and begged her as a last favor, to relate one of the pleasant stories that she had read. Permission being given by the Sultan, the Sultana began the story of "The Merchant and the Genie."

When it was fairly day, the story only half completed, had so fascinated the Sultan, that he decided not to silence the silvery tongue, but to wait another day at least, before delivering Scheherazade into the hands of the "Lord High Executioner."

The next night the same request was made and granted, the quick-witted woman going on with the story of the Merchant and the Genie, and saying at the most exciting moment, "But I see daylight and must leave off, yet the best of the tale is yet to come." The Sultan, whose interest was thoroughly aroused, resolved to let her live another day, that he might hear the end of the story. And so it went on, night after night. Scheherazade, by the witchery of her tongue, and her art of leaving the tale at the moment of most absorbing interest—like the modern magazine story, "to

be continued in our next," kept her husband's curiosity excited, until she had been the wife of the Sultan for a thousand and one nights. Finally, Schahriar revoked his cruel edict, on condition that the Sultana should occasionally repeat to him one of her delightful stories. Thus these thousand and one stories for the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments."

Naturally they vary in interest, but there are a few especially dear to the childish heart, and to the man's heart also, as they bring back to him memories of a happy childhood. The book is a rich storehouse for illustration and figure, and certain of the tales are often used by lawyers, politicians, book makers, and public speakers of all kinds. Some of these are "Ali Baba, or the Forty Thieves;" "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp;" "The Enchanted Horse," whose story Chaucer tells again in the Squire's Tales, and Milton calls

"That wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar King did ride."

"Abou Hassan, or the Sleeper Awakened;" "Prince Ahmed, and the Fairy Pari-Banou;" "Sinbad the Sailor," struggling under the burden of the terrible Old Man of the Sea; and the stories of the Calenders; a Calender, by the way, is a begging dervish, or religious Mohammedan, who lives partly in a monastery, and partly leads a solitary life, either wandering or stationary.

The following four tales, briefly told, are perhaps the most popular of them all:

SINBAD THE SAILOR.

There lived once in the city of Bagdad, during the reign of the renowned Haroun al Raschid, a poor porter named Hinbad. This porter found himself, on a certain day, tired and hungry, at the gate of a fine palace, the home of a famous merchant and traveler, Sinbad by name.

"Alas!" said Hinbad, "Why has Allah, the great God, given to this man plenty, and to poor Hinbad only poverty?"

Some one repeated this speech to Sinbad, and he ordered that the poor fellow, after being well fed and clothed, should be brought before him. When this was done, Sinbad told him the stories of his adventures, perhaps to show him that sitting down and complaining is not the way to win fair palaces, or anything else in this world.

Sinbad made seven voyages in all, and like most sailors, could spin marvellous yarns. He tells a story to the porter, every day for a week's time, and at the end of each tale, gives Hinbad a bag of gold. His first voyage is

not so eventful, but on the second, he is cast away on an island, where he discovers an enormous egg.

Sinbad seats himself close to the wonder to examine it, and immediately the sky darkens, and a roc, the huge bird which had laid the egg, comes swooping down upon it. Sinbad tied himself to one of the creature's claws — she was large enough to carry off an elephant — and was taken to a valley, hemmed in by high mountains, where he managed to disengage himself from the bird ; looking about him, he saw a quantity of large diamonds and, what was not so agreeable, some very large serpents. While he wondered how he should get out of this uninhabited valley, a huge piece of raw meat fell at his side, followed by others from the rocks above. Sinbad remembered that this was a stratagem used by merchants to procure precious stones, and quickly filled his pockets with the finest of the diamonds, took bits of the meat, tied them about him with his turban, and lay down, his face towards the ground. Scarcely had he done this, when a gigantic eagle pounced down, and seizing him by the meat that was tied to his body flew off to its nest. As soon as the eagle had dropped her supposed prize of fresh meat into her eyrie, the waiting merchants frightened her away and discovered Sinbad, where they had hoped only to see diamonds sticking in the meat. Their surprise was great, but the sailor satisfied them by sharing his load of the sparkling stones with them, and they directed him on his way.

The third time he takes ship, Sinbad is again wrecked, and encounters a horrible monster, liked the one-eyed Cyclops, of which Homer writes, a creature with long pointed teeth and flapping ears. Like Ulysses, Sinbad and his men put out the giant's one eye with a hot iron, and sail away in safety.

On another of his voyages, the fifth, Sinbad came to a land where everything seemed lovely, with flowing streams, sweet smelling flowers and delicious fruits. In the midst of these delights he encounters an old man, who appeared woefully weak and infirm. The deceitful old man begged Sinbad to take him upon his shoulders and carry him across a little stream. He had no sooner done so than the aged creature's shaky limbs straightened out and became long and strong, his arms clutched him about the neck, and there was poor Sinbad under the yoke of the "Old Man of the Sea." It was impossible to shake him off, and Sinbad went about under this burden, until, from the influence of some grape juice that the sailor had prepared, his hold gradually loosened, and he fell off in a drunken sleep, and Sinbad made an end of his tormenter. Finally, after his seventh journey, Sinbad settled down in Bagdad, and became a good subject of Haroun al Raschid, Commander of the Faithful.

THE FISHERMAN AND THE GENIE.

A very poor fisherman, with a wife and three children, had made a vow to Allah that he would only cast his net four times in each day.

On a certain day, being very hungry, he found at the first draught, only the carcass of an ass ; at the second, a large jar full of sand and mud ; at the third, a quantity of broken jars and pots.

Then, being well nigh discouraged, he threw the net again for the fourth and last time, exclaiming, "In the name of Allah," and found in it, when he had pulled it up with great difficulty, a copper vessel with a leaden stopper. This he opened, and at first saw nothing but smoke ascending, which was soon condensed, and then appeared from the midst of it a genie, or afrite, of frightful aspect, bigger than any giant ever seen, with great lamps of eyes in his dome-like head.

"O, Solomon !" exclaimed this huge creature, "I will never again oppose thee in aught."

"Proud Spirit," said the fisherman, "what is it you say ? It is above eighteen hundred years since the prophet Solomon died, and we are now at the end of time."

Whereupon the Genie turned upon him with a fearful look and said :

"How darest thou address me in such words ?"

"Very well," said the fisherman, "then will I call you an Owl of good luck."

"I say," thundered the Genie, "speak more respectfully to me, or I will slay thee."

"Ah," returned the fisherman, "why will you kill me ? Did I not just now set you at liberty ?"

"Yes," replied the Afrite, "and that is why I kill thee, but for this favor thou shalt choose the manner of thy death."

"And is this the reward of my service ?" complained the poor fisherman.

"Hearken, I will tell thee my story," said the big one, "and then thou wilt see that I cannot spare thy life. Hundreds of years ago I rebelled against and angered the great prophet Solomon, and he caused me to be enclosed in this copper vessel, sealed the top with his own signet, and then had me cast into the deep. During the first hundred years, I swore that if any one released me, I would make him rich ; during the next century, I made a vow that my deliverer should become a potent monarch ; but at last, full of wrath at my long imprisonment, I swore with an oath, that any one who should find and release me, should be killed with no mercy, except to choose the manner of his death—now, therefore, I give thee that choice."

Necessity is the mother of invention, and the miserable fisherman in his desperation bethought himself of a stratagem.

"O, Spirit," cried he, "by that high name, engraved on Solomon's seal, were you actually and entirely, great as you are, enclosed in that small vessel of copper?"

"Yes," replied the Genie, "by that great name, I was."

"For my part, I cannot believe it," said the fisherman, "unless I see you go again into the vessel."

At this, the enormous bulk of the Afrite dissolved itself, turned into smoke, and then condensing, entered the copper vessel by degrees until all was inside.

Whereupon the cunning fisherman seized the leaden cover and corked the vessel completely, the Genie having no power to move, as the seal of Solomon was upon him. Then a long conversation took place between the two, until finally the giant swore so solemnly, in the name of Allah, that he would not hurt the fisherman if he would release him, and more than that, would make him exceedingly rich, that the fisherman was convinced of his sincerity, and quickly removed the cover of the vessel. At that instant the smoke ascended again, and the Afrite appeared in his hideous shape.

His first action was to kick the vessel into the sea, and with a frightful laugh, he said to the poor man "Follow me." Obeying this command, they soon reached a lake in the center of a desert.

"Now, my deliverer," said the Genie, "throw in thy net."

The fisherman did so, and drew up in his net, four fish of different colors; white, red, blue, and yellow. The Afrite said to him,

"Take them to the Sultan, and he will enrich thee. Do so every day, but take not fish from the lake more than once in each day. And now, I commend thee to the care of Allah."

Having said this, he clove the earth asunder with his foot, and it swallowed him. The fisherman did as the Genie told him, and received four hundred pieces of gold for his fish. But the Sultan did not regale himself on them at supper that night, for when the gay colored fish were in the sauce-pan, a grand lady stepped out, by magic, from the side wall, and spoke to them, and overturned them into the blaze.

This occurred again, and the third time, a huge black slave stepped from the wall and destroyed the fish. The Sultan, who seemed to have a mind bent on investigation, set out, accompanied by the fisherman, the Grand Vizier, and a retinue of soldiers, determined to solve the mystery. When they reached the lake, they saw the white, blue, red, and yellow fish, disporting in the water. Then the Sultan, uneasy, said to his Vizier, "I must search this out farther," and leaving the camp, disguised in plain clothes, he soon came to a palace, where the matter was explained to him. A wicked sorceress had changed her husband's body, so that it was one half marble,

and the other half living, and had then turned all the people of his city into fish; the Mohammedans into white; the Persians, who worshiped fire, into red; Christians into blue, and the Jews into yellow fish.

The brave Sultan, hearing the sad story, was enabled by a wise craft, to so deceive and enchant the enchantress, that she granted all his wishes; restored her husband first, and then sprinkling a little water over the lake, changed all the inhabitants of the city back again, every one recovering his natural form. Then returning to the disguised Sultan for his approval, he quickly seized the witch and cut her in two parts with his scimitar.

As for our hero, the fisherman, the Sultan invested him with a robe of honor, took one of his daughters to wife, gave the other to the Prince, and made his son treasurer of the realm. The fisherman in time became one of the wealthiest of men, and his daughters continued to be the wives of the sultans until they died.

ALADDIN; OR, THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

Aladdin was the son of a tailor, Mustapha, who lived in a large city of China. The boy's continued idleness so troubled his father, that he fell ill and died broken-hearted, on account of his willful son. Aladdin was strolling about in the street one day, when a dark-faced man came up to him and asked him if he were the son of Mustapha, the tailor. "Yes," answered Aladdin, "but my father has been dead a long time." At these words, the African magician, for he was a sorcerer and was looking out for some worthless lad to carry out one of his evil plans, threw his arms about the boy and kissed him, with tears in his eyes, saying, "I am your uncle, your father's brother; go to your mother and tell her that I will visit her to-morrow." After several meetings the magician beguiled Aladdin far outside the city, where, by the sorcerer's power, they saw a stone in the ground, with a brass ring fastened to it. At his supposed uncle's command, Aladdin pulled up the stone and discovered a stairway, which he descends, and, following the directions given him, goes through large halls, into a garden, where he finds a small ordinary looking lamp in a niche of the garden wall.

Before sending him down, the African put a ring on Aladdin's finger, telling him that it was a talisman against all harm. Aladdin filled his pockets with some of the extraordinary fruit in the garden, which proved to be wonderful jewels; purple amethysts, pink rubies, and sparkling diamonds.

When he reached the stairway again, he had a disagreement with his uncle, which ended in the sorcerer's flying into a passion, and sealing the opening with the heavy stone, leaving Aladdin in the subterranean passage. In his distress the boy cried out, "There is no strength or power but in

Allah!" and joining his hands to pray, rubbed the ring which the magician had put on his finger, meaning to let the boy wear it only long enough to protect him while getting the magic lamp. Instantly a frightful Genie stood before him and said,

"What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee—I and other slaves of the ring."

Aladdin answered, "Whoever thou art, deliver me from this place," and in the same moment he found himself outside the cavern. He ran quickly home, and after his unusual exertion found himself very hungry. He gave the lamp that he found in the garden to his mother, telling her to sell it for food. The mother, thinking it would bring a better price if she were to rub off a little of its dinginess, begins to polish it with fine sand and water, and at the same instant an enormous Genie of hideous aspect appeared at her side, and said to her in a voice of thunder, "What wouldst thou? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave—I and the other slaves of the lamp." The poor woman was so frightened, that she fell down in a swoon, but Aladdin, who remembered how quickly the other great creature obeyed him, answered boldly, "I am hungry—bring me something to eat." The Genie disappeared, and in a moment returned with a large silver tray, on which were several dishes of the same metal, containing delicious food. From these experiences Aladdin found that he could control the two Genii, who were able to do for him whatever he asked, no matter how astonishing or difficult it seemed.

One day Aladdin heard that the beautiful princess Badroul Boudour, the Sultan's daughter, was going to the bath. Secreting himself behind a door, he managed to get a view of her face, when she was unveiled. The sight of so much loveliness overcame Aladdin, who went home to his mother in a melancholy mood, suffering from his first attack of the heart. After thinking it over, he made up his mind that he, the worthless Aladdin, the tailor's son, would demand the hand of the princess from her noble father, the great Sultan.

He persuaded his mother to go to the palace with his petition, taking as a gift some of the jewels that he found in the garden.

The Sultan was so enchanted with the beauty of the stones, that he graciously answered that Aladdin might wed his daughter after three months. When two thirds of the time had passed, Aladdin heard that the princess was to be married that day to the son of the Grand Vizier, the Sultan's chief officer. Aladdin at once called up the slave of the lamp, and commanded him to go that night to the princess' bridal chamber and transport the newly wedded pair to him. The Genie did as he commanded, and when they were set down in Aladdin's room, he said to the Genie, "Remove

the bridegroom and keep him a prisoner until to-morrow dawn, and then bring him hither."

When Aladdin was left with the princess, he told her of the Sultan's promise, and how it had been broken, and then lay down beside her, with a drawn scimitar between them, to secure her safety, and to treat her with the utmost respect. In the morning, the separated bride and bridegroom were carried back to their room in the palace.

The next night, the same thing was repeated, and the whole affair was so alarming, that the two families agreed to annul the marriage contract and announce the fact publicly. After a time, by the aid of his two powerful servants, Aladdin married the Princess Badroul Boudour, and lived in great magnificence near the royal palace. After he had been married to the princess for some years, the African sorcerer, by his magic, discovered that Aladdin was not lying dead in the underground palace, but living in luxury, with a Sultan's daughter for his wife, and the wonderful lamp in his possession. Immediately he set out for China, and disguised as a peddler, went about the streets calling out, "New lamps for old! New lamps for old!" A foolish maid of the princess told her what the peddler was calling, and begged her to exchange the dull, old lamp in the master's dressing-room for a shiny new one. Aladdin being away hunting, the exchange was quickly made, and in a twinkling, the palace with the princess in it, and Aladdin out of it, was lifted and set down in Africa. When Aladdin returned from the hunt, and found an empty spot where his home had been, he knew at once that it must have been the work of the African sorcerer, so, calling the slave of the Ring, he ordered the Genie to take him to his palace. To hear was to obey, and after a happy meeting with his wife, they concoct a plan, by which the villain of a conjurer is to be poisoned, and the lamp taken from him. The plan is successful, and the palace with its inmates brought back to China.

After a short time of happiness and quiet, with no sudden journeyings, there appeared in the city a very holy woman, known as Fatima, who so interested the Princess, that she invited her to live with her and was guided by her in everything. One day, when they were discussing the beauties of the great hall in the palace, Fatima told the Princess that there was only one thing lacking; if by any means she could obtain a roc's egg and hang it up in the middle of the hall then it would be complete.

Badroul Boudour begs Aladdin to get the roc's egg for her, and Aladdin, not dreaming that the Genie of the Lamp will refuse him anything, orders the huge egg brought. To his intense astonishment the great slave is furiously angry, and raging about, with flames flashing from his eyes, demands how Aladdin dare insult him, by asking for his

cousin and master, the roc, to be suspended from the dome. Then he says, "I will spare you, however, because the request does not come from you ; it is from the brother of the African magician, who is in your palace, disguised as the holy woman, Fatima ; he intends to kill you, so beware." Then the Genie disappeared, and Aladdin needing no further hint, very soon succeeded in neatly putting his dagger through the false Fatima's heart. Then his trouble was really over ; the Sultan died, and the Princess Badroul Boudour succeeded him, and she and Aladdin reigned together for many happy years.

THE HISTORY OF ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES.

There once lived, in a town of Persia, two brothers, the elder Cassim, and the younger Ali Baba. Cassim was rich, while Ali Baba was only a poor wood-cutter. One day, while the younger brother was in the forest, a troop of forty robbers dashed into the wood, and Ali Baba had just time to climb into a tree, by a great rock, and conceal himself amongst its branches, when they halted under the very tree where he was hidden. One of the robbers, who appeared to be the Captain, pronounced the words, "Open Sesame !" and instantly a door opened in the rock, and the troops disappeared through it. Presently the door opened again to let them out, and then the Captain caused the door to close, by uttering the words, "Shut Sesame !" When the last man had ridden out of sight, Ali Baba determined to see what was behind the door, descended from the tree, and uttered the same words that the Captain had used, with the same result.

Instead of a dismal cave, he found a spacious room, filled with all sorts of treasures—rich stuffs piled one upon another, gold and silver in great heaps, and bags of money. Ali Baba lost no time in taking out as much of the treasure as his three asses could carry, and lading them with gold and silver instead of the fagots which he expected to be their burden, hastened home. Through the stupidity of his wife, his brother Cassim discovered the secret of the cave, and went at night to the rock in the wood. He, too, pronounced the words he had learned from his brother, "Open Sesame," and found himself inside the door. When he was ready to come out, he was horrified to find that he could no longer recall the magic word. He remembered that it was the name of a kind of grain, so he said "Open Barley," and as that had no effect, he named every species of grain of which he could think, but in vain ; the door remained firmly shut.

Some hours afterwards, the robbers returned to their cave, and finding the intruder there, lost no time in dispatching the unfortunate Cassim, cut-

ting his body in four pieces, and hanging them just inside the cave, as a warning to anyone who should try to follow his example. Ali Baba became anxious when his brother did not return, went to the secret door, and, to his great sorrow, found the four pieces of his brother's body. He carried the remains secretly to Cassim's house and by the help of Morgiana, a clever slave of his brother's, succeeded in introducing a cobbler into the house, and induced him, by means of a bribe, to sew the body together. Then it was given out that Cassim was dead, and his funeral followed with all the Mohammedan ceremonial, and Ali Baba went to live in his brother's house.

In the meantime, the robbers, returning to their cave, find Cassim's body gone, as well as more of their treasure, and they make a vow to seek and punish the one who had done this daring deed. After various attempts, such as marking the house with red chalk, which Morgiana frustrates, by marking all the houses near by in the same way, the captain does finally succeed in getting into Ali Baba's house, in the disguise of an oil merchant. Instead of so many leathern jars of oil, however, there is but one containing oil, while the other jars are each filled with a crouching robber. Morgiana has need of some oil, and, thinking that she will help herself from the oil merchant's plenty, goes quietly to the court-yard, and in the darkness hears a voice from the first jar, saying softly, "Is it time?" Though naturally surprised at finding a man in the jar, instead of the oil she wanted, Morgiana did not lose her presence of mind, but answered quickly, "Not yet, but presently." She went in turn to each jar, giving the same answer as she was questioned by each robber, until she came to the jar of oil. She filled her oil pot, and set it upon the fire to heat, and then poured enough of the boiling oil into each vessel to stifle the robber within. Then she placed herself at a window to watch what might happen. The captain coming from his bedroom at the appointed time, got no answer to his signal, and on going to the jars, found the dead bodies of his fellow thieves, and knew that his plot was discovered. He contrived to force the lock of the garden-door and escaped to the forest, raging and planning vengeance on Ali Baba.

In the morning Morgiana told her master the adventures of the previous night, and Ali Baba, overjoyed at his escape, and pleased with Morgiana's bravery, gave her her freedom. He and his servant, Abdalla, buried the well-oiled thieves in a long deep trench, like sardines in a box.

Some time after, there appeared in the city a very civil merchant of silks, called Cogia Houssain, who made himself especially agreeable to Ali Baba's son, so much so, that he was soon asked to dine at Ali Baba's house. Cogia Houssain declined, saying, "The truth is, I can eat no food with salt in it; therefore, judge how I should feel at your table." Ali Baba assured him that there should be no salt in any dish that came upon the table, and went

at once to tell Morgiana that there would be a guest at dinner, and how to prepare the food.

The shrewd woman said to herself, "Who is this that will eat no salt with my master? He must be an enemy!" She took occasion to carry in one of the dishes, looked attentively at Cogia Houssain, and recognized him as the robber captain.

When the meal was over, and the wine and fruit on the table, Morgiana, dressed as a dancing girl, with a silver girdle around her waist, from which hung a sharp poniard, appeared before the company, to entertain them, as was the Eastern custom. After several graceful dances, she drew the poniard, and began to dance, in which she outdid herself, by her agility and lightness of foot. Sometimes she presented the dagger at the breast of one of the company, sometimes at another's, and often seemed to strike her own. As she approached the false silk merchant, he pulled out his purse to give her a gold piece; while he was putting his hand into it, Morgiana, with a courage worthy of herself, plunged the poniard into his heart. Ali Baba was shocked at her action, but when the deception was explained to him, and he realized that the faithful Morgiana had rid him forever from this deadly enemy, he was overcome with joy, and embraced her, saying:

"Morgiana, I have given you your liberty, now I will make you my daughter—you shall marry my son." The son readily consented to the marriage, especially as it was agreeable to his own inclination.

Some years later Ali Baba told the secret of the cave to his son, who handed it down to his posterity. His descendants used their good fortune with moderation, and lived in great comfort and honor.

PRINCE AHMED, AND THE FAIRY PARI-BANOU.

There was once upon a time a Sultan of the Indies, an old man, and a wise ruler, who had three sons and a beloved niece, Nourounnihar. Now, these three brothers all loved their beautiful cousin passionately; and their father, in order to decide the matter, said that she should be the bride of the one who should bring to him the most extraordinary rarity. Prince Houssain, the eldest, obtained a carpet, so wonderful, that whoever sat upon it could be transported, in an instant, wherever he desired to be. Prince Ali purchased from a crier a magical ivory tube, through which one might see any person or object he wished, no matter how far away. Ahmed, the youngest of the Princes, found an apple of such virtue, that a dying patient need only smell of it to be immediately restored to perfect health.

By means of the tube, the three brothers, who met together after a few months' time, discovered that the lovely Princess of their heart's desire was

lying in a death-like swoon. In their agitation they all sat down on Houssain's carpet, when, presto ! they found themselves in the apartments of the Princess, where they soon were full of joy, as Ahmed's apple, when presented to her nostrils, entirely restored her to her former health and beauty.

When the Sultan knew of these wonders, he pronounced them of so equal a value, that nothing could be decided through their means ; and therefore told the Princes that a trial of their skill with the bow and arrow should now be the test. Ali's arrow flew far past Houssain's, and Ahmed's could nowhere be seen, so the bewitching Nourounihar was given to Ali, as his bride. In his grief Houssain decided to turn dervish and live a solitary life, while Ahmed went in quest of his lost arrow. After long searching, he spies the missing shaft lying on the ground, and near by, an iron door in the rocks, which he opens easily, and there beholds a magnificent palace, out of which steps a ravishingly beautiful woman, clothed in jeweled robes.

Addressing him by name, she says, "You are welcome, Prince Ahmed. You cannot be ignorant, as the Koran informs you, that there are genii in the world, as well as men ; I am a daughter of one of the most powerful and distinguished of these genii, and my name is Pari-Banou."

Pari-Banou already knew and loved Ahmed for his many graces ; it was her art that had guided his arrow to this door ; and he was so conquered by her charms, that no other life seemed desirable than one by her side. For a long time the Prince and his fairy wife lived in a round of delightful pleasures, so wonderful and so varied, that Ahmed, had he lived a thousand years among men, could not have experienced equal enjoyment. At the end of six months, the young man had a great longing to see his father, whom he deeply loved and honored, and after some demurring, Pari-Banou sent him in great state with a retinue of mounted men, to the Sultan's capital. His aged father received him most tenderly, and Ahmed related his adventures, only omitting his marriage with the fairy, as she had forbidden that disclosure.

In three days he returned to his wife, and thereafter made frequent visits to his old home, until some of the King's favorites became jealous of his grandeur, and tried to persuade the Sultan that Prince Ahmed was planning to win the people by his magnificence, and then usurp the throne. The Sultan listened to these insinuations, and employed a sorceress, who, by her wiles, discovered the treasure-house whence Ahmed drew his splendors, and told the secrets of his fairy wife and of the marvellous beauties of her palace. The sorceress advised the Sultan to ask impossible favors of his son, until he should be so mortified by his inability to grant them, that he would come no more to the court. Guided by this advice, the Sultan at first asked Ahmed for a tent large enough to shelter his whole army, and

small enough to be held in a man's hand. The Prince is disheartened at so unheard of a request, but the fairy tells him it is a mere trifle, and, with a merry laugh at his downcast face, orders her smallest pavilion brought in, which proves to have such powers of extension as to cover an army, though carried to her in an attendant's hand.

The Sultan's next demand was accomplished by the help of the same power, and at last he said to Prince Ahmed that it would especially delight him to see a little man a foot and a half high, with a beard thirty feet long, who carried a bar of iron weighing five hundred pounds. Pari-Banou finds for him just such a dwarf, ready to her hand, in the person of her own brother, who goes with Ahmed to the presence-chamber, with his heavy bar on his shoulder ; his thirty-foot-long beard supporting itself before him, his thick moustaches tucked up to his ears ; his small pig-like eyes sunk deep in his enormous head ; besides all this, a hump behind and before. The fairy had warned Ahmed that her strange brother was terrible when angered, and so it proved, for the fierce little being took offence at the king's evident fear of him, and lifting up his iron bar, struck the distrustful father on the head and killed him, before Ahmed could prevent him.

He treated all of the Prince's enemies in the same violent way, and finally cried out, "I will crush the whole city with my bar, if they do not acknowledge Prince Ahmed as Sultan of the Indies."

All present quickly made the air ring with acclamations of "Long life to Sultan Ahmed !" and soon after he was proclaimed through the whole metropolis, was clothed in the royal vestments and placed upon his father's throne, where he and his fairy spouse reigned for many years, as Sultan and Sultana of all the Indies.

ABOU HASSAN ; OR, THE SLEEPER AWAKENED.

The Caliph Haroun al Raschid and his lively consort Zobeide had two attendants, of whom they were very fond, Abou Hassan and his wife Nouzhatoul-Aouadat.

This well-treated pair proved to be most extravagant in their way of living, and after being married only a year, were in such distress to obtain their customary luxuries, that together they devised a plan to fill their empty purses. Early in the morning the wife went weeping to the Calipha, and in doleful accents complained that her beloved companion had been removed by death, and that she had nothing suitable in the house with which to furnish his funeral. The husband made a like story of his wife's death to his master, and their too-credulous benefactors gave to each a bag of gold, and a piece of grand brocade for a covering. The Caliph went to Princess

Zobeide's apartment, to condole with her on the loss of her favorite slave, but she, in astonishment at his words, said, "Commander of the Faithful, of what do you speak? It is your slave, Abou Hassan, who is dead, and for whom I grieve, for your sake."

At this the Caliph fell a-laughing, so convinced was he of her mistake, but as he saw her to be obstinately settled in the error, and almost in a rage, he tried to be reasonable, and said quietly to Mesrour, the eunuch, "Go instantly to Abou Hassan's and bring us back the true word in the matter." The deceitful pair were watching from the window for developments, and so, on Mesrour's arrival, he found the husband kneeling in tears beside his wife's bier, her feet turned reverently towards Mecca. But this report, when brought back, would not satisfy the determined Zobeide, for in the meantime she and the Caliph had laid a wager, her palace of paintings against his garden of pleasure, that Abou Hassan was dead and his wife living — not without angry words on her part, and even the mild Haroun was hardly able to keep his temper. And now the queen sends her old and trusted nurse to the scene of dispute; the watchers at the window see her coming and quickly change places, so that, on entering, the messenger sees the faithful wife mourning at her husband's bier, his feet also piously turned towards Mecca.

So continued a contradiction was more than could be borne, and while their Lord and Lady were disputing, the nurse and eunuch almost came to blows. His majesty, always clever at settling disputes, could see no end to this, and cried out, "I see we are all liars! Now, we will go together to Abou Hassan's, and there will find the solution of the mystery." When the King, Queen and attendants reached the supposed chamber of death, they were all struck with horror, for there were *two* biers, covered with two pieces of gold brocade, and *one* lying dead at each side of the room. Zobeide mourned beside her slave's bier, and as the Caliph sat by that of Abou Hassan, he said, in his grief and perplexity, "I would give a thousand gold pieces to know which one died first." No sooner were these words uttered, than he heard a sepulchral voice from under the brocade nearest him: "Commander of the faithful," it said, "I died first; give me the thousand pieces of gold"—and springing up, the pretended dead man threw himself at his master's feet; while his wife did the same to Zobeide. The Caliph and his consort were so pleased that the dispute was over, and that neither one was called to mourn, that they forgave the trick which had been played upon them, and laughed aloud in their relief at being once more in accord; and even carried their kindness so far, that they bestowed a thousand gold pieces upon both Abou Hassan and on Nouzhatoul-Aouadat.



MIGUEL CERVANTES SAAVEDRA DE CERVANTES.

BORN 1547.

SPAIN.

DIED 1616.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES-SAAVEDRA.

Until a comparatively recent period but little was known of the birthplace and early history of Miguel de Cervantes-Saavedra, whose pen shed a luster over the literature of Spain that more than three centuries have not been able to dim. However, research has brought to light the fact that Cervantes was born in Alcalá de Henares sometime in the year 1547. The family of Cervantes, although in humble circumstances, ranked with the *hidalgos* of Spain. At an early age he evinced a great fondness for books. This taste was encouraged by his parents, who destined him for one of the learned professions. But his inclinations led rather in the direction of what is to-day denominated "light literature," and books of fiction and poetry had more charms for him than the heavy tomes that were better calculated to fit him for his proposed future career. While he was still very young, the parents of Cervantes removed him to Madrid, where he was placed under the tuition of one Juan Lopez, a very learned professor, where he continued until the year 1568. The result of this residence at Madrid was that he received a fair education and acquired a somewhat extensive knowledge of classical and general literature. His poetical aspirations found vent during the last year of his residence at the Spanish capital, when, upon the occasion of the obsequies of Isabel de Valois, the wife of Philip II., he was counted among the most successful of the competitors in the literary exercises that formed a feature of that mournful celebration. The next step in Cervantes' career was his establishment at Rome as Chamberlain to Cardinal Julio Aquaviva. In this capacity he served until 1570, when he enlisted under Marco Antonio Colonna, the papal general, and at the famous battle of Lepanto he was so severely wounded in the left arm as to totally lose the use of it. But this loss was only a source of gratification to the soldier-poet, who thus refers to it: "My maim was received on the noblest occasion that past or present ages have seen, or future can ever hope to see. If my wounds do not reflect a luster in the eyes of those who barely behold them, they will yet be esteemed by those who know how I came by them; for a soldier makes a better figure dead in battle, than alive and at liberty running away; and I am so firmly of this opinion, that could an impossibility be rendered practicable, and the same opportunity be recalled, I would rather be again present in that prodigious action, than whole and sound without sharing in the glory of it. The scars that a soldier shows in his face and breast are stars, which guide others to the haven of honor, and the desire of just praise."

With such sentiments filling Cervantes' breast, the heroics of *Don Quixote* seemed the natural outpouring of a chivalric soul devoted to a Christian warfare, such as that in which Cervantes' sovereign was engaged in his crusade against the infidel Turks. On recovering from his wound, Cervantes joined the Neapolitan army and remained with it until 1575. On the 26th of September of that year, as he was going from Naples to Spain on board a galley, he was captured and carried to Algiers by the famous corsair captain, Arnaute Mami. On the division of the captives, he fell to the lot of Dali Mami, a Greek renegade, whose hostility to the Christians, and especially to the Spaniards, was such as to make his name whispered with horror by every follower of the cross. In this captivity Cervantes passed five years. Many and futile were his attempts at escape. Twice he was brought into the King's presence, with a rope around his neck, to be hanged. Once he was ordered two thousand blows

with a stick, only being saved from this barbaric punishment by the prayers of his fellow captives, to whom his generous spirit had endeared him. Towards the close of the year 1580, the family and friends of Cervantes succeeded, after infinite effort and many vexatious delays, in effecting his release by the payment of a large ransom, and he once more found himself in the land of his nativity, poor in purse but rich in experience. Fixing his residence at Madrid, where his mother and sister then lived, he resumed his reading of every kind of books, Latin, Spanish and Italian, and began to devote himself to a literary career. In 1584 he married, at Esquivias, Donna Catalina de Palacios Salazar y Vozmediano, who was of one of the "first families," but whose purse was as short as her cognomen was long. From this time until the date of his death, Cervantes continued to employ his pen on the various compositions which have enriched the literature of his native country, but which signally failed to do as much for their maimed and unfortunate author. For more than thirty years he followed his literary bent, sometimes basking in the sunshine of a rich patron's generosity, at others feeling the pangs of hunger and the humiliation of a beggar's apparel.

On the 23d day of April, 1616, at Madrid, on the same day that England's immortal Shakespeare "shuffled off" the "mortal coil," the spirit of Cervantes winged its way to that country where the soul of the author needs no patron's care to preserve the paltry body. The funeral of Cervantes was as poor and obscure as his life had been, and no stone, inscription or memorial pointed out the place of his interment.

The first product of Cervantes' literary genius was *Galatea*, a pastoral novel in six books, interspersed with songs and verses, and published at Madrid in 1584. He next turned his attention to the drama, and wrote several comedies, which were performed at Madrid with more or less of success. From 1584 to 1594 he applied himself to dramatic composition, during which time he is said to have written thirty comedies, only eight of which are now extant.

In 1613 he printed his twelve *Exemplary Novels*, the titles of which are: *The Little Gipsy*, *The Generous Lover*, *Ricconete and Cortadillo*, *The Spanish-English Lady*, *The Glass Doctor*, *The Force of Blood*, *The Jealous Extremaduran*, *The Illustrious Servant Maid*, *The Two Damsels*, *The Lady Cornelia Bentiroglio*, *The Deceitful Marriage*, and *The Dialogue of the Dogs*. In the following year he published *A Journey to Parnassus*, a satire on the Spanish poets. In 1615 appeared eight comedies and as many interludes by the now famous author. The titles of the comedies are: *The Spanish Gallant*, *The House of Jealousy*, *The Baths of Algiers*, *The Lucky Pimp*, *The Grand Sultana*, *The Labyrinth of Love*, *The Kept Mistress*, and *Peter the Mischief Maker*. Of the interludes, the following are the titles: *The Judge of the Divorces*, *The Ruffianly Widower*, *The Election of Mayor of Doganzo*, *The Careful Guardian*, *The Counterfeit Biscainer*, *The Raree Show of Wonders*, *The Cave of Salamanca*, and *The Jealous Old Man*. The first and third of the interludes are in verse, the rest in prose. Cervantes' last performance, a work on which he employed many years, was a romance entitled *Persiles and Sigismunda*, which was published after his death.

But the fame of Cervantes will always rest, as it has rested for so many years, upon the incomparable satire on the foolish and extravagant romances of chivalry—*Don Quixote*. By the beginning of 1604 Cervantes had completed this *chef d'œuvre* and in the beginning of the next year the first part was printed at Madrid by Juan de la Cuesta, to whom Cervantes had sold the copyright for ten years. In 1608 the second part of *Don Quixote* made its appearance and Cervantes' name was soon in the mouths of all Spain. The popularity of *Don Quixote* is attested by the extraordinary number of editions and translations which have appeared in all languages. Up to 1874 there had been 278 editions published, of which 87 appeared in Spain and 191 in other countries. Translations have been made into English, French, German, Dutch, Italian, Danish and every European tongue, including Turkish.

THE LIFE AND EXPLOITS OF THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN, DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

There lived in the village of La Mancha a country gentleman who, by reason of much reading of books of knight-errantry, and more particularly of the adventures of one Amadis of Gaul, quite lost his wits and fell into the strange conceit that for his own reputation and for the public good he himself should turn knight-errant and wander through the world with his horse and arms in quest of adventures, and to put in practice whatever he had read to have been practiced by knights-errant—redressing all kinds of grievances, exposing himself to danger, and undertaking enterprises that he might acquire eternal fame and renown. The better to accomplish this noble purpose, the first thing he did was to scour up a suit of armor, which had been his great-great-grandfather's, and which had lain long years, rusty and mouldy, forgotten in a corner. But when his valorous work was at last completed, he perceived that there was one great defect, which was, that instead of a helmet there was only a simple morion, or steel cap. But he dexterously supplied this want by contriving a sort of vizor of pasteboard, which being fixed to the head-piece, gave it the appearance of a complete helmet.

The next thing he did was to visit his steed; and, though his bones stuck out from every part of his anatomy, he fancied that Alexander's Bucephalus could not be compared to him. For four days did the good knight labor to bring forth a name for so fine a creature until he happily hit upon Rozinante, which signified "formerly a common drudge-horse," but which to his ear was lofty and sonorous, and apt as expressing what he had been, before acquiring his present superiority over all the steeds in the world.

Having christened his horse so much to his satisfaction, he resolved to give himself a name that should be worthy the deeds which he and Rozinante were to accomplish. After eight days of cogitation he determined to call himself Don Quixote, but being mindful that the knightly Amadis was not content with the simple appellation of Amadis, but added thereto the name of his native country, he too resolved to style himself Don Quixote de la Mancha.

But he must needs have a lady-love, for a knight-errant without a mistress was a tree without leaves or fruit, or a body without a soul. Near

the place where he lived, there dwelt a comely country lass with whom he had formerly been in love, though she never knew it, nor troubled herself about it. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo ; and he pitched upon her to be the lady of his thoughts. But, she, too, must have a name harmonious, uncommon and significant, like the rest he had devised for himself and his belongings, so he called her Dulcinea del Toboso.

Being now provided with armour, a noble steed and a fair mistress, there was nought for Don Quixote to do but to have himself dubbed knight, and set forth in quest of those adventures of which he had read so much in the annals of knight-errantry. Mounting Rozinante, he sallied out upon the highway and soon came in sight of an inn, which to his eyes was a turreted castle of noble proportions. Hailing the landlord, he craved shelter and refreshment. And here our noble knight had his first adventure; for while he rested from his fatigues and kept ward over his armor, which he had lain aside at the cistern, a party of carriers arrived and ruthlessly laid hands on the armor, which was in their way; and thereat Don Quixote laid two of them low with his lance and would undoubtedly have been slain by the remainder had the landlord not come to his rescue and explained his strange disorder to the enraged muleteers. Now, Don Quixote became so impatient to be dubbed knight, that he resolved the lord of the castle should perform the noble office, and so importunate was he, that the inn-keeper resolved to humor his strange whim, and thereupon smote him on the neck with his bare fist, and across the shoulders with the knight's own sword; he then ordered the maids of the inn to buckle on the knight's sword, which they did, while stifling their laughter; and so, with his heart's desire gratified, did Don Quixote again mount Rozinante and issue forth.

The disappearance of Don Quixote from his home was soon communicated to his friends ; and the strange appearance of the knightly gentleman, who had been observed by the villagers as he set out on his adventures, set all tongues wagging. When these things came to the ear of the village priest, he, in company with the barber, repaired to the home of Don Quixote, and there discovering the cause of the poor gentleman's madness, in the library of books of knight-errantry, proceeded to make a mighty bonfire of the same, and had the door of the room, where they had once graced the shelves, deftly walled up. Some days after, Don Quixote returned, bruised and battered from conflicts with natives who had not the same views of knight-errantry as the valiant Quixote, and who took his interference in their affairs so ill, that blows rained down upon him far thicker than thanks. The disappearance of his books seemed to Don Quixote the work of some vile enchanter ; but their loss did not deter him one whit from the pursuit of knightly adventures, and so soon as he had recovered he again set

out to wage war and succor the helpless, to the glory of his Dulcinea del Toboso.

But Don Quixote was now determined to provide himself with a squire. In the vicinity there dwelt a laborer, an honest man, but very shallow-brained. With promises of finding an island of which the simple fellow should be made governor, Don Quixote beguiled Sancho Panza, for that was the laborer's name, to quit his wife and children and follow him in his journeyings. Provided with a wallet, and mounted on an ass, Sancho Panza sallied out of the village in the wake of Don Quixote, both being unperceived by anyone; and then began those most wonderful adventures that to this day are remembered in the village of La Mancha, and which have made the names of Don Quixote and his faithful squire ever to be held in high estimation by all true lovers of knightly courtesy and courage.

Of all the marvelous encounters with which the history of Don Quixote is filled, the dreadful and never-before-imagined adventure of the windmills is most worthy to be recorded in the annals of chivalry. It fell out in this wise: As Don Quixote and Sancho Panza journeyed, they perceived some thirty or forty windmills; and, as soon as Don Quixote espied them, he said to his squire: "Fortune disposes our affairs better than we ourselves could have desired; look yonder, friend Sancho Panza, where you may discover somewhat more than thirty monstrous giants, with whom I intend to fight, and take away all their lives; with whose spoils we will begin to enrich ourselves; for it is lawful war and doing God good service to take away so wicked a generation from off the face of the earth."

"What giants?" said Sancho Panza. "Those you see yonder," answered his master, "with those long arms; for some of them are wont to have them almost of the length of two leagues." "Consider, sir," answered Sancho, "that those which appear yonder are not giants, but windmills; and what seem to be arms are the sails, which, whirled about by the wind, make the millstone go." "One may easily see," answered Don Quixote, "that you are not versed in the business of adventures; they are giants; and if you are afraid, get aside and pray, whilst I engage with them in a fierce and unequal combat." And so saying, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, without minding the cries his squire sent after him, that those-he went to assault were, without doubt, windmills, and not giants. But he was so fully possessed that they were giants, that he neither heard the outcries of his squire, Sancho, nor yet discerned what they were, though he was very near them, but went on crying out aloud: "Fly not, ye cowards and vile catiffs, for it is a single knight who assaults you." Now, the wind rose a little and the great sails began to move, which Don Quixote perceiving, he said: "Well, though you should move more arms than the giant Briareus, you

shall pay for it." And so saying, and recommending himself devoutly to his lady, Dulcinea, beseeching her to succor him in the present danger, being well covered with his buckler, and setting his lance in the rest, he rushed on as fast as Rozinante could gallop, and attacked the first windmill before him; and, running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with so much violence, that it broke the lance to shivers, dragging horse and rider after it, and tumbling them over and over on the plain, in very evil plight. Sancho Panza hastened to his assistance as fast as his ass could carry him; and when he came up to him, he found him not able to stir, so violent was the blow he and Rozinante had received in falling. "God save me," quoth Sancho, "did I not warn you to have a care of what you did, for they are nothing but windmills, and nobody could mistake them but one that had the like in his head?" "Peace, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "for matters of war, are of all others, most subject to continual mutations. Now, I verily believe, and it is most certainly so, that the sage Freston, who stole away my chamber and books, has metamorphized these giants into windmills, on purpose to deprive me of the glory of vanquishing them, so great is the enmity he bears me; but, when he has done his work, his wicked arts will avail but little against the goodness of my sword."

"God grant it as he can," answered Sancho Panza; and helping him to rise, he mounted him again upon Rozinante, who was half shoulder slipped, and so, discoursing of the late adventures, they journeyed on.

And as they journeyed, Don Quixote saw in the distance a thick cloud of dust, which portended to him, a vast army of divers nations approaching. His valiant soul was filled with joy, which was greatly enhanced, when his faithful squire pointed out another cloud of dust, which indicated another army, moving from another direction; the two soon to meet on the broad plain, over which our knight was riding. As they approached, Don Quixote declared that his duty was to assist the weaker party, and expounded to Sancho Panza the names of the two contending hosts. "The army in front is led by the great Emperor Alifanfaron, lord of the great island of Taproban; the one behind us, by the King of the Garamantes, Pentapolin of the Naked Arm." The cause of the war, he explained, was the love of Alifanfaron for Pentapolin's daughter, who is most beautiful and a Christian, while the Emperor is a Pagan; and as a Christian Knight, Don Quixote decided to assist Pentapolin, and his soul was filled with enthusiasm, at the mighty deeds soon to be enacted, in which he himself was to be an active participant. So great was his mental exaltation, that he paid little heed to Sancho Panza's suggestion, that the neighing of the steeds, the sound of the trumpets, and beating of drums, were in reality nothing but the bleating of sheep and lambs, and he explained to honest Sancho, that it was fear on

the part of the latter, which affected his hearing and eyesight ; directed him to stand aside in order to avoid the shock of the encounter, and then, clapping spurs to Rozinante and setting his lance in the rest, he attacked, single handed, the Paynim host ; in other words, he rushed into the squadron of sheep, paying no heed to the herdsmen, who called out to him to desist, and who, finding their cries unavailing, pelted him with stones with such effect as to knock out a number of his teeth, throw him from his horse, and so seriously to injure him, that they believed they had killed him, and, picking up about seven sheep the knight had killed, hurried away.

Sancho, who had watched from a neighboring hillock the slaughter of the sheep, and the fall of his master, ran to his assistance, reminding him that it was a flock of sheep, and not an army of men ; but his master declared that his enemy, the enchanter, had transformed the men into sheep, and if Sancho would follow them, he would find that they had become men again. Seeing Sancho fall into a melancholy mood he assured that worthy that the Squire at Arms would have no share in the mischances that might befall the Knight, to which Sancho replied, that as they were without food, and with little prospect of obtaining any, he thought the Squire was sometimes a participant in his master's misfortunes ; and the pious Knight re-assured Sancho by saying :

“God, who provides for all, will not desert us, especially as we are engaged in his service.”

This inspired Sancho with fresh courage, and the brave Knight and his trusty Squire continued their journeyings, meeting very many wonderful adventures, in all of which the noble Don Quixote proved his courage and his fidelity to the vows of Knighthood.

One of these was so marvelous, and displayed so fully all his noble qualities, that it must be related.

Journeying, as was his wont, attended by Sancho Panza, he was overtaken by a wagon which contained two very large and fierce lions, intended as a present to the King. In one of the cages was a lion, and in the other a lioness. The brave Don Quixote demanded that the cages should be opened, in order that the creatures might know who and what manner of man Don Quixote de la Mancha was. Sancho entreated his master not to throw away his life in an encounter with wild beasts ; but the Knight was resolute, and the wagoner removed his mules, Sancho removed himself and his ass to a place of safety, and the keeper of the lions made another vain effort to induce the Knight to abandon his desperate undertaking. Don Quixote, dismounting from his horse, grasped his shield, drew his sword, commended himself to Heaven and to his lady, Dulcinea, and then awaited the onslaught. The keeper, at a signal from Don Quixote, opened wide the door, and the

lion, a creature of monstrous size, thrust his head out of the cage, stared about him fiercely, and then turned about, and lay down again quietly in his apartment. The Knight, not satisfied, desired the keeper to give the lion a thrust to irritate him; but the keeper assured him that the lion was evidently afraid, and that honor and victory were on the side of the Knight. Thus ended the encounter, and to commemorate his triumph, Don Quixote, conforming to the ancient custom of Knights-errant, assumed the title of Knight of the Lions.

A few days later, Don Quixote, coming out of a wood, descried a company of ladies and gentlemen engaged in the diversion of hawking; among them a lady upon a white steed with green trappings, who appeared to the Don to be chief in rank; and to her he sent Sancho, with a message to the effect that the Knight of the Lions desired to wait upon her, and to kiss her fair hands. Sancho performed his mission in the most approved language of chivalry, on bended knee, and returned with an invitation from the lady and the Duke, her husband, to visit them at their castle near at hand. The Duke and Duchess were well acquainted with the history of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, and determined to humor their peculiarities to their fullest extent. The Duchess was especially amused by Sancho Panza; his quaint, proverbial sayings affording her great entertainment, and after Don Quixote had duly presented himself to the Duchess, the whole party rode towards the Duke's castle, the Duke, however, preceding them, in order to give some directions to his servants.

Upon the Don's arrival at the gates, two of the Duke's lackeys lifted him from his horse, two damsels threw a long, scarlet mantle on him, and as they did so, a shout went up from the galleries of the court-yard, "Welcome to the Flower and Cream of Knight-errantry!" at the same time he was sprinkled with sweet perfumes; all of which attentions, while they gratified, did not astonish the Don, for all was in accordance with ancient custom, as was well known to him from his books.

Thus were Don Quixote and Sancho entertained; the latter being encouraged to talk freely both of his master and of himself, a privilege of which he availed himself to the fullest extent, reciting the Knight's valiant exploits, adding his quaint comments thereon, and revealing his ambition to become the governor of an island, as his master had promised him. The Duke immediately promised to give him the island of Barataria to govern, and the Duke having made the necessary arrangements, the honest fellow was inducted into the office of governor. For ten days did Governor Sancho Panza dispense justice in his own inimitable way, doing himself great credit by his peculiar shrewdness and native wit, which supplied the want of knowledge of books and men; but a very few days of high position satis-

fied him, and he very gladly relinquished his honors and returned to his master.

Not long thereafter, Don Quixote, on his faithful steed Rozinante, accompanied by Sancho Panza mounted on his ass Dapple, commenced their journey to Barcelona; the Knight intending to take part in the tourney there. His reception at that city was a very hearty one; the most prominent officials, including the Viceroy, taking part therein.

Soon after his arrival, an adventure occurred to him, of so much importance, that it must be given here in full.

One morning, on the sea-shore, Don Quixote, in full armor, was met by another knight, also fully armed, who proclaimed himself the Knight of the White Moon, and challenged our knight to single combat, the conditions being that if victory attended the challenger, Don Quixote was to forsake arms and the quest of adventures, and return home, to live quietly one year. If Don Quixote were victor, the life of the White Moon Knight would be at his mercy, and his horse and arms a trophy to the victor. Our brave Knight of the Lions eagerly accepted the challenge, and in the presence of the Viceroy and other gentlemen the combat took place, ending in the unhorsing of Don Quixote, and victory for the stranger knight.

In a few days, in accordance with the terms of the combat, Don Quixote sadly set out for his home: thus terminating the career which had brought glory to him and to La Mancha, his native province.

The Knight of the White Moon, proved to be the Bachelor Carrasco, a neighbor, who had taken this course to cure Don Quixote of the madness which had so long afflicted him.

In the fullness of time, Don Quixote was laid low with a mortal sickness. As the end drew near, the mists that had long enveloped the poor gentleman's brain cleared away, and the uncompromising enemy of wind-mills, and champion of beauty in distress, perceived the folly of his course, and spoke to the friends who were assembled about his bedside: "Give me joy, good gentlemen, that I am no longer Don Quixote de la Mancha, but Alonzo Quixano, for his virtues surnamed The Good. I am now an utter enemy to all Knights-errant; and their histories are to me odious and profane. I am now sensible of the danger I was lead into by reading them: and now, through the mercy of God, and my own dear bought experience, detest and abhor them." And with these pious assertions on his lips did Alonzo Quixano, so long known as Don Quixote de la Mancha, compose himself for death, the conqueror from whom even Rozinante could not have borne him, and in the combat with whom the faithful Sancho could not assist his vanquished master.

ANALYSIS.

To the artificial age reared in the insipid extravagances of the successors of *Amadis of Gaul*, Don Quixote came with the freshness of a summer sunrise. The simple humor, the broad charity and the easy grace of the narrative were rare and delightful equalities in Spanish literature. Sainte-Beuve has called it "the book of humanity." Byron declared that "Cervantes laughed Spain's chivalry away"; but this is manifestly untrue, for at chivalry itself none of Cervantes shafts are aimed; it is only the foolish perpetration of its principles, long after the necessity for their practice had passed, that he ridicules. *Don Quixote* is a satire, but a satire on follies common to all times and all peoples. Smiles and tears chase each other across the pages of this marvelous book that will ever typify all that is greatest in the literature of Spain.

QUOTATIONS.

Among the gems of thought that adorn the pages of *Don Quixote*, are the following:

"Too much of a good thing."

"He had a face like a benediction."

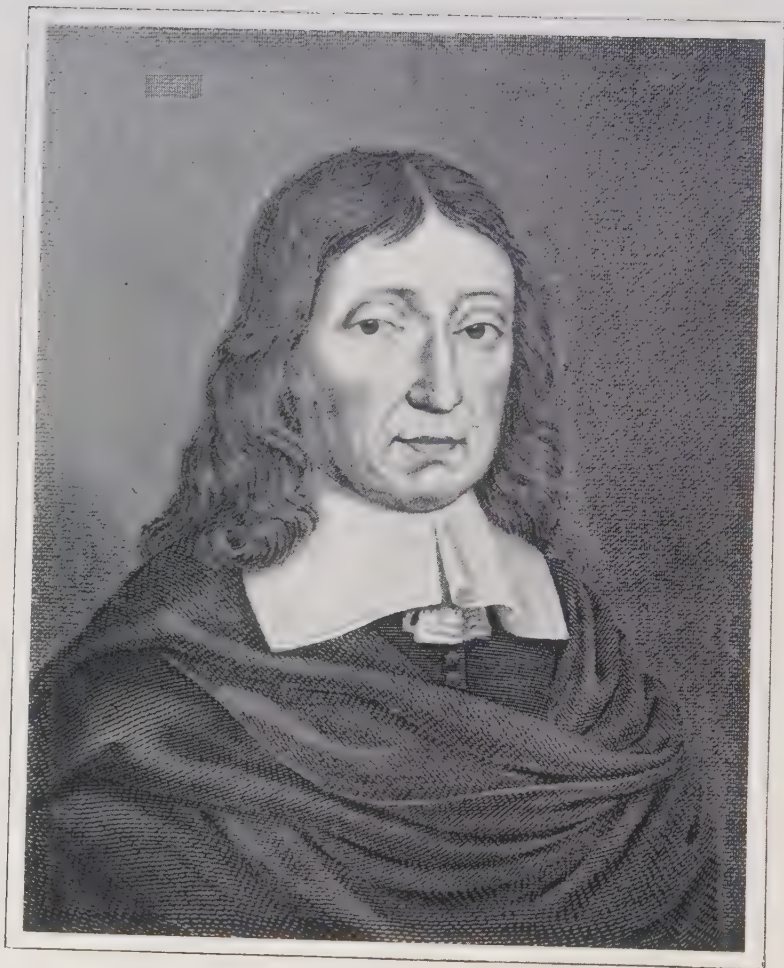
"The more you stir it, the worse it will be."

"Every one is the son of his own works."

"Every one is as God has made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse."

"I would do what I pleased, and doing what I pleased, I should have my will, and having my will, I should be contented; and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to be desired, there is an end of it."

"Blessings on him who invented sleep,—the mantle that covers all human thoughts, the food that appeases hunger, the drink that quenches thirst, the fire that warms cold, the cold that moderates heat, and, lastly, the general coin that purchases all things, the balance and weight that equals the shepherd with the king, and the simple with the wise."



JOHN MILTON.

BORN 1608.

ENGLAND.

DIED 1674.

JOHN MILTON.

John Milton, a poet of the first half of the seventeenth century, and deservedly ranking as one of the greatest poets of all ages, was not only a poet, but a profound scholar, a powerful controversialist, a man of affairs, and an enlightened theologian.

Born in Bread Street, Cheapside, London, England, December 9, 1608, he lived into his sixty-sixth year, having accomplished in his time an amount of work, literary, political and poetical, of which the brightest genius and the most industrious author might be proud.

During the early years of his life, and throughout the long years of his public service of the state, he enjoyed a competence. He was liberally educated, studied at Christ's College, Cambridge, traveled on the continent, made the acquaintance of some of the most renowned scholars of Europe, and was versed not only in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, but also in the modern languages of southern Europe.

His political principles were strongly Republican. He was Latin secretary to the Commonwealth, and always an admirer and fast friend of Cromwell; and it was during his term of public office that his most characteristic prose writings, embracing his vigorous controversial pamphlets, appeared.

After the restoration he was in some danger from the monarchy, but was never seriously molested. He was thrice married, and had three daughters, who were of little comfort to him, and even undutiful and hateful.

In his latter years he was afflicted with blindness; and some of his most touching and eloquent lines bear reference to that fact.

During this unhappy period of his life he had the services of readers and amanuenses, and his most memorable work, the "Paradise Lost," was composed wholly after the darkness fell upon him. It is a poem containing some of the most sublime strains in the English or in any language. The following is an epitome of the same:

PARADISE LOST.

The theme of this remarkable, and in some respects matchless, poem cannot be better stated than in its opening lines:

"Of man's first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, Heavenly Muse."

The poem is divided into twelve Books, to each of which there is prefixed an "Argument," or synopsis of the contents.

BOOK I.

After informing us that Satan and a vast number of subordinate angels, whom he had drawn into revolt against God, had been driven out of Heaven into the great deep of Hell, Milton gives a magnificent description of the rebel host as they lay thunderstruck and astonished on the burning lake.

"A dungeon horrible on all sides round
As one great furnace flamed ; yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all ; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed."

Satan, recovering somewhat from his confusion, calls up him who next in dignity lay by him, namely Beelzebub, and confers with him about their common ruin. He says to him :

. . . . "What though the field be lost ?
All is not lost ; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge,"

remains ; and then proceeds to suggest that their dearly bought experience may perhaps enable them

"To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand Foe."

Beelzebub, as full of hate as Satan himself is, does not think there is any hope of prevailing. Satan replies :

"Fallen Cherub, to be weak is miserable
Doing or suffering."

and gathers a little hope from the fact that Heaven seems to have recalled the "ministers of vengeance," and suggests calling a council with reference to repairing their loss, and still defying and offending their common enemy. The description of Satan is wonderful.

"With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed ; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,

Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
 As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
 Titanian or Earth-born, that warred on Jove,
 Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
 By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast
 Leviathan, which God, of all his works,
 Created hugest that swim the Ocean stream.
 Him haply slumbering on the Norway foam
 The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff,
 Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
 With fixèd anchor in his scaly rind,
 Moors by his side under the lee, while night
 Invests the sea, and wishèd morn delays."

The limits of our space forbid extended quotation from the magnificent comparisons and descriptions with which this first book abounds; and it must suffice to say, that Satan, rearing himself up from the infernal lake, calls together all his powers for council on the burning marl of the shore, the chiefs of whom are enumerated: Moloch, Chemos, Baalim, Ashtaroth, Astoreth, Thammuz, Dagon, Belial, and others. Azazel raises the standard, at which there was

"A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
 Frighted the region of Chaos and old Night."

Speedily they rear a huge fabric for a council hall,

"Built like a temple, where pilasters round
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
 With golden architrave: nor did there want
 Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven;
 The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon
 Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
 Equalled in all their glories."

Here the leaders of the infernal host assembled for consultation.

"The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
 In close recess and secret conclave sat,
 A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
 Frequent and full."

BOOK II.

This book describes the council, and reports the deliberations.

"High on a throne of royal state, which far
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
 Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand

Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence."

He propounds the subject to be discussed, namely, by what way best, whether by open war or covert guile, to claim their just inheritance.

The first to speak is Moloch. His voice is for open war against the Almighty :

. "when, to meet the noise
Of His almighty engine, He shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning, see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among His Angels, and His throne itself
Mixed with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,
His own invented torments."

The next speaker was Belial, whose tongue

"Dropt manna, and could make the worst appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels."

He thought nothing was to be gained, either by secret or by open war. This would merely provoke an increase of the divine vengeance, and still more dreadful suffering on their part. And so he

"Counseled ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace."

The next speaker was Mammon. He was for trying to make the best of a very bad situation, and for digging gems and gold out of the desert soil, and so surrounding themselves with magnificence. He added :

"Our torments also may, in length of time,
Become our elements, these piercing fires
As soft as now severe, our temper changed
Into their temper."

He therefore was for peaceful counsels. A murmur of applause was rising, when a fourth speaker began, Beelzebub.

. "Sage he stood,
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies."

He counseled a search for the truth of that tradition, or prophecy in Heaven, concerning another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created. If the abode of this creature

(Man) could be found, why might he not be seduced from his allegiance, or corrupted, or destroyed, and so the Almighty be provoked or thwarted?

. . . . "This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
Hurled headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss,
Faded so soon."

This plan proved acceptable. But who would undertake the search for this new world? Who would attempt to force the awful barriers of hell and go forth on this perilous expedition?

Satan himself offered to do it; and the Stygian council was dissolved. The scheme was published by heralds through all the infernal hosts, and the "ranged Powers" dispersed, each as inclination or sad choice determined him, to await Satan's return.

The poet then describes the tour of exploration undertaken by the arch fiend; how he reached the far off gates of hell.

. "Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape."

One was that of a woman to the waist, but ending in the scaly folds of a serpent. This was Sin, who sprang originally from Satan's head. The other was that of a horrid creature that brandished a dart. This was Death, the progeny of Sin and Satan himself. Satan did not recognize his son, and was for forcing his way out through the gate. Death proceeds to dispute his passage. Sin rushed in and prevented the conflict. Around the waist of Sin bark hell-hounds, begotten by the incestuous commerce of Sin and Death. She holds the key of Hell gates, and, knowing on what errand Satan is bent, allows him to go forth, trusting that he will eventually allow her to enter the new found world of Man.

Satan's flight through space is now described. He skirted the region of Chaos and Night, and traversing vast spaces, at last reached a point where faint rays of light shot through the gloom from the distant walls of Heaven.

. "extended wide
In circuit undetermined, square or round,
With opal towers, and battlements adorned
Of living sapphire, once his native seat;
And, fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent World, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude, close by the moon."

BOOK III.

The reference to light, in the preceding lines, cited from the close of Book II., may be presumed to have turned the poet's thoughts in the direction which led to the memorable opening of Book III., that matchless apostrophe to light which is known wherever the English language is spoken.

"Hail holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born
Or of the Eternal, co-eternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed? Since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity — dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate."

On resuming the subject proper of the poem, the poet tells us how

. "the Almighty Father from above,
From the pure Empyrean where he sits
High throned above all height, bent down his eye,"

and beheld Satan,

"Coasting the wall of Heaven on this side Night,
In the dun air sublime, and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
On the bare outside of this World."

By this he means the stellar universe, which contains our earth.

To this malign enemy, the Almighty calls the attention of his only begotten Son ; says that he made Satan

. "just and right
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall."

Satan proved an ingrate and a rebel, and is now about to attempt the ruin of man, either by force or "false guile." But inasmuch as Satan and his host "decreed their own revolt," while Man, if he fall, will fall, deceived by the Satanic arts of that enemy who is approaching him, the Father declares his purpose to show him mercy. The Son renders praises to the Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose toward man. But the Father, resuming, declares that mercy cannot be shown apart from some expedient to satisfy offended justice.

"Die he, or Justice must ; unless for him
Some other, able and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
Say, Heavenly Powers, where shall we find such love ?

Which of ye will be mortal, to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just, the unjust to save?
Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear?"

The Son of God, having "life in himself," offers to die for Man, and says he shall "lead Hell captive, maugre Hell," and shall conquer Death, "and with his carcass glut the grave." The Father accepts the offered sacrifice, and all Heaven rings with loud hosannas.

Meantime Satan alights upon the outer surface of our stellar universe, figured by Milton, in accordance with the astronomical ideas of his time, as "a firm opacous globe." At this distant point is the region which afterwards becomes "the Limbo of Vanity," where all the fools go,

"Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars,
White, black and gray, with all their trumpery."

He gets a glimpse of the gate of Heaven, and sees a shining stairway let down from that blest abode to an opening on the external shell of the universe, from which there was a passage down to the earth,

"Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise."

This shining stairway is sometimes let down, and sometimes drawn up. Satan espies the opening mentioned, and eagerly enters it. His flight toward our earth is described. According to Milton's astronomy, our earth occupied a central position, while the sun was but a planet. Satan stops at the sun, and there finds Uriel, the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner angel, and, pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and man, whom God had placed there, inquires of him the place of his habitation and is directed. He alights first on Mount Niphates.

Some of the descriptions in this book are exceedingly fine; that for example, of Satan on his arrival at the outer limit of our starry sphere,

"Here walked the Fiend at large in spacious field,
As when a vulture on Imaus bred,
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Dislodging from a region scarce of prey,
To gorge the flesh of lambs, or yeanning kids
On hills where flocks are fed, flies toward the springs
Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams,
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
With sails and wind their cany wagons light.
So on this windy sea of land, the Fiend
Walked up and down alone, bent on his prey."

Book IV.

In this book, the poet follows the Arch-fiend in his flight until he reaches the borders of Eden, in which Paradise is situated. He describes the tumultuous passions that surge in his breast. Then he presents us with an enchanting picture of man's first abode.

Satan sees Adam and Eve walking there in all their pristine beauty; listens to their talk, and in that way learns how they had been forbidden to eat of the fruit of a particular tree in the garden. Here he sees his opportunity to work their ruin by inducing them to disobey. Meanwhile Uriel, the ruler of the Sun, having found reason to believe that Satan was a bad spirit instead of the innocent traveler he pretended to be, warns Gabriel, the keeper of Paradise, to be on his guard. Gabriel takes measures to find and arrest Satan, and sets the night-watch. Ithuriel and Zephon find him "squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve," and filling her mind as she sleeps with phantasms and illusions. At the touch of Ithuriel's spear, Satan is forced to resume his proper form, and is brought a prisoner before Gabriel. A wordy war ensues; and the squadron of angels closed around Satan, "with ported spears," while he, on his part, stood "like Teneriffe or Atlas." But, finally, he was permitted to fly away; and with that the book ends.

Amid the riches of this fourth book, it is embarrassing to attempt giving even the briefest specimen of Milton's gorgeous imagery, learned allusions and wonderful diction. It must suffice to give two or three of those which contain felicitous phrases that have entered into the wealth of our common speech.

"Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;
And in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide."

The airs that blew off Paradise are thus referred to:

. "As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabeian odors from the spicy shore
Of Araby the Blest; with such delay
Well pleased, they slack their course, and many a league
Cheered with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles."

Adam, in one place, says to Eve,

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep."

When the guards arrest Satan, and ask him who he is, he replies :

“ Not to know me, argues yourselves unknown,
The lowest of your throng ; or, if ye know,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message, like to end as much in vain ? ”

. . . . “ Abashed the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely — saw, and pined
His loss.”

BOOK V.

We are now brought to Paradise, and before us is unfolded the blissful life of Adam and Eve. It is morning. Adam awakes before Eve, and

. “ then, with voice
Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whispered thus : ‘ Awake,
My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,
Heaven’s last, best gift, my ever new delight ! ’ ”

Eve tells Adam how her slumbers had been disturbed by a dream, the substance of which was, that a fair appearing stranger, with flattering words, persuaded her to walk abroad, and drew her attention to the tree bearing forbidden fruit, holding a portion of it to her very lips. She tasted the fruit, and was immediately borne up so as to gain an extended prospect of the earth beneath, when, lo, her guide was gone, and she awoke.

Adam tells her not to be troubled by the dream, and expresses the hope

“ That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream
Waking, thou never wilt consent to do.”

They walk forth together in the sweet morning air ; and the poet puts into their mouths, that well known and beautiful hymn of praise beginning,

“ These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty ! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair : Thyself how wondrous then ! ”

The angel Raphael is sent down to Paradise to warn our first parents of their danger, to describe their wily enemy, and to relate to them how he came to his bad estate. The “ winged Saint ” speeds away on his errand, and lights on the “ eastern cliff of Paradise.” He was at once recognized by the celestial guards of the place, passed through them, and made his way toward the bower of the innocent pair. Adam calls to Eve to come and

behold the "glorious shape" of their approaching visitant, and Eve prepares from the fruit of the earth, a luscious breakfast.

. "For drink, the grape
She crushes, inoffensive must, and meathes
From many a berry, and from sweet kernels pressed
She tempers dulcet creams — nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure; then strews the ground
With rose and odors from the shrub unfumed."

Adam goes forth to meet Raphael,

. "without more train
Accompanied than with his own complete
Perfections; in himself was all his state,
More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
On princes, when their rich retinue long
Of horses led, and grooms besmeared with gold
Dazzle the crowd, and sets them all agape."

They three sit down to breakfast, Eve, in her unadorned beauty, doing the honors at the table; and there is much edifying discourse.

One word dropped by Raphael leads Adam to inquire what the former had meant by his caution about disobedience. This gives Raphael the opportunity to execute the mission on which he came; and he proceeds to explain what disobedience means, by relating the history of Satan's revolt, and that of the legions he drew down after him. The story of the revolt in Heaven, as told by Raphael is, in brief, this, that the Almighty having called for all praise, honor and obedience to his Son, discontent, and then malice were awakened in the breast of him who became Satan. Then he was Lucifer.

. "great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in Heaven:
His countenance as the morning star that guides
The starry flock."

That flock he found means to allure,

. "and with lies
Drew after him the third part of Heaven's host."

With these the rebel angel drew off, and stationed himself in a region at the North, where he fixed his throne, marshaled his forces, and prepared to defend himself, and carry out his new-formed schemes of wicked ambition. One angel, however, of those under his command, he could not

seduce from his allegiance. That was Abdiel. He braved the whole rebellious host, and hurled at them words of withering scorn,

“So spake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found ;
Among the faithless, faithful only he ;
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, untterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal ;
Nor number nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single.”

Amid the scorn and execration of his companions, he drew away from the recently built towers of the rebel army,

“And with retorted scorn his back he turned
On those proud towers to swift destruction doomed.”

BOOK VI.

The poet in Book VI. carries on the narrative which broke off in the last book with the departure of Abdiel from Satan's council and his camp. Raphael continues the story, and tells how

“All night the dreadless Angel, unpursued
Through Heaven's wide champaign held his way till morn.”

He was welcomed by the “friendly powers.” Then Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle with the rebels, charged to drive them all out

. “from God and bliss
Into their place of punishment, the gulf
Of Tartarus.”

As the Heavenly host drew near the place of conflict, Satan, their commander, appeared.

. “Before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battle ere it joined,
Satan with vast and haughty strides advanced,
Came towering, armed in adamant and gold.”

This sight so provoked Abdiel, that he stepped forward, and smote him full on the crest. Satan staggered under the blow.

. “Ten paces huge
He back recoiled ; the tenth on bended knee
His massy spear upstayed ; as if, on earth,
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,
Sidelong had pushed a mountain from his seat
Half sunk with all his pines.”

A general engagement followed :

“ And clamor such as heard in Heaven till now
Was never ; arms on armor clashing brayed
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots raged.”

Satan and Michael meet in single combat, as if

“ Two planets, rushing from aspect malign
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.”

The rebels retreat under cover of night, and Michael and his angels camp upon the field. Before the next day's encounter, Satan invents gunpowder,

“ Which into hollow engines long and round
Thick rammed, at the other bore with touch of fire
Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth
From far, with thundering noise, among our foes,
Such implements of mischief as shall dash
To pieces and o'erwhelm whatever stands
Adverse.”

A quantity of it is manufactured ; guns are cast and mounted ; and the next day's battle begins. All at once the Heavenly host see

“ A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seemed
Or hollowed bodies made of oak or fir,
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain felled)
Brass, iron, stony mold, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gaped on us wide,
Portending hollow truce.”

At the first fire, these engines “ belched forth,”

“ Their devilish glut, chained thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes,”

and temporarily discomfited the forces of Michael. But these recovering themselves, tore up mountains, and hurled them with all their rocks, waters, and shaggy woods upon the rebels, covering up them and their artillery in a common ruin.

In the final act, the Son of God himself rides forth against the rebels in a resplendent chariot, and drives them toward the walls of Heaven, which opening, they leap down in horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the Deep.

"Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roared,
 And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
 Through his wild Anarchy; so huge a rout
 Encumbered him with ruin. Hell at last,
 Yawning, received them whole, and on them closed;
 Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
 Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain."

BOOK VII.

This Book begins with an invocation to Urania, whom the poet is careful to distinguish from the muse of that name, and to identify as the sister of the Eternal Wisdom. Her he beseeches to tell him "what ensued" when Adam had requested Raphael to unfold to him the story of the origin of the world.

Raphael's discourse to Adam is then continued, and, as given by the poet, it is little more than an expansion of the first chapter of the Book of Genesis. He tells Adam that, after the secession of the rebel powers, and their final vanquishment by the Son of God, The Almighty Father, to make good the loss, determined to create a world, and people it with a new order of creatures, who should increase and multiply "out of one man, a race innumerable," to be after due training received into Heaven. This creation was to take place by the immediate agency of the Son. The Son, amid the acclaim of angels, rides forth into Chaos to perform His Father's will. The Spirit moved upon the face of the deep, and,

. "downward purged
 The black tartareous, cold, infernal dregs,
 Adverse to life; then founded, then conglobed
 Like things to like, the rest to several place
 Disparted, and between spun out the air
 And Earth, self-balanced, on her center hung."

On the first of the demiurgic days,

" 'Let there be Light' said God; and forthwith Light
 Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
 Sprung from the deep."

On the second day,

. "God made
 The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
 Transparent elemental air, diffused
 In circuit to the uttermost convex
 Of this great round."

On the third day came vegetable life,

. . . "With high woods the hills were crowned,
With tufts the valleys and each fountain side,
With borders long the rivers; that Earth now
Seemed like to Heaven, a seat where gods might dwell."

On the fourth day, light, which had at first been ensphered in a "cloudy tabernacle," was transferred to a previously "unlightsome" globe (the sun), and the moon and stars were made.

On the fifth day came life in the waters

"With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales,
Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft
Bank the mid sea."

Also arose other forms of life,

"Their aery caravan, high over seas
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing,
Easing their flight."

On the sixth day the earth brought forth cattle and creeping things :

. "now half appeared
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts,"

And last came Man, God's crowning work. Then God rested,

. "and the Empyrean rung
With hallelujahs."

BOOK VIII.

Raphael, still detained by Adam, unfolds to him some knowledge of the motions and relative positions of the heavenly bodies. On certain points, however, he speaks with hesitation, showing us that Milton himself, at the time of writing his poem, had no definitely settled notions about the solar system and the stellar universe.

At the beginning of Raphael's astronomical disquisition, Eve withdrew, to attend upon her flowers and fruits, preferring to hear the story subsequently from Adam's lips.

. "he, she knew, would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
With conjugal caresses."

Raphael says, for substance, that it is of very little consequence to understand the theory of the celestial motions if one but reverently admire them ; and he hints that the Almighty Father may laugh by and by at the clumsy attempts of Adam's descendants to explain the planetary system, and to

. "gird the sphere
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb."

He tells Adam not to puzzle himself by inquiring why this little globe of the earth should be of such vast consequence, and by thinking,

"That bodies bright and greater should not serve
The less not bright, nor Heaven such journeys run,
Earth sitting still, when she alone receives
The benefit. Consider first, that great
Or bright, infers not excellence. The Earth,
Though in comparison of Heaven, so small,
Nor glistening, may of solid good contain
More plenty than the sun that barren shines
Whose virtue on itself works no effect,
But in the fruitful earth."

Dismissing theories he says to Adam :

. "joy thou
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise,
And thy fair Eve ; Heaven is for thee too high
To know what passes there. Be lowly wise ;
Think only what concerns thee and thy being.
That which before us lies in daily life
Is the prime wisdom : what is more is fume
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence."

Raphael's discourse being ended, Adam proceeds to relate to him his own brief experience — how he found himself, and how he felt when he first opened his eyes upon this beautiful world ; how he sighed for the companionship of some rational creature like himself, and prayed the Creator to gratify him in this respect ; and how the Lord answered him by creating Eve.

There are many beautiful passages. Adam says that in his sleep his side was opened, and a rib taken from it ; and that of this rib God made Eve.

"Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Man-like, but different sex, so lovely fair,
That what seemed fair in all the world seemed now

Mean, or in her summed up, in her contained,
 And in her looks, which from that time infused
 Sweetness into my heart unfelt before,
 And into all things from her air inspired
 The spirit of love and amorous delight."

He tells how Eve recognized him as her lord, and how he led her to the nuptial bower.

. "all Heaven,
 And happy constellations on that hour
 Shed their selectest influence; the Earth
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
 Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
 Whispered it to the woods, and from their wings
 Flung rose, flung odors from the spicy shrub,
 Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
 Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star
 On his hill-top to light the bridal lamp."

Of Eve, Adam says :

. "when I approach
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
 And in herself complete, so well to know
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best."

Finally, Raphael returns to Heaven, and Adam to his bower.

BOOK IX.

It is in this Book that the interest of the poem culminates, for in it we have first a detailed account of the disastrous fall of Adam and Eve. Satan, in the form of a mist, stealthily makes his way into Paradise, at the point where the river Tigris, from a subterranean passage, throws up a fountain, hard by the Tree of Life. Bad passions are struggling in his breast; and, as he contemplates his intended work, he says :

. . . "only in destroying I find ease
 To my relentless thoughts."

He determines to enter some creature which God has made; and fixes upon the Serpent, which thus becomes the instrument of his malignant purpose.

One morning, Eve made a proposition to Adam to the effect, that in their daily task of trimming and training the plants they should sometimes work separately; since, being together, they spent too much time in talk

and smiles and caresses, and so accomplished little. Adam did not accede very readily to this, saying that the time spent in loving each other was not lost ; and, moreover, he was a little afraid to have his wife far from him on account of the lurking enemy about whom they had been warned. But Eve, confident in her righteous purposes and her discretion, pressed the point so persistently that Adam finally consented to the arrangement, and they went to work in different parts of the garden. Yet Adam, spite of his love and admiration for Eve, had his misgivings, saying :

" Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
 Since Reason not impossibly may meet
 Some specious object by the foe suborned,
 . . .
 Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve
 First thy obedience.

. . . . God towards thee hath done his part, do thine."

The serpent (in whom the Devil was now incarnated), spying his opportunity, drew nigh, and to her great astonishment, began addressing her in a most flattering speech. She asked him how he attained this endowment ; and he told her that he found the use of language by eating of the fruit of a certain tree in the garden, and begged her to come and eat of the same, saying that thus she would be elevated to still greater dignity and knowledge than she now possessed. His " glozing words " found entrance into her heart. She went with him and found herself in the presence of the Tree of Knowledge of which she and her husband had been forbidden to eat. Offering this as an objection to Satan's request, and citing the threat, " In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die," Satan artfully replied to her that there must be some mistake about that, since he himself had eaten of the fruit and was not dead, but was greatly improved.

In the end he prevailed, and Eve ate of the fruit.

" Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat,
 Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe
 That all was lost."

Eve returned to Adam, bearing some of the fruit, and told her story.

" But in her cheek distemper flushing glowed."

He was horrified at what his wife had done, but, perceiving her lost, resolved, through vehemence of love, to perish with her, and, extenuating the fault, ate also of the fruit. The consequences mentioned in the Bible are

then most poetically described. The rising shame they felt in their nakedness led them to cover themselves with fig-leaves, and they soon fell into mutual recrimination. Adam says :

“ Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve
The faith they owe : when earnestly they seek
Such proof, conclude they then begin to fail.”

Eve, impatient under the reproaches of her husband, says :

. “ why didst not thou, the head,
Command me absolutely not to go,
Going into such danger as thou saidst ? ”

Adam reminded her that he did all in his power, short of violence, to prevent her :

“ I warned thee, I admonished thee, foretold
The danger and the lurking enemy,”

and closes with the bitter reflection,

. “ Thus it shall befall
Him who to worth in women overtrusting,
Lets her will rule : restraint she will not brook ;
And left to-herself, if evil thence ensue,
She first his weak indulgence will accuse.”

BOOK X.

In this Book Milton relates the immediate consequences of man's fall—the return of the guardian angels to Heaven, and their acquittal of all blame for the unperceived entrance of Satan into Paradise ; the judgment pronounced by the Son of God both upon Satan and his unhappy victims ; the preparations made by Sin and Death to follow in the track of Satan and enter our world, and the bridge they made for that purpose from the gate of Hell ; the return of Satan to the infernal regions to boast over his success before his under chiefs, who with himself, were all straightway compelled to assume the form of horrid, hissing serpents ; the remorse of Adam and Eve ; Adam's angry address to his wife, and her piteous supplication to him ; the alterations which took place in the solar system, and in all the elements, to express God's displeasure ; and, finally, the hopes that were kindled in the breasts of the guilty pair by the gracious bearing of the Son of God, and his obscure intimations of mercy.

In this Book the poet has given a very free rein to fancy, and his lines abound with learned allusions to passages in the Greek and Latin classics,

to the disquisitions of the schoolmen, and to geographical and historical knowledge. The following are among the strong and striking passages.

Death :

. "snuffed the smell
Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,
Against the day of battle, to a field
Where armies lie encamped, come flying, lured
With scent of living carcasses designed
For death the following day in bloody fight."

Sin and Death, addressing themselves to the work of constructing a bridge, or causeway, from Hell to earth, gathered all sorts of materials from Chaos, and these they :

"Tossed up and down, together crowded drove,
From each side shoaling, towards the mouth of Hell ;
As when two polar winds, blowing adverse
Upon the Cronian sea, together drive
Mountains of ice, that stop the imagined way
Beyond Petsora eastward to the rich
Cathaian Coast. The aggregated soil
Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,
As with a trident smote, and fixed as firm
As Delos, floating once ; the rest his look
Bound with Gorgonian rigor not to move,
And with asphaltic slime ; broad as the gate,
Deep to the roots of Hell the gathered beach
They fastened, and the mole immense wrought on
Over the foaming deep high-arched, a bridge
Of length prodigious, joining to the wall
Immovable of this now fenceless world."

Eve says in one place :

"O Conscience ! into what abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driven me ; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plunged !"

She suggests to Adam that they remain childless,

. "so Death
Shall be deceived his glut, and with us two
Be forced to satisfy his ravenous maw."

Finally, they both kneel before God, confessing their sin, and imploring his mercy,

. "and pardon begged, with tears
Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air
Frequenting, rent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeigned and humiliation meek."

BOOK XI.

We now hear the prayers of Adam and Eve as they ascend

. . . "winged for Heaven with speedier flight
Than loudest oratory
. . . nor missed the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or frustrate; in they passed
Dimensionless through heavenly doors."

The Son presents these prayers to the Father, who graciously receives them, intimating mercy, but saying that the guilty pair must be expelled from Paradise. He says :

"Happier had it sufficed him to have known
Good by itself and evil not at all."

Michael is dispatched to expel Adam and Eve, but is bidden to execute his commission gently. In the meantime, Adam perceives that a change is coming over all earthly things, animate and inanimate.

An eagle is chasing some doves, and a lion is rushing after a gentle brace of deer. Michael makes his appearance, and announces that the two must quit the garden. Very touching is the lament of Eve :

"O unexpected stroke, worse than of death !
Must I leave thee, Paradise ? thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades
Fit haunt of gods, where I had hope to spend,
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both ? O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even."

Adam is likewise distressed. Michael comforts them both. But before he has them forth out of the garden, he shows to Adam, from the top of a high hill, a vision, embodying the chief aspects of the future history of the race that was to spring from Adam and Eve — shows him the murder of Abel by Cain ; the spectacle of mortal diseases that should afflict the human family ; the tents of pleasurable sin ; the panorama of sieges and wars ; the

reign of the giants ; the corruptions and vices that preceded the flood ; the deluge itself, and the salvation of Noah's family ; and finally, God's "bow in the cloud," as the token of his covenant of peace.

BOOK XII.

This is the last book of the great epic, and, as many think, the least poetical of all. It is chiefly occupied with the sketch which Michael gives to Adam of the steps by which the redemption of the human race yet to be born, is to proceed. In this Michael follows the scriptural account, noting particularly the growth of despotism (incarnate in Nimrod) and of ambition ; the design of the Babel builders ; the confounding of the languages ; the dispersion of mankind ; the call of Abraham ; the Egyptian captivity and deliverance ; the wandering in the desert ; the entrance into the promised land ; the second captivity, and the rebuilding of the temple ; the fallen estate of the nation and priesthood after the time of Antiochus Epiphanes ; the coming of Christ (the seed of the woman) ; and the planting and training of the Christian Church. Michael goes on still further to portray the corruptions under the papacy, and the spread of the gospel, on to the judgment day, and the final triumphs of the Saints.

By this discourse Adam is greatly comforted and says :

"Henceforth I learn that to obey is best,
And love with fear the only God, to walk
As in his presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on him sole depend."

Michael replies,

"This having learned, thou hast attained the sum
Of wisdom ; hope no higher, though all the stars
Thou knew'st by name, and all the ethereal powers,
All secrets of the Deep, all Nature's works,
Or works of God in heaven, air, earth, or sea,
And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst,
And all the rule one empire."

And then, with a few parting precepts, and with kind counsel, he leads Adam and Eve out of the garden. Eve says to her husband

. "lead on ;
In me is no delay ; with thee to go
Is to stay here ; without thee here to stay
Is to go hence unwillingly ; thou to me

Art all things under heaven."

The Cherubim descended ; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
Risen from a river o'er the marish glides

The brandished sword of God before them blazed
Fierce as a comet."

Michael leads Adam and Eve down a cliff to the plain.

"Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon ;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way."



JOHN BUNYAN.

BORN 1628.

ENGLAND.

DIED 1688.

JOHN BUNYAN.

The name of John Bunyan, which a little over two hundred years ago was the name of a poor, despised, obscure, and illiterate preacher among the English Baptists, has come to be one of the most illustrious names in English literature. So good an authority as Lord Macaulay did not hesitate to say, that "though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the 17th century, there were only two great creative minds. One of those minds produced the 'Paradise Lost'; the other, the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"

Bunyan was born at Elstow, near Bedford, in England, in the year 1628; and he died in 1688. His father was a tinker; and he followed the same calling. Becoming deeply impressed with the importance of religion, and passing through fearful struggles of mind with reference to his own salvation, he joined the Baptists, and in the course of a few years became a preacher among them. The intolerance of the Established Church was shown in endeavors to stop his preaching, and finally in his arrest and imprisonment. But he would promise no cessation of his labors. He said, "If you let me out to-day I will preach to-morrow." The authorities kept him in prison for years, and it was there that he conceived, began, and in large part executed his immortal work, "The Pilgrim's Progress." Bunyan was the author of other works—"The Holy War," "Gospel Truths Opened," "The Holy City," "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners" (the last being an account of his own life and experience), and others less known. But that which more and more caught the ear of the world, and has been the admiration and delight of generation after generation of readers, was "The Pilgrim's Progress," of which the following is an epitome.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

This book, in the form which it finally took, is in two parts, and is prefaced by a rhymed composition of some 250 lines, which Bunyan calls "The Author's Apology for his Book." Some would pronounce this doggerel; but it is far above that. Lacking altogether the grace and polish of literary art, it is so full of shrewd sense as to save it from contempt and to extract praise from the most critical.

PART I.

This relates the experience of a man, whom the author calls "Christian," from the time when he first began to be concerned about his soul's salvation until the hour of his triumphant entry into Heaven. His life is described

under the similitude of a Pilgrimage. This man (so says the allegory) dwelt in the City of Destruction, and became alarmed at the doom which he found out from "a little book" was overhanging the town. He "broke his mind to his wife and children," told them of their coming danger, and said, "O my dear wife, and you my children, I am undone by reason of a burden that lieth hard upon me." "Our city will be burnt, and we shall miserably perish, unless a way of escape be found." His family thought him crazy, but could not quiet his fears. One day, walking the fields in his distress, he met with a kind hearted man named Evangelist; and to him he made known his trouble. Evangelist gave him a parchment roll, on which was written "fly from the wrath to come," and pointed him to a distant "wicket gate," which he could see only as a shining point. Then Christian, roll in hand, but impeded by the burden on his back already mentioned, began to run toward the wicket gate. His family and the neighbors now thought he was gone mad sure enough. They ran after him and begged him to return. In vain. Finally, two men, Obstinate and Pliable, went after him, resolved "to fetch him back by force." But they succeeded no better than the rest. On the contrary, one of them, Pliable, was so deeply impressed by what Christian told him concerning the glories of the Celestial City, which he said would be the prize of a pilgrimage, that he resolved to go with him. On they fared, Christian reading as he ran from his "little book," and Pliable eagerly listening. But as they ran, they both fell into a dangerous quagmire called the Slough of Despond. Christian floundered in the mud, and finally struggled out on the side furthest from the town, while Pliable, full of bitterness and reviling, regained the opposite bank, saying to Christian, "you shall possess the brave country alone for me." Still pressing on, Christian fell in with one Mr. Worldly Wiseman, with whom he fell into conversation, and learning his trouble, and the advice that had been given him by Evangelist, exclaimed, "Beshrew him for his counsel, there is not a more dangerous and troublesome way in the world than is that into which he hath directed thee." Then he proceeded to tell him that there was a much easier way to get rid of his burden than that of pilgrimage. He advised him to go to the little village of Morality near by, and inquire for an old gentleman, Mr. Legality, who had great skill to help men off with such burdens as his. And if old Legality should not happen to be himself at home, he had a son, a nice young man by the name of Civility, who would do the job just as well. So Christian hied him in the direction pointed out by his new friend. But on the way he passed by a high hill which fearfully overhung the way, and from which flashes of fire came forth in such wise as to make him "sweat and quake for fear." In the midst of his sore amaze, his first friend Evangelist appeared again, and reproved him

so sharply for his folly, that he fell down at Evangelist's feet as dead, saying "Woe is me; for I am undone." After a wholesome lecture, and abundant good counsel from Evangelist, the pilgrim started again, and presently reached "the Wicket Gate." A little distance from the gate was a stronghold, Beelzebub's Castle, from which "both he and them that are with him shoot arrows at those that come up to this gate, if haply they may die before they can enter in." Christian was not harmed by the arrows, and was received by one Goodwill, and found that he was at the beginning of the road that leads on, "straight as a line can make it," to the Celestial City, a way "that was cast up by Patriarchs, Prophets, Christ and his apostles." Goodwill gave him a few general directions, and sent him on his way, telling him that he would reach a point where his grievous burden would be taken off. As a parting word, he told him to call at "the Interpreter's House" which was not far off.

Reaching this mansion, he was kindly received by the Interpreter himself, and taken all through the building and shown a great variety of emblematical pictures and tableaux vivants. Among other things that were shown was a parlor filled with clouds of dust, raised by a sweeper, but laid by a damsel with a sprinkler. The parlor was the heart of man, the sweeper was the law, the dust was original sin, the sprinkler was the gospel. Another piece was the act of Passion and Patience, two lads, one of whom would have all his good things in this world, and the other of whom was willing to wait for his good things in a future life. Then there was a fire which the Devil was trying to put out with water, while a man concealed supplied it with oil. Then there was the noble mansion, to which entrance could be gained only by fighting a way through the portal, and the iron cage containing a man sunk in despair. All these impressive sights were explained by the Interpreter, and Christian went on his way. With new courage he sped forward to a point where the road on either side was flanked with a wall called Salvation. "Up this way, therefore, did burdened Christian run till he came to a place somewhat ascending; and upon that place stood a cross, and a little below, in the bottom, a Sepulchre. So I saw in my dream, that, just as Christian came up with the Cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do, till it came to the mouth of the Sepulchre, where it fell in, and I saw it no more." "Three shining ones" appeared to him at the Cross, and saluted him. One said, "thy sins be forgiven thee;" the second stripped him of his rags and gave him a change of raiment; the third set a mark upon his forehead, and "gave him a Roll, with a seal upon it, which he bid him look on as he ran, and that he should give it in at the Celestial Gate." Resuming his journey with a light heart, he encounters Formality and Hypocrisy, who come tumbling into the road over the wall on the side.

The three soon reached the Hill Difficulty, at which Christian refreshed himself by drinking from a cool spring at the foot, and addressed himself to climb the arduous height. Formality and Hypocrisy turned aside into easier paths which ran around the base. He had a hard journey up this hill, but was not discouraged, even when he met Mistrust and Timorous running down, completely disheartened and frightened by the dangers and difficulties they had encountered. By and by Christian found a pleasant arbor, and turned into it for a little rest. He fell asleep, and waking, pushed on, but found to his dismay that he had lost his roll. Then he had to retrace his weary footsteps, and finally found it in the arbor where it had dropped from his bosom. He went on again till he came in sight of the house called Beautiful. But his approach was threatened by two lions, one on each side of the path. He pressed on undaunted, and found that the beasts could not harm him, because they were chained.

At the house Beautiful our pilgrim was delightfully entertained by three damsels, Piety, Prudence, and Charity. With these kindhearted and compassionate ladies he had much improving conversation, was bountifully refreshed at supper, and was lodged in a sweet pleasant chamber called Peace. The next day he was shown a great many wonderful sights, "the pedigree of the Lord of the hill," "the armory," and "the delectable view from the top of the house." On his departure, "they harnessed him from head to foot with what was of proof, lest perhaps he should meet with assaults in the way." This panoply he soon had need of; for coming down into the Valley of Humiliation he was met by a foul fiend, Apollyon, who disputed his passage, proclaimed his hatred of the Lord of the way, and finally "straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way," and cried out, "prepare to die; for I swear by my infernal den that thou shalt go no further, here will I spill thy soul." A furious combat ensued, in which Christian was nearly spent, but in which he was at last victorious. He now passed through a place more terrible than any he had yet seen, or dreamed of. It was the Valley of the Shadow of Death, lined with pitfalls and quagmires, "dark as pitch," "full of hobgoblins, satyrs, and dragons of the pit," where there was "a continual howling and yelling as of people under unutterable misery." "Into that quag King David once did fall and had, no doubt, therein been smothered, had not He that is able plucked him out." In this doleful place he passed the mouth of hell itself. He encountered serpents, and demons, and found the narrow path itself lined with pits, and gins, and nets, and snares, and traps; and was frightened nearly to death. But he came through. Shortly after this he found a companion, a fellow pilgrim, named Faithful; and the two journeyed together, edifying one another with accounts of their respective fortunes by the way.

Faithful, on his part, had escaped the Slough of Despond, but had been assaulted by a woman called Wanton, enticed by Adam the First, knocked down by Moses, and rescued by one greater than Moses. By and by they came across a fellow traveller named Talkative, "the son of one Say-Well of Prating Row," and a long conversation with him is detailed. Further on Christian and Faithful find themselves approaching a large town. It is Vanity Fair, and their way is right through the middle of it. Here were "Britain Row, French Row, Italian Row, Spanish Row, German Row," with all their vanities for sale. Here were jugglings, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues. The attention of the people was immediately drawn to the travellers in their pilgrim garb. They did not want to buy anything; but in reply to the traffickers exclaimed, "We buy the truth." Soon the townsmen began to make game of them, revile them, and seek to pick a quarrel with them. Then they proceeded to violence, beat them, besmeared them with dirt, and put them in a cage, and finally arraigned them as malefactors before Lord Hategood, and put them through the sorry farce of a trial, and Pickthank appeared against them as a witness. Among other things, they were accused of railing against Lord Oldman, Lord Carnal Delight, Lord Luxurious, Lord Lechery and Sir Having-Greedy. The jury that was impaneled consisted of Mr. Blindman, Mr. No-good, Mr. Malice, Mr. Love-lust, Mr. Live-loose, Mr. Heady, Mr. High-mind, Mr. Enmity, Mr. Liar, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Hate-light and Mr. Implacable; Faithful and Christian somehow were released. But as to Faithful, after the release, they scourged him, buffeted him, lanced his flesh with knives, stoned him with stones, and finally burnt him to ashes. Christian soon found another good pilgrim to bear him company. This was Hopeful, who went with him to the end of the way. The two encountered various characters on the road; By-Ends, of Fair-Speech, Mr. Hold-the-World, Mr. Money-Love, Mr. Save-All. They saw one Demas, "who stood, gentlemanlike, by a silver mine, and called passengers to come and see." They passed an old white monument, bearing the almost illegible inscription, "Remember Lot's Wife." Not long after they fell into serious trouble; for becoming somewhat tired of a portion of the road, which was very rough, they turned aside, and climbed over a stile to an inviting piece of ground called By-path Meadow. Here they found easy walking. One Vain Confidence, preceding them, was dashed to pieces, by falling over a precipice. The darkness overtook them. They were lost. It was Christian's fault. Hopeful had protested against leaving the highway. Endeavoring to get back they found that the floods were out; and they narrowly escaped drowning. So they laid down, and waited for the morning. But near to that place was Doubting Castle, owned by Giant Despair; and he, getting up in the morning early, found the pilgrims on his

grounds, and put them into "a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of these two men." The Giant asked his wife, Diffidence, what he should do with his prisoners, and she counseled to beat them, which was done with great cruelty. Afterwards he bade them kill themselves "with knife, halter, or poison," which he offered; but they were saved from his malice by the timely occurrence of an epileptic fit, to which he was subject. After a long and miserable imprisonment, they at last escaped, by means of a key called Promise, which Christian had had upon his person all the time and forgotten—a key which would open any lock in Doubting Castle. On making good their escape, and regaining the highway, they erected a memorial pillar to warn other pilgrims against so costly a mistake as they had committed. After some other adventures, the pilgrims reach the Delectable Mountains, where they are hospitably entertained by the shepherds, Knowledge, Experience, Watchful, and Sincere. They enter the Enchanted Ground, and the Country of Conceit. A black man with a white robe gets them into a net, from which a "Shining one" delivers them; and on this Enchanted Ground they have a number of narrow escapes, and much edifying conversation. Finally, they come to a most happy and blessed country. It is the Land of Beulah. Here there is everything to delight the sense and the souls of the pilgrims. A little beyond is the dark river, which divides the heavenly land from ours. They enter, they sink in the chill waters, but they encourage each other, and are received by celestial friends on the further shore. Conveyed by saints and angels, they were led up a high and mighty hill, whereon the Celestial City was built. Entrancing music was in the air. "The gates were open to let the men in. And behold the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold; and in them walked many men with crowns upon their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal."

PART II.

The second part of the Pilgrim's Progress, which appeared sometime subsequently to the publication of the first, needs but a few words, being essentially like the first in describing a journey from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City, only taking the members of Christian's family for the travellers, and skillfully diversifying the incidents of the way. Christiana, the wife of Christian, sets out on the same pilgrimage that her husband had made long before, taking the children with her. Mrs. Timorous tried to dissuade Christiana from going; but, failing in her purpose, calls together her neighbors, Mrs. Bat's Eyes, Mrs. Inconsiderate, Mrs. Lightmind and Mrs. Knownothing, to discuss the wild project. Christiana and her family

set out ; and the incidents of their pilgrimage are depicted with the same vividness and strength that are displayed in the first part. Mr. Greatheart, a bold man and good swordsman, does most of the fighting on Christiana's journey, and the whole narrative is skillfully adapted to be in keeping with the nature of women and children. Here and there the quaint realism is laughable. Matthew, the eldest son of Christiana, falls ill, "and his sickness was sore upon him, for he was much pained in his bowels, so that he was with it at times pulled, as it were, both ends together. There dwelt also, not far from thence, one Mr. Skill, an ancient and well approved physician." "When he was entered the room, and had a little observed the boy, he concluded that he was sick of the gripes." Then he said to his mother, "What diet has Matthew of late fed upon?" "Diet," said Christiana, "nothing but what is wholesome." The physician answered, "This boy has been tampering with something that lies in his maw undigested, and that will not away without means. And I tell you, he must be purged, or else he will die." It was discovered that he had been eating fruit from Beelzebub's orchard. "Then Christiana began to cry ; and she said, 'O naughty boy, and O careless mother, what shall I do for my son?'

"*Skill.* Come, do not be too much dejected ; the boy may do well again. But he must purge and vomit.'

"*Chr.* Pray, sir, try the utmost of your skill with him, whatever it cost.'

"*Skill.* Nay, I hope I shall be reasonable.' So he made him a purge ; but it was too weak ; 'twas said it was made of the blood of a goat, the ashes of a heifer, and with some of the juice of hyssop, etc. When Mr. Skill had seen that that purge was too weak, he made him one to the purpose : 'twas made *ex carne et sanguine Christi* (you know physicians give strange medicines to patients) ; and it was made into pills, with a promise or two, and a proportionable quantity of salt. Now, he was to take them three at a time, fasting, in half a quarter of a pint of the Tears of Repentance." On the whole, it is not extravagant to say, that this Pilgrim's Progress, by Bunyan, with all its analogies, is the greatest allegory ever written. Its quaint homely English is unrivalled for point and picturesque power. And one can well understand the feeling of an eminent and learned dignitary of the English Church, who exclaimed, as he stood near the immortal dreamer's grave in Bunhill Fields : "I would exchange all my learning and my preferments for the honor of having written the Pilgrim's Progress." On every page we may pick up something striking, forcible, or highly poetical. Take "the Man with the Muck-rake" at the Interpreter's house. "There stood also one over his head with a celestial crown in his hand, and proffered him that crown for his muck-rake. But the man did neither look up nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks and dust of

the floor." Take By-ends' account of his kindred. He says almost all the citizens of Fairspeech are related to him, "but in particular, my Lord Turn-about, my Lord Time-server, also Mr. Smooth-man, Mr. Facing-both-ways, Mr. Anything; and the parson of our parish, Mr. Two-Tongues, was mother's own brother; and yet my great-grandfather was but a waterman, looking one way, and rowing another." At the Slough of Despond Christian is told, "It is not the pleasure of the King that this place should remain so bad; his laborers have also, by the direction of his Majesty's surveyors, been for above these sixteen hundred years employed about this patch of ground, if perhaps it might have been mended; yea, and to my knowledge, here have been swallowed up at least twenty thousand cartloads, yea, millions, of wholesome instructions, that have at all seasons been brought from all places of the king's dominions;" "but it is the Slough of Despond still, and so will be when they have done what they can." How spirited is the account of Christian's fight with Apollyon. "Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall; and with that Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, 'I am sure of thee now;' and with that, he had almost pressed him to death, so that Christian began to despair of life. But as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly reached out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying 'Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy, when I fall I shall arise;' and with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back as one that had received his mortal wound." When Christian and Hopeful enter heaven, as it were, they were in Heaven before they came at it, being swallowed up by the sight of angels, and with hearing their melodious notes. Here, also, they had the city itself in view; and they thought they heard all the bells therein to ring, to welcome them thereto. But above all, the warm and joyful thoughts delighted them which they had about their own dwelling there with such company, and that for ever and ever. When Ignorance was carried away to his doom, Bunyan says, "Then I saw that there was a way to hell, even from the gates of heaven, as well as from the City of Destruction."

The Pilgrim's Progress is the most real of all dreams, the most sacred of all epics, and the truest of all fiction.



DANIEL DEFOE.

BORN 1661.

ENGLAND.

DIED 1731.

DANIEL DEFOE.

Daniel DeFoe was the son of a tradesman, and was born in the city of London in the year 1661. He received an unusually good education for one in his station of life at that period, and was originally intended for the Church, but at twenty-one years of age he decided to turn his talents to literature. He soon became conspicuous as a most trenchant writer on political affairs, and for this very reason the greater part of his life-work is of a character which has lost its meaning in this age. At twenty-four he participated in the Monmouth Rebellion, but managed to escape arrest, and, returning to London, engaged in business as a hose factor, until being unsuccessful in some considerable speculations he was driven into literature. After the Revolution he attracted the attention of King William, by suggesting a means of raising money for the continual wars then being undertaken, and he was rewarded with a public office, which he held until 1699. In 1703 he was deprived of the freedom of the city of London which he had possessed by birth and acquisition, and he seriously devoted himself to pamphleteering. He wrote on all the public questions of the day, and was employed by the king upon secret services, and as a reward for his championship of the new dynasty. After the death of King William, DeFoe's fortunes changed. He was imprisoned and pilloried for writing a pamphlet called "The Shortest way with Dissenters," which was a fierce satire on the High Church party. This left him penniless, with a wife and family, and, in order to supply them with the necessaries of life, he started a review, which he conducted during his confinement in Newgate, and for about eight years after his release, without receiving any assistance whatever in its production. He advocated the union of Scotland and England, and was finally appointed to an office in the government with a comfortable salary. Upon the death of Queen Anne, DeFoe left the field of politics for fiction, and in 1719 he published the work which will hand his name down to posterity as long as the English language is spoken. For a long time he could not find a publisher willing to accept the risk of giving "Robinson Crusoe" to the world, but William Taylor, a more speculative bookseller than his brethren, undertook the work, and cleared a thousand pounds almost immediately. "Robinson Crusoe" became popular at once, and DeFoe, with characteristic energy, set to work to make hay while the sun shone. During the next few years he wrote "An Account of Dickory Crooke," "The Life and Piracies of Captain Singleton," "The History of Duncan Campbell," "The Fortunes and Misfortunes of Moll Flanders," "The Life of Colonel Jacque," and the "Account of the Plague," which is the only one of the series which survives for modern readers. DeFoe never equalled "Robinson Crusoe" in his other works, and it is upon this marvelous narrative that his fame must ever rest. He died in 1731, in comfortable circumstances, at the age of seventy, after having fifty years of authorship.

PHILOSOPHY OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

The idea of Robinson Crusoe was undoubtedly suggested to DeFoe by the story of Alexander Selkirk, but the vital embodiment of it was entirely DeFoe's own. Selkirk's misfortunes but furnished a skeleton for DeFoe's narrative; the philosophy of the book was prob-

ably the gestation of the meditations that beguiled DeFoe's own weary hours while he was in prison during Her Majesty's pleasure. DeFoe came of a dissenting family, at a time when dissenters were held in great odium in Great Britain, and the undercurrent of Robinson Crusoe sets forth the consolation of simplicity of desires, faith in God without ostentatious ceremony, and the lesson that a man can only truly know himself in solitude. These ideas were not favorably regarded by the High Church party who were in power in DeFoe's day, because religion with the endowed members of the apostolic succession was merely a high road to political and social preferment. Dean Swift was a good type of the ambitious churchman in the seventeenth century. The established church belonged to the world, and the court, and the writers who were writers for the masses found no indorsement in its decalogue. DeFoe had already suffered for his Puritanical ideas, and the ironical way in which he had suggested the complete extinction of true religion and liberty of thought; and when he abandoned his purely political writing, he presented his lesson in a new form. He gilded the pill, and it became popular with all parties. DeFoe was essentially an earnest, God-fearing man, and in Robinson Crusoe he has developed the principles which guided him throughout his long and useful life. He could have risen to great eminence early in life, if he had consented to prostitute his talents in the services of the majority, but instead he fell into disfavor and lost his fortune and liberty for the sake of his convictions, although he had a wife and children dependent upon him. Popularity and competence he did achieve before he died, but it was late in life, after he had suffered many hardships. The philosophy of Robinson Crusoe is much the same as that of the Book of Job. That, no matter how heavily the hand of God may seem to weigh upon a man, or how interminable seem his afflictions, still there is always comfort in God's word and the assurance of his love and mercy; and, moreover, no man is so utterly without blessing and hope that he has not much material consolation to be thankful for. Then, too, the lesson of what unaided endeavor and persistence can accomplish in the face of great obstacles, is preached in every line of Robinson Crusoe. It is a book which charms youth, and is delightful in old life, but, unlike other works of adventure, it only inspires perseverance, thoroughness and hope, and not an idle desire to rove for excitements which insure a release from honest toil. Robinson Crusoe's life on the island is the sublimation of drudgery. It shows the dignity, the pleasure, and the genius of toil, however lonely, and however monotonous. Generations of boys have lived days and nights with Robinson Crusoe, and its lessons are as good to-day as when the book was first given to the world; and they will last as long as the race itself.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE

I was born in the year 1632, in the city of York, in England, of a good family, my father being a foreigner of Bremen, who settled first at Hull; there he got a good estate by merchandise, and, leaving off his trade, lived afterward at York, from whence he had married my mother. Her relations were named Robinson, after whom I was so called, that is Robinson Kreutznaer, or Crusoe, as our name came to be in England. My

father designed me for the law, but I would be satisfied with nothing but going to sea. The South American trade was then attracting all the roving spirits of England, and in spite of all the commands and entreaties of my father and mother, being one day at the seaport of Hull, in September, 1651, I went as a common sailor aboard a ship bound for London, without waiting to ask either God's blessing or my father's, and without any consideration of circumstances or consequences. The ship no sooner got to sea, than a storm began to blow, and I, sick in body and terrified in mind, began to reflect seriously upon what I had done, and to think that I was overtaken by the judgment of Heaven for my wickedness. But when the storm passed off, the voice of conscience died away, and I drank and caroused with the other sailors. In Yarmouth roads another storm came up and our ship was wrecked, but we escaped in the boats, landed and made our way to London. Still persisting in my foolish course, I made a voyage to the east coast of Africa, and then another, carrying merchandise to trade with the natives. On the second voyage our ship was captured by Turkish rovers (or Moorish pirates), and for two years I was a slave in the household of a pirate captain. One day when I had been sent out a-fishing with a Moor and a boy named Xury, I threw the Moor overboard, and sailed southward along the coast taking Xury with me. After several adventures we were picked up by a Portuguese trader bound for the Brazils, who treated us kindly and carried us to the Bay de Todos los Santos. Here I spent two years raising tobacco on a plantation, and with good success; but in my rash and immoderate desire to gain riches rapidly I fitted out a ship for the African slave trade, and embarked in it on the 1st day of September, 1659, eight years, to a day, from the time when I first ran away from home. Driven out of our course by a storm, I decided to make for the Island Barbadoes, for repairs; but our voyage was otherwise determined. A second storm overtook us, and the vessel was driven westward out of the way of all human commerce. The crew were in great distress, thinking that even if their lives were saved from the sea, they were in danger of being devoured by the savages who inhabited many of the surrounding Islands of the Caribbee archipelago. The storm still blowing very hard, and we having lost our reckonings, one morning the cry of "Land!" was raised, and the ship immediately struck upon a sandbank, the waves breaking heavily over her, and staving one of the boats. The whole crew of eleven men, including myself, took to the other boat, and rowed toward the land. A mountain-like wave overwhelmed the boat, and swallowed us all up. I was washed up on the shore by the great waves, and reached the dry land; of my companions I never afterward saw a sign except a few hats and shoes that were thrown upon the beach. I was overjoyed at my wonderful escape, and

walked about the shore lifting up my hands. Then I reflected that I was wet, had no clothes to shift me, nor anything to eat and drink. I saw no prospect but that of perishing with hunger or being devoured by wild beasts. I had nothing but a knife, a tobacco pipe, and a little tobacco in a box. I was in an agony of mind, and ran about like a mad man. Night coming upon me, I began with heavy heart to consider what would be my lot if there were any ravenous beasts in that country. I climbed into a thick, bushy tree, and being excessively fatigued I fell fast asleep. When I waked it was broad day, and the storm had abated, I saw that the ship had been driven to within about a mile from the shore, and there she lay upright on the sand. As the tide went down I waded and swam out to her, and clambered on board, where, finding that the provisions were untouched by the water, I ate and filled my pockets, and then set to work to furnish myself with many things which I foresaw would be of use. With spare spars I built a rough raft, and loaded it with provisions, guns and ammunition, the carpenter's chest, and a few clothes. The sea being calm, the return voyage was safely accomplished and the cargo landed on the bank of a creek. My next work was to view the country and seek a proper place for my habitation. On traveling up to the top of a steep and high hill I saw, to my great affliction, that I was on a small island, and no other land, except a few distant rocks and two other small islands, was in view. The island seemed barren and uninhabited, and I saw no wild beasts, though wild fowl were abundant. I now made a hut with my chests and boards, for my night's lodging, and during the following days I made other voyages to the ship, bringing away all that I could carry of her provisions, cordage, ammunition and timbers. Then there came a storm, and next morning the ship had disappeared. In search of a place suitable for my habitation, I found a little plain under a rising hill, at the foot of which was a small hollow or cave. Here I pitched my tent, drawing a half circle around it to the rocks on either side, and in this I drove two rows of strong stakes sharpened to a point, so as to form a wall, which I filled in with pieces of old cable and earth until it was impregnable for either man or beast. The entrance was by a short ladder, which, when I was in, I lifted over after me. Into this fortress, with infinite labor, I carried all my stores, digging out the rock behind my tent so as to make a cellar. Meanwhile, I often went out with a gun, and one day shot one of the goats which I discovered to inhabit the island. All this time I had a dismal prospect of my condition, but reflected how fortunate I had been in saving my life when my ten companions had been drowned, and in the marvelous fortune that had so liberally provided me with stores. I kept a record of the days as they went by, and drew up a statement showing the comforts I enjoyed and the

miseries I suffered. I succeeded in bringing my mind a little to relish my condition. I also set myself to arrange my stores, and to enlarge the cave, by working sideways into the rock and making another entrance on the outside of my fortification. I made me a table and chair, and some shelves, and began to keep a journal, in which I recorded the events already narrated. Some grain that I had shaken out of an old bag sprang up into what proved to be barley and rice. In April, just after I had finished my fortification, there came three earthquake shocks which greatly terrified me. In June I suffered from a violent ague. For the first time my conscience was awakened, and I thought of repentance. I dreamed that the Lord said to me, "Seeing all these things have not brought thee to repentance, now thou shalt die!" I began to reproach myself with my past life, in which I had so evidently provoked the justice of God to lay me under uncommon strokes. These reflections extorted from me some words like prayer. For the first time for many years I cried, "Lord be my help, for I am in great distress!" I took up a Bible that had come from the ship, and found in it words that comforted me. My only medicine was tobacco, but I gradually grew better, both in body and—for I continued to read the Bible—in mind. After I recovered from my sickness, I began to make a more particular survey of the island. One clear day I saw land toward the west, which lay very high, and which I thought to be part of America, but what part I knew not. My dog—for I had brought two cats, a parrot and a dog from the ship—caught a kid, and I brought this home in hopes of raising a flock of goats. I began to be more cheerful, and to conclude that it was possible for me to be happy in this solitary condition. I was comforted by finding in the Bible the words, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." I continued to work at husbandry, and to contrive to make wicker baskets and pottery. The sight of land made me dream of escaping from the island, and I felled a great cedar tree, and hewed from it a canoe or periagua, large enough to have carried twenty men, but when I had finished it, I found it too heavy to get into the water. In the middle of this work I finished my fourth year on the island. I now entertained different notions of things. I looked upon the world as a thing remote, which I had nothing to do with. I had nothing to covet; I was lord of the whole manor. I was taught that the good things of this life are no farther good to us than they are for our use; and that we enjoy just as much as we can use, and no more. I compared my condition with what I had expected it to be. I was very sensible of the goodness of Providence in providing me with so much from the ship. I worked up my mind not only to a resignation to the will of God, but even to a sincere thankfulness. Some of my stores began to be exhausted. My ink was all gone, and the biscuit I had brought

from the ship, so that I had no bread for a year, until I got my own stock of grain. My clothes, too, began to decay, and after eking them out as long as I could, I made a suit from the skins of the animals I killed, and an umbrella of the same material. For nearly two whole years I worked upon a smaller periagua, which I succeeded in launching, and in fitting with a mast and a sail. Then I designed to make a cruise around the island, for I dare not venture a voyage to the distant mainland in so small a boat. Setting sail, I found my boat carried along by a violent current, and feared I should be driven out into the ocean. Now I looked back upon my solitary island as the most pleasant place in the world, and longed to be there again. I was carried to a frightful distance, when a fortunate wind filled my sail and carried me back. I landed on the opposite side of the island and marched home. On the way I slept for a night, and was awakened by a voice that cried "Robin Crusoe, Robin Crusoe!" I started, to find that it was my parrot which had flown there, and which I now took back with me. My powder was now abated considerably, and to provide myself with fresh meat I trapped four goats, which I kept in an inclosure, and tamed. They gave me milk, and as they increased I killed some of the kids. I still thought of my boat, and would make little voyages in her, keeping close to the shore. One day, when I had been on the island for fifteen years, I was going toward my boat, when I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen on the sand. I was thunderstruck, and fled to my castle. My fear was so great that it almost banished my religion, until I bethought me of the words of Scripture: "Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee." I now set to work upon another wall, enclosing the second entrance to the cave, and planted outside of it a thick grove of trees, which completely concealed my abode. Some three years later, on visiting the extreme southwestern point of the island, I found human skulls and bones, the remains of cannibal feasts with which savages celebrated their victories, paddling over to the island from the mainland with their victims for the purpose. They never penetrated the interior of the island, and seemed to confine themselves to the further side of it, but one morning, when I had been there twenty-three years, five canoes landed near to my castle, and I saw thirty naked savages holding a horrid feast. One of their victims, being left unbound, started to run desperately for his life. He was pursued by two men, and I ran down from the hill where I stood in time to shoot one of them and knock down the other with the stock of my gun. The poor fellow whom I had thus rescued became my faithful servant. I gave him the name of Friday, that being the day of the occurrence. During the next three years the savages did not reappear. I taught Friday the acts of

husbandry, and the English language, and he was of such great assistance to me, that I enjoyed his company. I also tried to instruct him in the Christian religion. But he did not lose his longing to return to his own country, the island of Trinidad, the high land that was visible on the western horizon; and we began to build another boat. Then a party of savages landed on the island. Friday and I attacked them with our guns, dispersed them, and rescued their victims, a Spaniard, and an old savage, who proved to be Friday's father. I learned from the Spaniard that there were sixteen of his fellow countrymen living with Friday's tribe, and we decided that he and the old savage should return thither for them, in order that we might build a boat large enough to hold the whole company and carry us to one of the Christian colonies of America. But during their absence a large English ship came in sight, and a long boat came ashore from it, with the captain, the mate and a passenger, bound prisoners. While the crew were asleep, awaiting the turn of the tide, I went up to the captives, and learned that there had been a mutiny on board of their ship, and that the crew had brought them thither to abandon them on what was thought to be a desolate island. With the help of my guns the crew were overpowered, the ringleaders shot, and the others forced back to their allegiance. Then the captain pulled off again to the ship, and, surprising the men below decks, recovered command of it. Abandoning the most mutinous members of the crew upon the island the captain set sail, giving me a free passage for myself and Friday to England, where I arrived the 11th of June, 1687, having been thirty-five years absent. Here I found myself a stranger; my father and mother were dead, and none knew me. I left England to prove my title to my estate in the Brazils. This I did in Lisbon, securing property worth five thousand pounds, and, selling the estate for thirty-three thousand pieces of eight, I returned to London and married, but could not overcome my roving disposition. I sailed again for South America, revisiting the island where I had spent so many years. After leaving it, we encountered a fleet of savages' canoes, and poor Friday was killed by their arrows. Then I sailed around the Cape of Good Hope to Madagascar and the Gulf of Persia, where the crew forced the captain to set me ashore. Falling in with an English merchant, I made trading voyages to Siam, Borneo and the surrounding countries and islands, and traveled through China, Tartary, and Russia, sailing from Archangel to Hamburg. Thence I returned to England after an absence of ten years and nine months. And here I resolved to prepare for a longer journey than all these, having lived a life of infinite variety seventy-two years, and learnt sufficiently to know the value of retirement and the blessing of ending our days in peace.

QUOTATIONS FROM ROBINSON CRUSOE.

I had in five or six days got as complete a victory over my conscience as any young fellow that resolved not to be troubled with it could desire.

I do not wonder at the custom, when a malefactor, who has the halter about his neck, is tied up and just going to be turned off, and has a reprieve brought to him ; I say, I do not wonder that they bring a surgeon with it, to let his blood that very moment they tell him of it that the surprise may not drive the animal spirits from the heart and overwhelm him. For sudden joys, like griefs, confound at first. I smiled to myself at the sight of this money ; "Oh drug !" said I aloud, "what art thou good for ? Thou art not worth to me — no, not the taking off the ground ; one of those knives is worth all this heap."

I had nothing to covet, for I had all that I was now capable of enjoying. I was lord of the whole manor ; or, if I pleased, I might call myself king or emperor over the whole country which I had possession of ; there were no rivals ; I had no competitor, none to dispute sovereignty or command with me.

And now I saw how easy it was for the Providence of God to make even the most miserable condition of mankind worse. . . . Thus, we never see the true state of our condition till it is illustrated to us by its contraries, nor know how to value what we enjoy, but by the want of it.



JONATHAN SWIFT.

BORN 1667.

IRELAND.

DIED 1745.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Jonathan Swift was born in Dublin on the 30th of November, 1667.¹⁷⁴⁵ His father was an attorney, who had moved from the County of York to Dublin, to act as the agent of land-owners, who held estates in Ireland. Before Jonathan's birth his father died, leaving his widow with very slender provision. Mrs. Swift was supported by her brother-in-law, Godwin Swift, who undertook the education of his nephew.

At the age of six years Swift was sent to the school of Kilkenny, and in his fourteenth year he entered the University of Dublin. As a student his career was not very creditable to him. His neglect of his studies made it impossible for him to obtain honors, and his degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon him "by special favor," a term used in the University to designate lack of merit. During this period he, with a clique of congenial spirits, was censured by the heads of the University. It was during his latter college days that Swift formed a taste for the peculiar style of satire in which he subsequently became feared and famous. Before leaving college he wrote his first sketch of the "Tale of a Tub."

In the year 1688 Swift left Dublin and went to England, where he became the secretary of Sir William Temple. While in this position he studied very hard and laid the foundations of his future fortunes. Becoming weary of his position, he took holy orders, and obtained the prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor. After a time, however, he gave up the church and returned to the position of secretary, in which he remained four years.

Swift's first prose work was published when he had attained his thirty-fourth year. It was entitled "An Essay on the Dissensions in Athens and Rome." Three years afterwards he published the "Tale of a Tub." Shortly afterwards, in spite of great opposition, he was appointed Dean of St. Patrick, Dublin. After this his time was largely taken up with political intrigues, and the writing of political pamphlets. He was so unfortunate in these, however, as to incur the dislike of both political parties. In 1727 he published "Gulliver's Travels," which were hailed with a mixture of merriment and amazement. The book immediately became popular. After its publication Swift enjoyed a short season of prosperity, but he soon found that it was impossible for him to advance in the political world. He returned to Ireland, where the remainder of his life was spent. About 1739 his mental faculties began to fail, and he was forced to give up all work. The remaining six years of his life were spent in seclusion and misery. His reason almost wholly deserted him.

Swift's domestic affairs have given rise to a great deal of discussion; and it is generally conceded that his treatment of Miss Esther Johnson, better known as "Stella," and of Miss Vanhomrigh, "Vanessa" was characterized by faithlessness and almost cruelty. In 1716 Swift was married to "Stella," but they continued to live separately until death. His memory is still revered in Ireland, for he gave the first impulse to the exertions for constitutional freedom and the consequent development of a manufacturing industry. There was much in his character to condemn, but there was also much to admire.

THE TRAVELS OF LEMUEL GULLIVER.

My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire ; I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emanuel College in Cambridge, when fourteen years old, where I resided three years and applied myself closely to my studies. I was afterwards bound apprentice to an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years, and my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation and other parts of the mathematics, useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be my fortune to do. When I left London I went to Leyden, where I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful to me in long voyages. After my return from Leyden I was recommended to be surgeon to the *Swallow*, Captain Pannell, commander, with whom I made a voyage or two into the Levant and several other parts. I then resolved to settle in London, and married Miss Mary Burton, but my business failing, I determined to go to sea again. I was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages, for six years, to the East and West Indies, by which I made some addition to my fortune. I next accepted an advantageous offer from the master of the *Antelope*, who was making a voyage to the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol, May 4, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous. In our passage from the South Sea to the East Indies we were driven by a violent storm to the northwest of Van Diemen's Land. On the 5th of November our ship was driven upon a rock and immediately split. What became of my companions I cannot tell, but conclude they were all lost. For my part, I swam as fortune directed me. I often let my legs drop, but could feel no bottom, but when my strength was almost gone I found myself within my depth. I walked near a mile before I got to the shore and then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants. I was extremely tired and lay down on the grass where I slept, as I reckoned, about nine hours ; for when I awakened it was just daylight. I attempted to rise but was not able to stir, for I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground ; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I heard a confused noise about me, but in the position I lay could see nothing except the sky. In a little time, I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which, advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin, when, bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hand and a quiver at

his back. Struggling to get loose I had the fortune to break the strings that fastened my left arm, but the little creatures by whom I was surrounded discharged volleys of arrows at me, until I thought it the most prudent method to lie still. When the people observed that I was quiet, one of them made me a long speech whereof I understood not a syllable. I answered in the most submissive manner, and made signs that I wanted food. They understood me, and several ladders were applied to my sides, on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat. They then rolled up one of their largest hogsheds of wine, which I drank off at a draught. It seems that upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground the emperor had early notice of it, and determined in council that I should be tied, that meat and drink should be sent me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city. Five hundred engineers and carpenters were set at work to prepare a great vehicle, which was brought to me as I lay. I was then raised with ropes and pulleys, placed on it and tied fast. Fifteen hundred horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the capital, which was half a mile distant. An ancient temple, the largest in the kingdom, which had been polluted by an unnatural murder, was fixed upon as my lodging-place, and in it I was secured, with four score and eleven chains, fastened to my left leg with six-and-thirty padlocks. The country around the capital appeared like a continued garden, and the enclosed fields, which were generally forty feet square, resembled so many beds of flowers. The fields were intermingled with woods and the tallest trees appeared to be seven feet high. As the news of my arrival spread through the kingdom, it brought prodigious numbers of rich, idle and curious people to see me, so that the villages were almost emptied. To provide food for me, an imperial commission was issued out, obliging all villages nine hundred yards about the city to deliver in every morning six beeves, forty sheep, and other victuals for my sustenance; begotten with a proportionable quantity of bread and wine and other liquors. A number of their most learned men were appointed to teach me their language, which I soon acquired. My gentleness and good behavior had gained so far on the emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army and people in general, that I soon began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty. I sent many petitions to his majesty, who at length mentioned the matter in a full council, where the articles and conditions on which I should be set free were drawn up and carried. I subscribed to them, and was set free. Permission being granted to me by the emperor, I visited Mildendo, the metropolis of the country. The city is capable of holding five thousand souls; the houses from three to five stories; the shops and

markets well provided. The Emperor's palace is in the center of the city, and is enclosed by a wall two feet high. At his request, I visited it, and, by lying on my side, I applied my face to the windows of the middle stories and discovered the most splendid apartments that can be imagined. The world as known to the Lilliputians, consists of Lilliput and the island of Blefuscu. The inhabitants of these countries are constantly at war with each other. Their differences began by an Emperor of Lilliput publishing an edict commanding his subjects to break their eggs on the little end instead of on the big end as was formerly the custom. This edict gave rise to many rebellions, which were constantly fomented by the monarchs of Blefuscu. The Big-endian exiles in the court of Blefuscu found so much credit, that at the time of my visit an invasion of Lilliput was contemplated. This I prevented by swimming across the channel that separated the two countries and taking fifty of their largest men-of-war from the Blefuscuans and taking them back with me to Lilliput. For this service the Emperor created me a *nardac*, which is the highest title of honor among them. About three weeks after this exploit the people of Blefuscu sued for peace, which was soon concluded. I was invited by the King of Blefuscu to visit his country, and when I was preparing to attend at his court the news reached me that owing to court intrigues in Lilliput I had been impeached, and sentenced to have my eyes put out. Without delay I crossed the channel to Blefuscu, where I was well received. Three days after my arrival I found a boat which had been driven from some ship. After fitting it up and making it seaworthy, I stored it with provisions, consisting of the carcasses of four hundred sheep, and bread and drink proportionable. I then set sail and left the coast, and after several days was picked up by an English merchantman from Japan. Several months afterwards I reached my home in England. An active and restless life having been assigned me by nature and fortune, in two months after my return I again left my native country, and took shipping in the *Adventure*, bound for Surat. We touched at the Cape of Good Hope, and had a good voyage until we got northward of the island of Madagascar, where a great storm set in. We were carried, by my computation, five hundred leagues to the east, so that the oldest sailor on board could not tell in what part of the world we were. On the 17th of June we came in full view of a great continent, and men were sent ashore to search for water. I accompanied them to make what discoveries I could. I wandered away from the men, and on returning towards them found that they had already put to sea, and were being pursued by a large monster, that walked out into the water after them. I immediately ran away to conceal myself, and fell into a high road, for such I took it to be, though it served the inhabitants only as a foot-path through a field of

barley. Here I walked for some time but could see little on either side of me, it being now near harvest, and the corn rising at least forty feet. I was an hour walking to the end of this field, which was fenced in by a hedge at least one hundred and twenty feet high. I was endeavoring to find some gap in the hedge when I discovered one of the inhabitants in the next field. He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire steeple and took almost ten yards at every stride. I ran to hide myself in the corn, but he presently entered the field with seven monsters like himself, with reaping hooks in their hands. They began to reap the corn in the field where I lay, and finding it impossible to escape, I called aloud, whereupon one of the creatures espied me. He picked me up and examined me. I did not struggle, but made supplicating cries and gestures. He seemed pleased with the curiosity he had found and took me to his master, the farmer. After they had all examined me, the farmer carried me home to his house. It being noon, dinner was served, and I was placed beside the farmer's plate on the table, which was about thirty feet high. The whole family were delighted with me. After dinner I gave them to understand that I was very sleepy, and was put to bed. After sleeping a couple of hours I was attacked by a couple of huge rats, about the size of large mastiffs. Drawing my hanger I defended myself and dispatched one of them. The other then ran away. I was placed in the care of the farmer's daughter, a girl nine years old, who treated me with great care and affection, and taught me the language of Brobdingnag. When it became known in the country that the farmer had discovered a curious little animal that could speak and appeared to be rational, I was taken to various market places, where my master made much money by putting me on exhibition. Finally, I was heard of at court, and the empress purchased me from the farmer. I soon became very popular with the royal family. When being borne about the country I found it to be well populated. The city of Lorbrulgrud, the capital, contains about six hundred thousand inhabitants. It was in length about fifty-four miles and two and a half in breadth. The king's palace is a heap of buildings about seven miles around; the chief rooms are generally two hundred and forty feet high and broad and long in proportion. When I had become fluent in the language of the country, the king favored me with many audiences in which I described to him at length the customs and laws of European nations. He frequently expressed surprise and his disapproval of them. He confined the knowledge of governing to common sense and reason; to justice and liberty; and to the speedy determination of civil and criminal causes. I had not been two years in the country, when my nurse and I attended the king and queen in a progress to the south coast of the kingdom. I was carried, as usual, in my traveling box, which was a very convenient closet of

twelve feet wide. When we came to our journey's end, I desired leave to see the ocean, and was taken out to the shore by a boy who was given charge of me. He set me down and went to hunt for birds' eggs. Suddenly my box was picked up by an eagle, I fancy, and carried aloft to a great height. The eagle being attacked, let it fall into the ocean, where it floated for some time and was finally picked up by an English merchantman. I was rescued, and after several months arrived safely in England. About ten days after my return home I again set out for the East Indies. After visiting Fort St. George and Tonquin, where we loaded our boats with several sorts of goods, we were taken by pirates. Owing to the enmity of a Dutchman who was on the pirate ship, I was set adrift in a small canoe, with paddles and sails and four days' provisions. In a short time I reached a group of islands. On the fifth day after being set adrift I reached the most southward of the islands in the group, and there remained. On the morning of the sixth day, I was walking along the coast, when I noticed a vast opaque body pass between me and the sun. Taking out my perspective glass I discovered people moving on it. The reader can hardly conceive my astonishment to behold an island in the air, inhabited by men who were able (as it should seem) to rise or sink or put it in progressive motion as they pleased. I shouted with my utmost strength, and when they noticed me they let down a chain with a seat fastened to the bottom, to which I fastened myself and was drawn up by pulleys. I found the people to be very singular in their shapes, habits and countenances. Their heads were all reclined either to the right or left, one of their eyes turned inwards and the other directly up to the zenith. Their outward garments were adorned with figures of sun, moon and stars, interwoven with those of fiddles, flutes, harps, trumpets, guitars, harpsichords, and many instruments of music unknown to us. The minds of these people are so taken with intense speculations, that they neither can speak nor attend to the discourses without being roused by some external action upon the organs of speech and hearing, for which reasons servants are employed, whose business it is with a flapper, a blown bladder containing some dried peas and fastened on the end of a stick, to flap the mouths and ears of their masters when they make visits or attend to business. The people of Laputa, the floating island, excel in the study of the mathematics and music. When I had learned the language of the Laputians, I left the island and visited Balnibarbi, where I found the people to be engaged in strange experiments. They had many colleges and academies, but their learning was all of a worthless character. As it was my object to reach Japan, I left Balnibarbi as soon as possible and visited Glubbdubdrib, the land of magicians. In this place I was enabled by the aid of the magicians, to converse with the heroes and sages of the

past. From Glubbdubdrib I proceeded to Luggnagg, where I saw the Struldbrugs, a race of immortals who do not have immortal youth, but who become more and more decrepit year by year. This immortality is a curse to them. From Luggnagg I pushed my way to Japan, where I found passage in a Dutch ship to Amsterdam, and shortly afterwards arrived safely in Amsterdam. Setting out from England again as captain of the *Adventure*, I sailed to the West Indies. My crew mutinied against me and left me prisoner for a number of months, while they cruised about in I know not what quarter of the world. Finally, they put me ashore on a rocky island, which I found to be inhabited by horses. Houyhnhnms they call themselves, for they have a language. These horses are very wise and gentle creatures, addicted to no vices and practicing every virtue. The human race is represented in this land by a detestable race of beings, called Yahoos. They are the beasts of burden. They have no glimmerings of reason, are thoroughly vicious and hateful, yet, strange to say, they are almost identical with men in their appearance and habits. I learned the language of the horses, and lived on intimate relations with one of their chiefs for some time. His conversations were full of wisdom and all his conduct guided by the noblest and loftiest sentiments. I looked forward to spending the rest of my life away among the Houyhnhnms, but so great is their detestation for the Yahoos that my friend was severely censured for associating with one, for such I was considered to be, and he was forced to bid me leave the country. I did so, but so great a hatred for my own race did I conceive by studying the habits of the Yahoos, that I would never have returned to England, had I not been taken captive by a Portuguese captain, who sent me to London. I fear I shall never be able to eradicate from my mind the contempt for my own race I acquired while living among and studying the habits of the wise and noble Houyhnhnms.

GENERAL REMARKS.

Gulliver's Travels is throughout a satire. The voyage to Lilliput is an exposure of the policy of the English court during the reign of George I. The disputes between the Little-endians and Big-endians represent the controversy between the Latin and English churches. In Brobdingnag the satire takes wider range; the object of assault is changed from the tactics of a party to the general system of policy. The voyage to Laputa was the least successful of the satires. It was not generally understood, as it dealt with the proceedings of the Royal Society. The voyage to the Houyhnhnms has always been popular with the generality of readers, although its misanthropy is repulsive and almost disgusting. It is the bitterest satire on

humanity that has ever been written. But, disgusting as the picture of the Yahoos is, it still conveys an important moral lesson. It is a probable delineation of what humanity might become if exposed to the brutalizing influences of ignorance and unregulated passions; it pictures the triumph of sensuality over intelligence, and consequently sets forth in the strongest light the necessity of moral training and religious instruction. The general narrative was not less agreeable to the mass of readers than the satire to particular classes of politicians. Gulliver's character is so thoroughly natural, so completely that of the English sailor of his day, that many were disposed to hail him as a personal acquaintance when the book first appeared.

QUOTATIONS.

FROM THE VOYAGE TO BROBDDINGNAG.

His majesty took me in his hands and stroking me gently, delivered himself in these words, which I never shall forget; nor the manner he spoke them in: "My little friend, you have made a most admirable panegyric upon your country, you have clearly proved that ignorance, idleness and vice are the proper ingredients for qualifying a legislator; that laws are best explained, interpreted and applied, by those whose interests and abilities lie in preventing, confounding and eluding them. I observe among you some lines of an institution, which in its original might have been tolerable, but these half erased, and the rest wholly blurred and blotted by corruptions. It does not appear, from all you have said, how any one perfection is acquired toward the procurement of any one station among you; much less that men are ennobled on account of their virtue; that priests are advanced for their piety or learning; soldiers for their conduct or valor; judges for their integrity; senators for the love of their country, or counsellors for their wisdom. As for yourself, who have spent the greatest part of your life in traveling, I am well disposed to hope you may hitherto have escaped many vices of your country. But by what I have gathered from your own relation, and the answers I have with much pains wringed and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth." He gave it as his opinion, "that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground, where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together."



ALEXANDER POPE.

BORN 1688

ENGLAND.

DIED 1744.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Alexander Pope, the most famous English poet of the first half of the eighteenth century, was born on the 21st of May, 1688, in Lombard Street, in the City of London. He was the son of a linen merchant, in comfortable circumstances, who a few years later retired from business, and settled near Windsor, where the poet's boyhood was spent.

He was brought up in the Roman Catholic Church, to which his father belonged, and his education was acquired partly at two small Catholic schools, but mostly at home. Physically, he was weak and small of stature, almost to dwarfishness, but his mental precocity was phenomenal. He had a remarkable taste for literature, and especially for the classics, and decided at an early age to adopt authorship as his profession. He was not long in establishing his reputation, for his first published work, a volume of "Pastorals," which appeared in 1709, was received with general applause. In 1711, the "Essay on Criticism" was issued, and the "Rape of the Lock" the following year.

Pope now became a leader in the contemporary world of letters, numbering among his friends such men as Addison and Swift, Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, and Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke.

In 1713, Pope undertook the arduous task of translating Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey," which was not completed for eleven years, and which proved to be a great financial success. In 1718 he established himself in the villa at Twickenham, on the Thames, where the rest of his life was spent. After a number of minor works, he published the "Dunciad," in 1728—a satire, in which he vigorously lashed his critics and enemies. The "Essay on Man" appeared in four parts, in the years 1732 to 1734. It was suggested to Pope by Bolingbroke, who had returned from exile in France, and had settled at Dawley, not far from the poet's residence, and was followed up by the "Epistles," to Lord Bathurst, Lord Cobham and other friends of the author.

But death was gradually leaving Pope as the only survivor of the literary coterie to which he had belonged. His mother died in 1733. Dr. Arbuthnot—one of his closest friends—in 1734; from Addison he had long since been estranged; Swift's life was becoming clouded by the mental derangement which ended in his death in 1745. In 1735 Bolingbroke left Dawley, to travel in France, and then settle in London; and the chief friend of Pope's later days, his apologist and his literary executor, was Warburton.

The poet's last work was a revision and extension of the satirical "Dunciad," in the new version of which Colley Cibber was gibbeted as the chief object of its ridicule. His health, feeble throughout his life, gradually gave way, until, on the 30th of May, 1744, he died at his Twickenham villa.

THE ESSAY ON MAN.

"An Essay on Man" is the general title given by Pope to four epistles in verse, addressed to the poet's friend, Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke.

EPISTLE I.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN, WITH RESPECT TO THE
UNIVERSE.

The first epistle opens with an address to Bolingbroke, briefly outlining the purpose of the essay :

"Awake, my St. John! Leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man."

The poet first shows the limitation of human reason :

"Say first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason but from what we know?"
"Thro' worlds unnumbered tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own."

Then, postulating the existence of an all-wise Creator, he argues the futility of complaining of human imperfections :

"Presumptuous Man! The reason wouldst thou find
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less!"

What seem to us to be imperfections, may not be so when viewed in relation to the whole system of the universe :

. . . . "Man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole."

Upon our very blindness, human happiness depends — upon our ignorance of the future, and our hope of a better state :

"The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Oh, blindness to the future! kindly given
That each may fill the circle marked by heaven;

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall."

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast ;
Man never is, but always to be blessed."

Here comes the famous description of the Indian :

"Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud topp'd hill, an humbler heaven ;
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;
But thinks admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

Man must recognize that he merely fills his appointed place in the great system of the universe. Of this grand system, even the apparent disorders of nature and man, such as earthquakes and tempests, or war and crime, are also ordained as parts ; for

"All subsists by elemental strife,
And passions are the elements of life.
The general order, since the whole began,
Is kept in nature, and is kept in man."

Each link in this great chain of creation has its appointed place and its proper attributes :

"Why hath not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly."

And each link must keep its place, or the whole chain might fall asunder in chaos :

"From nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike."

The lesson is enforced by the simile of the human body :

"What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head ?"

The doctrine of the order of nature is stated in another way in the lines

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul."
"To him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all."

In conclusion, the poet sums up his optimistic philosophy thus :

" All nature is but art, unknown to thee ;
 All chance, direction, which thou canst not see ;
 All discord, harmony not understood ;
 All partial evil, universal good :
 And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite
 One truth is clear : Whatever is, is right."

EPISTLE II.

ON THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN, WITH RESPECT TO HIMSELF
 AS AN INDIVIDUAL.

From the doctrine of the order of nature, explained in the first epistle, Pope infers this practical lesson :

" Know then thyself, presume not God to scan ;
 The proper study of mankind is man."

Truly he is a strange thing to study,

" Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
 A being darkly wise, and rudely great ;"

And strange are the contrasts that he affords :

" Go wondrous creature, mount where science guides,
 Go measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides ;
 Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
 Correct old Time, and regulate the sun ;
 Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule —
 Then drop into thyself, and be a fool !"

Pope thus analyzes the human mind :

" Two principles in human nature reign ;
 Self-love, to urge, and reason, to restrain ;

 Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul ;
 Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
 Man, but for that, no action could attend,
 And but for this, were active to no end.

 Most strength the moving principle requires ;
 Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
 Sedate and quiet, the comparing lies,
 Form'd but to check, deliberate, and advise."

And yet these two principles, the inciting and the restraining, are not entirely opposite :

“ Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire.”

Next we come to the passions, which Pope considers as belonging to the active principle :

“ Modes of self-love the passions we may call;
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all;”

And they are far from being wholly evil and injurious :

“ On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale ;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storms, and walks upon the wind.”

Even when the passions grow into one ruling or master passion, which dominates the mind, it is still the function of reason

. “ To rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe.”

For it can be turned in the right direction, and made to become a great power for good :

“ As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear :
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild nature's vigor working at the root,”

Then follows the famous passage :

“ Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

Even human vices and weaknesses, in Heaven's great view, are not defects in the scheme of creation, but necessary parts of the mighty system :

“ Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.”

Every condition of life has its own comfort, and its own hope :

“ Behold the child, by nature's kindly law
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw ;

Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
 A little louder, but as empty quite :
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
 And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age :
 Pleased with this bauble still, as that before ;
 Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er."

Thus all our weaknesses are turned, by the wisdom of Providence, to our happiness :

" In folly's cup still laughs the bubble joy ;

 See, and confess, one comfort still must rise ;
 'Tis this — though Man's a fool, yet God is wise."

EPISTLE III.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN, WITH RESPECT TO SOCIETY.

Before proceeding to a new department of his subject, Pope sums up the argument previously given :

" Here then we rest ; the Universal Cause
 Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."

To rightly view society, the observer must

" Look round our world ; behold the chain of love
 Combining all below and all above."

Nothing was created wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for other things ; even man, who stands at the head of nature, cannot claim that she was created for his sole use :

" Know, nature's children all divide her care :
 The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear."

Each species, whether endowed with reason, as man is, or with instinct, as the other animals are, has the powers that are most conducive to its own happiness. Nor is instinct so far inferior to reason :

" And reason raise o'er instinct as you can
 In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man

 Who made the spider parallels design,
 Sure as Demoivre, without rule or line ?
 Who bid the stork, Columbus-like explore
 Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before ? "

This is the keystone of the structure of society — the Creator

“On mutual wants, built mutual happiness.”

Animals, who have not reason, are actuated by self-love alone. It impels them to care for their offspring, and thus perpetuate their race. Even primitive man, before the dawn of civilization, was far from utter degradation :

“Nor think in nature’s state they blindly trod ;
The State of nature, was the reign of God.”

And as he gradually rose from savagery, it was by copying the animals :

“See him from nature rising slow to art ;
To copy instinct then was reason’s part ;
Thus then to man the voice of nature spake —
‘Go, from the creatures thy instruction take ;
Thy arts of building from the bee receive ;
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave ;
Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
Learn each small people’s genius, policies,
The ants’ republic, and the realm of bees.’

Great Nature spoke ; observant man obeyed ;
Cities were built, societies were made.”

The earliest government was of the patriarchal type :

“Love all the faith, all th’ allegiance then ;
For nature knew no right divine in men,
No ill could fear in God ; and understood
A sovereign being but a sovereign good.”

Then came the tyrant, who, establishing his rule by force, fortified it with the tenors of superstition :

“Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods ;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust.”

But then even tyrants were taught justice and benevolence by some Poet or Patriot, who

“rose but to restore
The faith and moral, nature gave before ;
Relumed her ancient light, not kindled new.”

Summing up the argument of the third epistle, the poet sings :

" Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
From order, union, full consent of things.

For forms of government let fools contest ;
Whate'er is best administered is best :
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight ;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
In faith and hope the world will disagree ;
But all mankind's concern is charity.

Thus God and Nature link'd the general frame,
And bade self-love and social be the same."

EPISTLE IV.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO HAPPINESS.

Pope follows the old Aristotelian definition of happiness in addressing it as :

"O Happiness! our being's end and aim!"

The first question that arises with regard to happiness, is how it can be obtained :

" Plant of celestial seed! if dropp'd below
" Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?

Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere :
'Tis never to be bought, but always free."

It does not depend upon power, riches, or learning :

" Order is Heaven's first law ; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise ; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Condition, circumstance is not the thing ;
Bliss is the same in subject and in king."

It springs from sources that are accessible to all ranks :

" Know all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, health, peace and competence."

They are blind moralists who say that earthly prosperity must always attend upon virtue. There must be some apparent defects in the working of the great scheme of creation :

"Think we, like some weak prince, the Eternal Cause
Prone for his favorites to reverse his laws ?

'But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed,'
What then ? Is the reward of virtue bread ? ' "

Virtue brings something more than a mere earthly reward :

"What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,
Is virtue's prize."

And this prize nothing else can bring ; not wealth —

"Judges and senates have been bought for gold,
Esteem and love were never to be sold ; "

nor exalted position —

"Honor and shame from no condition rise ;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow ;
The rest is all but leather or prunella."

nor a long lineage —

"What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards ?
Alas, not all the blood of all the Howards ; "

nor fame —

"What's fame ? a fancied life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, e'en before our death.
A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod,
An honest man's the noblest work of God ; "

nor superior abilities —

"If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

This, then, is the truth to which we are brought :

"Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
'Virtue alone is happiness below.' "

And hence it is that happiness is attainable by every human being :

“ See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow !
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know.

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road
But looks through nature up to nature's God.”

And the whole framework of society rests upon the foundation of love :

“ Faith, law, morals, all began,
All end in love of God and love of Man.”

In conclusion, the poet affectionately addresses Bolingbroke, whom he calls : “ My guide, philosopher and friend.” And the last lines sum up the doctrine of the whole essay thus :

“ Whatever is, is right ;
That Reason, Passion, answer one great aim ;
That true Self-love and Social are the same ;
That Virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our Knowledge is, ourselves to know.”

REVIEW OF THE “ESSAY ON MAN.”

In the “ Essay on Man,” Pope undertakes the difficult task of presenting a complete system of moral philosophy. The central ideas of the first of the four epistles of which the poem consists are, that man is of necessity limited in his capacity, and ought not to judge God ; that God created everything for the best, and that the universe is a vast system or order, whose apparent imperfections really serve for the general good.

The second epistle analyzes the human mind, with its opposing principle of reason and self-love, and shows how an overruling Providence turns even our weaknesses to our happiness.

The third epistle shows how society is built up on the teachings of nature, and depends upon order and harmony, the best good of each one being the good of all.

The fourth epistle argues that happiness springs from virtue alone, and is thus accessible to all. The tone of the whole essay is deeply religious and highly optimistic.

As a system of philosophy, the “ Essay on Man ” has little value. Bolingbroke himself, who suggested the subject to his friend Pope, said that the poet was “ a very indifferent philosopher,” and it is doubtful whether he had any very thorough understanding of the subject with which he dealt. There are some decided inconsistencies in his line of thought. He dwells, in the first epistle, on the folly of attempting to judge of the universe from

the peculiar and restricted point of view that Man possesses ; but throughout the latter part of the poem he asserts that the constitution of the universe is perfect and complete. His view of the unerring mechanism of creation is clearly fatalistic ; it reduces Man to a mere portion of the great machine, and is entirely inconsistent with any idea of human free-will, upon which, at other times, he insists. In one portion of the first epistle he introduces a passage which enunciates another distinct theory of the universe — the pantheistic doctrine of Spinoza :

" All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

This theory, that the Supreme Being exists only as the soul of the universe, is irreconcilable with the idea of a personal Deity, and would destroy much of the remaining argument of the essay. Again, the analysis of the powers of the mind in the second epistle is not exactly logical. Reason, instead of being a separate element opposed to self-love, is a mental function that may be, and frequently is, used by self-love to further its own ends.

But if Pope's attempt to outline a system of moral philosophy is a failure, the " Essay on Man " is, nevertheless, a brilliant and immortal poem. Dr. Johnson said of it that " it affords an egregious instance of the predominance of genius, the dazzling splendor of imagery and the seductive powers of eloquence. Never were penury of knowledge and vulgarity of sentiment so well disguised." Bulwer Lytton characterizes it as " unequaled in didactic solemnity and splendor since Lucretius set to music the false tenets of Epicurus."

It is in the details of the work, the separate passages and ideas, that the great merits of the " Essay on Man " are to be found. The art of expression — an art of which Pope was a past master — is nowhere brought to a greater degree of perfection. " I chose verse," he remarks in his introductory paragraphs, " because I found I could express the principles, maxims and precepts more shortly this way than in prose itself." And this is no idle boast, for a more condensed style was surely never written. Every word in the poem is effective, every passage, though as a part of the general argument it may be of little value, yet is worth reading with attention for its own merit.

The skill with which philosophical phrases and formulæ are presented in graceful and poetical language is remarkable. Probably no poem of the same length contains so many gems of thought that have been crystallized into proverbs. The " Essay on Man " shows Pope's style at its best. It is the most characteristic work of the poet who stood at the head of the classical school that dominated English literature during the first half of the eighteenth century.



ALAIN RENÉ LESAGE.

BORN 1668.

FRANCE.

DIED 1747.

ALAIN RENÉ LE SAGE.

A reader of modern French literature, perusing *Gil Blas* as his first essay in the direction of the products of the pen of Le Sage, would, in the absence of biographical corroborative evidence, find it difficult to believe that the author of this romance of the home of the Hidalgo was, in truth, a Frenchman. Such, however, was the case, but so close a student was he of Spanish models as almost to rival the genius of the greatest native authors. The details of the earlier years of Le Sage are meager. He was born at Sarzeau, near Vannes (Morbihan), on the 8th of May, 1668. The district in which he was born was a legal one, and Claude Le Sage, the father of the novelist, held the united positions of advocate, notary, and registrar of its royal court. His wife's name was Jeanne Brenugat. The parents of Le Sage died when he was very young, leaving the lad to the tutelage of an uncle, who neglected the care both of his education and fortune. Happily, however, Père Bochard, of the Order of the Jesuits, Principal of the College of Vannes, became interested in young Le Sage on account of the natural talents he displayed, and cultivated his taste for literature. Le Sage continued his studies under Père Bochard until he was eighteen; it is conjectured that these were concluded at Paris, where, in 1692, he was called to the bar. But, like many another illustrious author, he found that his talents were not adapted to the practice of the law, and he soon determined to develop that literary bent which had already shown itself at the College of Vannes. He began modestly as a translator, and published in 1695 a French version of the *Epistles* of Aristænetus, which was not successful. At this time he was so fortunate as to secure as a friend and patron the Abbé de Lyonne, who settled upon him a pension of six hundred livres, and made him besides many valuable presents. Under such favorable auspices, possessing a handsome person as well as literary ability, Le Sage was soon admitted into those brilliant circles where the writers of the day and the French *noblesse* mingled. The Abbé de Lyonne, being himself a student and collector of Spanish literature, naturally strove to direct the mind of his protégé in the same direction, and with what success the inimitable romance of *Gil Blas* is the crowning example. The career of Le Sage was far from metric; he was nearly forty years of age before he obtained anything like decided success. The greater part of his literary labor was expended on the drama, both in translating from the Spanish and in original composition. In 1707 his admirable farce of *Crispin Rival de son Maître* was acted with great applause, and *Le Diable Boiteux* (known in England under the title of its first translation, "The Devil upon Two Sticks") was published. This latter romance went through several editions in the same year. Its popularity was unbounded from its first appearance. One proof of the estimation in which it was held was, that two young nobles entering a bookseller's shop, in which there was only one copy of the book, contested its possession in a duel, the victor carrying off the volume as his trophy. In 1715 the first two volumes of *Gil Blas* appeared; and its success was at once assured. Its excessive popularity induced Le Sage to add, some time afterwards, a third and a fourth volume; but there is a certain amount of repetition in this continuation. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Lives of Eminent Novelists and Dramatists," thus refers to this effort of Le Sage

to prolong the existence of the hero of *Gil Blas*: "A French writer has said that it was received by the public with the same kind of admiration as that accorded to a decaying beauty, whose features remain the same, though their freshness and brilliancy are abated by time."

In 1694, Le Sage married Marie Elizabeth Huyard of Paris, an exceedingly beautiful young woman, the daughter of a joiner, and without a single sou by way of a *dot*. However, it was a love match, and Le Sage's domestic life was a happy one, the union proving all that he could desire. He had three sons and a daughter; the daughter devoting her whole life to attending on her gifted father. His circumstances, though moderate, were always easy, for, although he could portray the wildest extravagances in his romances, Le Sage was not afflicted with any of the habits of prodigality and dissipation that so often beset men of letters. One circumstance alone embittered a few years of his life. His eldest son had been educated for the bar, but insisted on adopting the stage as his profession. Le Sage, who had painted the life of an actor in the most ridiculous and hateful aspect, was excessively pained by his son's choice. But the young man, by the singular worth of his private character and his social talents, gained admittance into the first society in Paris in spite of his father's displeasure. A reconciliation between father and son was at last effected, and the latter afterwards became the very apple of the elder Le Sage's eye. The death of this gifted actor, in 1743, proved such a severe blow to Le Sage, that he retired forever from Paris and from the world. His youngest son had also become an actor, and was known to the theatre-going public of Paris as "Pittenece." The second son of Le Sage eschewed the allurements of *foyer* and footlights, and, having entered the church and become Abbé Le Sage, had been made a Canon of the Cathedral of Boulogne, through the patronage of the queen, and had had a pension bestowed upon him. To the cloister, therefore, Le Sage and his daughter betook themselves upon the former's resolving to forsake the pomps and vanities of Paris. In the seclusion of the Canon's home Le Sage passed his declining years. He lived to the ripe old age of eighty, and, although afflicted by deafness, and having to use an ear-trumpet, his conversation was so delightful that when he was in the world, and frequented his favorite coffee-house in the Rue St. Jacques, Paris, the guests would gather round him, and even climb on chairs and tables, to catch the pearls of wit and wisdom that fell from his lips. He died in the winter of 1747-48, a great writer who could portray vice and the vagaries of the idle and dissolute with a master-hand, and yet who left to posterity a high character for honor and personal probity.

Le Sage was an indefatigable worker, and while writing for the Théâtre de la Foire—the Théâtre Français withholding from him a welcome in spite of the undoubted merit of *Crispin* and *Turcaret*, his two greatest dramas—he produced either alone or with others about a hundred pieces, varying from strings of songs with no regular dialogues to comediettas, only distinguished from regular plays by the introduction of music. His dramatic translations and compositions include: *Le Traître Puni*, 1701-3; *Le Point d'Honneur*, 1701-3; *Don Félix de Mendocce*, 1701-3; *Don César Ursin*, 1707; *Turcaret* (one of the best comedies in French literature), 1709. Among the original, translated and adopted works of Le Sage are: *Orlando Innamorato*; *Guzman d'Alfarache*; *Le Bachelier de Salamanque*, 1730-33; *Estevanille Gonzales*, 1730-33; *Aventures de M. de Beauchêne*, 1733; *La Valise Trouvée*; and *Une Journée des Parques*.

Gil Blas, the most widely read and popular of all of the works of Le Sage, has survived the assaults of criticism and the mutations of public taste in literature, and towers to-day in the field of classical French fiction as it did more than two centuries ago. It is distinguished by subtle and poignant satire, profound knowledge of human nature, wit and grace.

THE ADVENTURES OF GIL BLAS.

Seldom does it fall to the lot of any one, be he prince or pauper, in the course of one short life, to experience the adventures, to play the countless rôles in both the tragedies and comedies of life, and finally to arrive at honor and distinction, as did Gil Blas of Santillane. The father of Gil Blas, after having borne arms for a long time in the Spanish service, retired to his native place, married a chamber-maid, who was not exactly in her teens, and in ten months thereafter rendered himself illustrious by becoming the parent of the hero of these adventures. The early education of Gil Blas was gotten under the auspices of his god-father and maternal uncle, Gil Perez, a canon of the town of Oviedo, who assumed this responsibility, both on account of the great natural talents of Gil Blas and from the humble circumstances of the latter's father and mother. In a short time Gil Blas had put himself beyond the range of his uncle's limited abilities, for that good man had not gained his preferment altogether by his learning, but owed it exclusively to the gratitude of some good nun whose discreet factor he had been, and who had credit enough to procure him the order of priesthood without the troublesome ceremony of an examination. Gil Blas was now transferred to the care of Doctor Godinez, the most accomplished pedant of Oviedo, and so rapid was his advancement that at the end of five or six years he could read a Greek author or two, had a fair conception of the Latin poets, and had become such an expert arguer, from his knowledge of logic, that his fame had spread beyond the gates of Oviedo. Gil Perez now determined to send his nephew to the university of Salamanca, believing that his wit would easily win him a good post. Acting on this determination, he presented Gil Blas with a few ducats and his own mule, and bade him go forth to make his way in the world. Before taking his departure, Gil Blas took a last leave of his papa and mamma, who loaded him with an ample inheritance of good advice and made him a present of their blessing, which was all his patrimony and all his expectation. Thus it was that he set out upon the road, with the world before him, as yet his own master, as well as master of a bad mule and forty good ducats, without reckoning on a little supplementary cash purloined from his much-honored uncle.

Arrived at the village of Pegnañor, Gil Blas disposed of his mule at a ruinous figure and was doped into paying well for the privilege of stuffing a gay Spanish gallant with the best the inn of the place afforded, as the price of a little fulsome flattery, only to have the festive gentleman wound his vanity by this speech when the meal was concluded: "Master Gil Blas."

said he, "I am too well pleased with my princely entertainment to leave you without a word of advice, of which you seem to stand in much need. From this time forward be on your guard against extravagant praise. Do not trust men till you know them. You may meet with many another man, who, like me, may amuse himself at your expense, and perhaps carry his joke a little further. But do not you be taken in a second time, to believe yourself, on the word of such fellows, the eighth wonder of the world." With this sting in the tail of his farewell speech he very coolly took his leave. Abashed and humiliated by his financial failure in selling his four-footed asset and in having his hospitality so abused, Gil Blas resolved to continue his journey to Salamanca under the protection of a muleteer, who was to depart thence the following day. But, alas! for his hopes of a safe conduct. Among the party which accompanied the muleteer was a young merchant and his bride. The charms of the latter cast such a potent spell over the tender susceptibilities of the muleteer that, at a hostelry where they stopped for the night, the rascally muleteer endeavored to accomplish by force that which he had failed to achieve by gallantry. The lady resisted so valiantly, that her cries brought the village authorities to the rescue, and, in the midst of the confusion, Gil Blas, with visions of the torture raising the hair upon his scalp, escaped to the adjacent woods, where he was soon lost in their cimmerian intricacies. Groping about in the darkness he stumbled upon the entrance to a subterranean cave. Penetrating into this he found himself in the midst of a band of outlaws, who made him so welcome that he was forced to accept their hospitality, even to the extent of reconciling himself to what promised to be an indefinite stay in their underground dwelling. In fact, he found himself a prisoner, and was soon installed in the position of cup-bearer to the band. But the wit of Gil Blas, that was to do so much for him at the university, did not desert him now, and by appearing to fall in with the ways of his companions he won their confidence until they permitted him to accompany them on their forays. Returning from one of their marauding expeditions, they brought with them a beautiful maiden of high degree, whose escort they had murdered, and whose treasure they had added to their store of ill-gotten gains. Gil Blas resolved to protect the virtue of the captive, and so adroit did he prove himself, that, by shamming illness, he managed to be left alone with the fair Donna Mencia while the freebooters sallied forth to a distant point. They were no sooner well away than Gil Blas, with the aid of a potent argument, in the shape of a loaded pistol, induced the old crone who kept the keys of the entrance to the cave to deliver up the same and permit him and the Donna Mencia to go free. Restoring Donna Mencia to her friends, but not until after having been thrown into prison on suspicion of being a highway-

man, from the fact of wearing a suit of stolen clothing furnished him by his late companions, Gil Blas became the recipient of that lady's bounty. Loaded with ducats he proceeded to Valladolid, where a little contingent of adventurers, playing upon his credulity, soon stripped him of all his worldly possessions, and left him no alternative but to go out to service. After staying three months in the household of the Licentiate Sédillo, without having cause to complain of bad nights, that gentleman succumbed to the efforts of the great Doctor Sangrado and gave up the ghost.

So impressed was Gil Blas with the talents and abilities of the doctor, that he besought him to take him into his employ, and, as the admiration was mutual, he became that famous physician's assistant. Doctor Sangrado was the Hippocrates of Valladolid. A tall, withered, wan executioner of the sisters three, who had done all their justice for at least these forty years! This learned forerunner of the undertaker had an aspect suited to his office. His words were weighed to a scruple; and his jargon sounded grand in the ears of the uninitiated.

Gil Blas' employment consisted in writing down the name and residence of the patients who sent for Doctor Sangrado in his absence. This account might truly be called a bill of mortality; for the members all went from bad to worse during the short time they continued in the Doctor's system. Gil Blas was a sort of book-keeper for the other world — to take places in the stage, and to see that the first come were the first served. "Hark you, my child," said Doctor Sangrado to Gil Blas one day, after the latter had been long enough at the books to prove his worth, "I am not one of those hard and ungrateful masters who leave their household to grow gray in service without a suitable reward. Without more ado, I will initiate you in the healing art, of which I have for so many years been at the head. Other physicians make the science to consist of various unintelligible branches; but I will shorten the road for you, and dispense with the drudgery of studying natural philosophy, pharmacy, botany and anatomy. Remember, my friend, that bleeding and drinking warm water are the two grand principles; the true secret of curing all the distempers incident to humanity. Yes, this marvelous secret which I reveal to you, and which nature, beyond the reach of my colleagues, has failed in rescuing from my pen, is comprehended in these two articles — namely, bleeding and drenching. Here you have the sum total of my philosophy; you are thoroughly bottomed in medicine, and may raise yourself to the summit of fame on the shoulders of my long experience." Gil Blas began his practice on an *alguazil* in a pleurisy, who was condemned to be bled with the utmost rigor of the law, at the same time that the system was to be replenished copiously with water. He next made a lodgment in the veins of a gouty pastry-cook, who roared like a lion

by reason of gouty spasms. He stood on no more ceremony with his blood than with that of the *alguazil*, and laid no restriction on his taste for simple liquids. Gil Blas was now fully launched in the practice of his profession. Far from wanting employment, it happened by a kind providence, as his master had foretold, to be a very sickly season. The small-pox and a malignant fever took alternate possession of the town and suburbs. Gil Blas and Doctor Sangrado saw eight or ten patients a day ; so that the kettle was kept on the simmer, and the blood in the action of transpiring. But things will happen cross ; they died to a man, either by the fault of the two great healers or their own. If their case was hopeless, the doctors were not to blame ; and, if it was not hopeless, they were. Three visits to a patient sufficed. About the second, the undertaker was encountered ; or, when more fortunate than usual, the patient had got no further than the point of death. As Gil Blas was but a young physician, not yet hardened to the trade of an assassin, he grieved over the melancholy issue of his own theory and practice. But Doctor Sangrado had committed himself to the bleeding and drenching system, and could not turn back ; so he and Gil Blas went on working double tides, and did so much execution, that in less than six weeks they made as many widows and orphans as the siege of Troy. The plague must have got into Valladolid, by the number of funerals. Day after day came some father or other to know what has become of his son, who was last seen in their hands ; or else a stupid fellow of an uncle, who had a foolish hankering after a deceased nephew. Finally, Gil Blas was so unfortunate as to attend a lady who was the mistress of the bully of Valladolid. As he was no more successful in detaining her from a hasty departure for the other world than he had been with his other patients, the ire of the bully was aroused, and he vowed vengeance on the young medical experimenter, and to escape the dire consequences of an encounter with the bereaved and skeptical lover, Gil Blas shook the dust of Valladolid from his feet and set out once more on his travels.

In due time Gil Blas arrived at Madrid, where he obtained a situation with a saturnine and morose gentleman, who had the misfortune to be arrested as a spy, when in fact he was only a man of wealth, seeking to live as he pleased from a horde of gold which he kept concealed in his apartments. When his real character became known he was soon released, but having seen Gil Blas in conversation with the robber chieftain, who had formerly made him captive, and who unfortunately turned up in the streets of Madrid in the nick of time to prove Gil Blas' evil genius, he set that young gentleman packing, as too dangerous a customer to have access to a house where so much treasure was stored. Gil Blas next became the valet to a gentleman of fashion. While in his service he was initiated into all

the vices practiced by the gay young men of the Spanish Capital, and was in a fair way to have his morals brought to the same level as those of his master, when that gentleman's mad career was brought to an untimely close by a few inches of cold steel dexterously applied to a vulnerable part of his anatomy by another gentleman, who had taken umbrage at some remarks disparaging a lady of his acquaintance. By the death of his master, Gil Blas was once more thrown upon the mercy of the unsympathetic world. But while enjoying the pleasures participated in by his late employer, he had won the favor of Laura, the faithful abigail of Arsenia, a lady of the theater, and a prime favorite of the beaux of Madrid, and to this young lady he betook himself in his extremity. Fortunately, Arsenia had need in her establishment of a young gentleman possessed of the talents of Gil Blas, to act as her steward. The bargain was soon struck, and Gil Blas found himself comfortably annexed to the theatrical profession.

Gil Blas' first experience in the new sphere of life, where he was now employed, was to attend his mistress to the theatre. Arriving there, accompanied by Laura, he was conducted by that damsel behind the scenes, where he could see and hear to advantage. Seating herself by Gil Blas, Laura told him the names of the actors and actresses as they made their entrances. Nor did she stop there, for the hussy gave some highly seasoned anecdotes into the bargain. Her characters were, "crack-brain" for this, "impertinent fellow" for that. Continuing, she said: "Take particular notice of that brilliant star now coming forward; that magnificent setting sun, increasing in bulk as its fires become less vivid. That is Casilda. If from that distant day when she first laid herself open to her lovers, she had required from each of them a brick to build a pyramid, like an ancient Egyptian princess, the edifice by this time would have mounted to the third heaven." Thus Laura prattled on, blaspheming even her own mistress. When she grew tired of talking she frolicked among the actors, whereat Gil Blas, who was in love with the wench, although her morals were not strictly pure, took her to task. "You are a very silly swain," retorted Laura, "but you will get better notions among us. You will fall by degrees into our easy manners. No jealousy, my dear creature, you will be completely laughed out of it in the theatrical world. The passion is scarcely known there. Fathers, husbands, brothers, uncles, and cousins, are all upon a liberal plan of community, and often make a strange jumble of relationships." At the end of the play Gil Blas and Laura returned home with their mistress, whither Florimonde, a bosom friend of Arsenia, and of her own kind, came soon after to supper, with three old noblemen and a player. Besides Laura and Gil Blas, the establishment consisted of a cook-maid, a coach-

man and a little foot-boy. They all labored in their respective vocations. The lady of the frying-pan was assisted in her cookery by the coachman. The waiting-woman and the little foot-boy laid the cloth, and Gil Blas set out the side-board, magnificently furnished with plate, offered up at the shrine of the green-room goddess. There was every variety of wines, and Gil Blas played the cup-bearer to show his mistress the versatility of his talents. The evening passed right merrily, and Gil Blas found his initiation into the household of a popular actress full of seductive attractions. The following morning Arsenia said to him: "Five or six of our gentlemen and ladies are to dine here to-night; take care that we are well served." "Madame," answered Gil Blas, "there shall be a banquet for the whole troop." "My friend," replied Arsenia, "correct your phraseology; you must say company, not troop. A troop of robbers, a troop of beggars, a troop of authors; but a company of comedians, especially when you have to mention the actors of Madrid."

Gil Blas was borne down by the torrent for three weeks, and ran the career of dissipation in his turn. But in the midst of pleasure he frequently heard the still, small voice of conscience, arising from the impression of a serious education, which mixed gall in the Circean cup. Riot could not altogether get the better of remorse; on the contrary, the pangs of the latter grew keener with the more shameful indulgence of the former, and, by a happy effect of his temperament, the disorders of a theatrical life began to make Gil Blas shudder. "Ah! wretch," said he to himself, "is it thus that you make good the hopes of your family? Is it not enough to have thwarted their pious intentions, by not following your destined course of life as an instructor of youth? Need your condition of a servant hinder you from living decently and soberly? Are such monsters of iniquity fit companions for you? Envy, hatred, and avarice are predominant here; intemperance and idleness have purchased the fee-simple there; the pride of some is aggravated into the most barefaced impudence, and modesty is turned out of doors, by the common consent of all. The business is settled. I will not live any longer with the seven deadly sins." A surviving spark of honor and of religion, in the midst of so much general depravity, made Gil Blas not only resolve to leave Arsenia, but even to abjure all commerce with Laura, whom yet he could not cease to love, though he was well aware of her daily inconstancy. One fine morning he made up his bundle; and, without reckoning with Arsenia, who indeed owed him next to nothing, without taking leave of his dear Laura, Gil Blas burst from that mansion, which smelt of brimstone and fire reserved for the wicked.

Filled with these pious resolutions, Gil Blas once more set out to seek a situation, and this time fully resolved that goodness and virtue should weigh

more in the balance of his judgment than the gaudy trappings of vice. After many experiences and numerous adventures, after serving masters and mistresses of many kinds, and after acquiring a much larger stock of worldly wisdom than he had been encumbered with when he straddled his good uncle's mule at Oviedo, he arrived at the city of Grenada. Here, through the kind offices of an influential friend, he was so fortunate as to secure a situation in the household of the powerful and learned Archbishop of Grenada. This distinguished prelate was in want of a young man with some little tinge of literature, who could write a good hand and make fair copies of his manuscripts ; for he was a great author. Upon his first introduction to the Archbishop, Gil Blas made so favorable an impression that he was at once installed in the office of private secretary. The second day of his service the Archbishop sent for him to transcribe a homily. He made a point of having it copied with all possible accuracy. It was done to please him ; for Gil Blas omitted neither accent nor comma, nor the minutest tittle of all he had marked down. His satisfaction at observing this was heightened by its being unexpected. "Eternal Father !" exclaimed he in holy rapture, "was ever anything seen so correct? You are too good a transcriber not to have some little smattering of the grammarian. Now, tell me with the freedom of a friend : in writing it over, have you been struck with nothing that grated upon your feelings? Some little careless idiom, or some word used in an improper sense?" "Oh ! may it please your grace," answered Gil Blas with a modest air, "it is not for me, with my confined education and coarse taste, to aim at making critical remarks. And, though ever so well qualified, I am satisfied that your grace's works would come out pure from the essay." The successor of the apostles smiled at this answer. He made no observation on it ; but it was easy to see through all his piety, that he was an arrant author at the bottom : there is something in that dye that not heaven itself can wash out. So rapid was the advancement of Gil Blas in the good graces of the Archbishop, that a short time afterwards the latter addressed him thus, in a tone of extraordinary emotion : "Never mind, Gil Blas ! henceforward take no care about the hereafter, I shall make it my business to place you among the favored children of my bounty. You have my best wishes ; and to prove to you that you have them, I shall take you into my inmost confidence." These words were no sooner out of his mouth, than Gil Blas fell at his grace's feet, quite overwhelmed with gratitude. He embraced his elliptical legs with almost pagan idolatry, and considered himself as a man on the high road to a very handsome fortune. "Yes, my child," resumed the Archbishop, whose speech had been cut short by the rapidity of Gil Blas' prostration, "I mean to make you the receiver-general of all my inmost ruminations. The honor of being handed down to

posterity as a perfect pulpit orator has irresistible attractions for me. To this end, my dear Gil Blas, there is one thing requisite from your zeal and friendship. Whenever it shall strike you that my pen begins to contract, as it were, the ossification of old age; whenever you see my genius in its climacteric, do not fail to give me a hint. Do not be afraid of offending by frankness and sincerity; to put me in mind of my own frailty, will be the strongest proof of your affection for me."

Some months after this outburst on the part of the Archbishop, and after Gil Blas had advanced far on the road to preferment in the household of the prelate, a lowering storm came suddenly over the Episcopal palace; the Archbishop had a stroke of apoplexy. By dint of good nursing there was soon no bodily appearance of disease remaining. But his reverend intellects did not so easily recover from their lethargy. Gil Blas could not help observing this in the very first discourse he composed. Alas, and well-a-day! when the second homily came it was a knock-down argument. Sometimes the good prelate moved forward, and sometimes he moved backward; sometimes he mounted up into the garret, and sometimes dipped down into the cellar. It was a composition of more sound than meaning, something like a capuchin's sermon, which only scatters a few artificial flowers of paltry rhetoric over a barren desert of doctrine. "Here is a sermon with symptoms of apoplexy in every paragraph. Come, my good Coryphæus of the public taste in homilies, prepare to do your office," said Gil Blas to himself. This praiseworthy resolve was made the more easy to carry out by the Archbishop himself asking Gil Blas what they said of him in the world at large and whether people were tolerably pleased with his last discourse. Feeling himself to be betwixt the devil and the deep sea, and yet firmly resolved to perform the painful duty of censor which he had been compelled to assume, Gil Blas replied: "It would seem, your Grace, as though your last homily had not quite struck home to the hearts of the audience, like those which went before. Performances of that order are above the reach of vulgar criticism; there is not a soul but expects to be saved by their influence. Nevertheless, since you have made it my duty to be sincere and unreserved, I shall take the liberty of just stating that your last discourse is not written with quite the overpowering eloquence and conclusive argument of your former ones. Does not your Grace feel just as I do on this subject?" "I were unfit to live in a Christian land!" interrupted the Archbishop, with stammering impatience, "I were unfit to live in a Christian land if I liked you the less for such a Christian virtue as sincerity. I should have given you infinite credit for speaking what you thought, if you had thought anything that deserved to be spoken. I have been finely taken in by your outside show of cleverness, without any solid foundation of sober judgment.

Let us talk no more on this subject. You are as yet scarcely in the rudiments of good taste, and utterly incompetent to distinguish between gold and tinsel. You are yet to learn that I never in all my life composed a finer homily than that unfortunate one, which has not the honor of your approbation. We all grow wiser as we grow older, and I shall in future select the people about me with more caution; nor submit the castigation of my works but to a much abler critic than yourself. Get about your business!" So, giving Gil Blas an angry shove by the shoulders, the Archbishop dismissed the victim of his sense of duty with this parting admonition: "God speed you, good master Gil Blas! I heartily pray that you may do well in the world! There is nothing to stand in your way but the want of a little better taste."

As though Gil Blas had now reached the very zenith of his misfortunes, his condition began to mend. After his summary dismissal from the service of the Archbishop of Grenada, he resumed his journey and his search after employment. Step by step he advanced from the household of one dignitary to that of another, profiting by the worldly wisdom his early rebuffs had imparted, until he found himself attached to no less a personage than the King! Years and experience had brought to Gil Blas a sufficiency of this world's goods; and the many and varied scenes through which he had passed, the panoramic view of life, blotted too many times by pictures of vice, degradation and the prostitution of men's best talents to secure temporal advancement, which had passed before his gaze—all served to impart a lesson that brought with it the redemption of his moral character, and an old age full of honors and happiness. As Gil Blas looked back over his past, and pondered upon his present, happy state, his last utterance framed itself in these words: "To perfect my satisfaction, heaven has deigned to send me two smiling babes, whose education will be the amusement of my declining years; and if ever husband might venture to hazard so bold an hypothesis, I devoutly believe myself their father."

SELECTIONS.

The following quotations from the inimitable wit, wisdom, and satire of "Gil Blas" furnish excellent examples of the style and quality of that great master of classical French fiction—Alain René Le Sage:

"With this I fired off my paper pop-gun against her peace. She read it over two or three times, but if she had rubbed her eyes till doomsday she would have seen no clearer. In point of fact, nothing could be more unexpected than so cavalier an answer. Up went her eyes towards the heavens, appealing to their rival luminaries. The ivory fences of her pretty

mouth committed alternate trespass on her soft and suffering lips, and her whole physiognomy bore witness to the pangs of her distressed and disappointed heart."

"No old dowager, with a purse to buy a second husband, ever took more pains to assure herself, by the cultivation of her charms, that the person and not the fortune should be the object of attraction. The assassin stab of time was parried by the quart and tierce of art."

"Their motive was sufficiently obvious ; but I was determined to play at diamond cut diamond. The simpler of a simpleton is no bad counter-mine to the attack of a sharper."

"Nevertheless, let our appetites be as obstinate as they might be, we every now and then suspended the fray to spar a little with the flagon, which returned our blows until it made us reel again."

"It is very wonderful, and yet very common, how the most trifling notice from the great penetrates the very soul of those who are not accustomed to it !"

"To define it strictly and properly, it was nothing better than that of a spy with a sounding title ; there was nothing substantial in the nature of the appointment ; whereas to the stewardship was tied the key to the strong box, and with that goes the mastery of the whole family."

"This novelty causing me to be looked upon as a rising favorite, excited the envy of certain persons, so that I was preciously sprinkled with the hellish dew of court malevolence."

"Scipio and myself were husbands, too rich in Nature's gifts and in the affections of our spouses, not very soon to have the satisfaction of becoming fathers : Our lasses were as women wish to be who love their lords, almost at the same moment."

"I began by laying it down as a first maxim of political philosophy, that the vital functions, the respiration as it were of all monarchy, depended upon the strict administration of the finances ; that in our particular case that duty became imperiously urgent, irresistibly impressing on our consciences ; and that the revenue should be considered, as the nerves and sinews of Spain, to hold her rivals in check and keep her enemies in awe."



HENRY FIELDING.

BORN 1707.

ENGLAND.

DIED 1754.

HENRY FIELDING.

Henry Fielding may be considered as the true father of the English novel. There were other writers of fiction before him, as there were other poets before Chaucer, but Fielding first showed, by example, the great resources and power of this species of literature.

As a delineator of human nature he has no equal, even being considered superior to Dickens in this respect ; yet there is a coarseness in some of his scenes, and often in his language, that makes a sad drawback to the pleasure of reading him. This objectionable feature is explained, however, by recalling the moral tone of the age in which he lived.

Henry Fielding was born at Sharpham Park, in Somersetshire, England, on the 22d of April, 1707. His education commenced at home, under the direction of Rev. Mr. Oliver, the family chaplain, who is said to have furnished the original of "Parson Trulliber" in *Joseph Andrews*, one of Fielding's best-known novels.

As soon as he had made sufficient progress in his studies, Fielding was sent to Eton, where he numbered among his school companions the famous members of Parliament, Pitt and Fox, Lord Lyttleton and Sir Charles H. Williams. He applied himself diligently to his studies, and from Eton went to the University of Leyden, to study law, but after two years pecuniary supplies suddenly ceased and he was compelled to return to England.

Thus, at the age of twenty, Henry Fielding was cast almost penniless into the vortex of London life. In appearance he was tall, handsome and commanding, with pleasing manners, and a keen relish for the pleasures of society ; live he must, by some means or other, so the young man turned his attention to the drama, for which he showed an aptitude of no common order. At this time the prospects of the English stage were by no means encouraging ; a false and degenerate taste prevailed ; to which a new and young author ran imminent risk of sacrificing the real vigor or originality of whatever genius he might possess.

Fielding's first comedy, *Love in Several Masques*, was produced in 1728, before its author had obtained his majority ; this was favorably received, and from time to time he wrote other plays, twenty-three in all, mostly comedies and farces. But the drama was not the sphere in which Fielding was destined to win renown ; his plays are mostly forgotten, while those charming pictures of life and manner, *Tom Jones* and *Amelia*, have established for him an enduring fame.

In 1735 he married one of the reigning belles of Salisbury, and soon after was admitted to the bar ; unsuccessful as a lawyer, he again turned his attention to literature, and in 1742 his first novel, *Joseph Andrews*, appeared. In 1743 his wife died, and from this blow he never entirely recovered. Her memory seemed ever present to him ; and the beautiful portrait he has given the world in *Amelia*, shows how firmly she sat enthroned in his heart.

In 1749 his great work, *The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling*, appeared. Its success was most decided, and its popularity has never waned. Of this delightful fiction, Sir Walter Scott says : "*The History of Tom Jones* is truth and human nature itself ; and therein lies the inestimable advantage which it possesses over all previous fictions of this particular kind." And Gibbon thus writes : "The romance of *Tom Jones*, that exquisite

picture of humor and manners, will outlive the palace of the Escorial and the Imperial Eagle of Austria."

In 1753 Fielding's health failed, and he went to Lisbon, hoping to be benefited by a warmer climate; here, however, his life ebbed away, and on the 8th of October, 1754, he died, in his forty-eighth year.

Such was the life, and such the principal works of Henry Fielding. As a man he possessed a noble heart, and a nice sense of honor. As a painter of character and manners he remains to this day unrivaled. "He made his books the mirrors of his soul; like it, they partake of the natural defects that pertain to things human, but they are, for all that, healthy, noble, and elevating. The man is seen in his works; and those who have read *Joseph Andrews*, *Tom Jones*, and *Amelia*, will obtain a better idea of Henry Fielding than any biographer could give them."

THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES.

Tom Jones, who, bad as he is, must serve for the hero of this history, had only one friend among all the servants of the family of Mr. Allworthy. This friend was George Seagrim, the gamekeeper, commonly known as "Black George."

Tom became a member of Mr. Allworthy's family in a peculiar way. Mr. Allworthy, who was a widower with no children, and lived in that part of the western division of the kingdom, which is commonly called Somersetshire, had retired to his room one evening, after a full quarter of a year's absence in London, and was preparing to step into bed, when, upon opening the clothes, he beheld an infant wrapped in some coarse linen, in a sweet and profound sleep, between the sheets.

Investigation giving Mr. Allworthy, as he thought, a clue to the mother of the child, one Jenny Jones, who had been a nurse to Miss Bridget, Mr. Allworthy's sister, he decided to keep and bring up the infant thus unexpectedly thrust upon his care.

About this time, Miss Bridget met and married one Captain Blifil; eight months after the celebration of the nuptials was Miss Bridget, by reason of a fright, delivered of a fine boy. Though the birth of an heir, by his beloved sister, was a circumstance of great joy to Mr. Allworthy, yet it did not alienate his affections from the little foundling to whom he had been godfather, given his own name of Thomas, and whom he had hitherto seldom failed of visiting at least once a day in his nursery. He told his sister, if she pleased, the new born infant should be bred up together with little Tommy, to which she consented, though with some little reluctance. Miss Bridget's wedded life was short, for soon after the birth of his child Captain Blifil died of apoplexy.

As the boy, Tom, grew up, it was the universal opinion of all of Mr. Allworthy's family that he was certainly born to be hanged ; indeed, I am sorry to say, there was too much reason for the conjecture ; the lad having, from his earliest years, discovered a propensity to many vices. He had been already convicted of three robberies, viz. : Robbing an orchard, stealing a duck, and picking the pocket of Master Blifil, his companion, and the nephew of Mr. Allworthy. Tom spent most of his time hunting with Black George, and at one time got him into trouble, which resulted in his discharge from Mr. Allworthy's service, and caused his family much misery and suffering. Tom applied to Miss Sophia Western, now in her eighteenth year, the daughter of a neighboring Squire, and the heroine of our tale, in order to engage her interest on the behalf of his friend, the gamekeeper.

Tom's favor with Miss Sophia began when he was very young. He presented her with a little bird, which he had taken from the nest, had nursed up, and taught to sing. Of the bird, Sophia, then about thirteen years old, was very fond. One day, Master Blifil, with misjudged sympathy, cut the string and gave Sophia's bird its liberty. A scream from Sophia brought Tom Jones to the rescue ; he climbed the tree to which the bird flew, but the branch on which it was perched broke with his weight, and the poor lad plumped, over head and ears, into a canal, on whose bank the tree stood ; he escaped unharmed, however, except for a good ducking.

"Small things affect light minds" was a sentiment of a great master of the passion of love, and certain it is, that from this day Sophia began to have some little kindness for Tom Jones, and no little aversion for his companion, Master Blifil. To say the truth, Sophia, when very young, discerned that Tom, though an idle, thoughtless, rattling rascal, was nobody's enemy but his own ; and that Master Blifil, though a prudent, discreet, sober young gentleman, was at the same time, strongly attached to the interest only of one single person, and who that single person was the reader will be able to discern without any assistance of ours.

Tom behaved to Sophia with no particularity, unless perhaps, by showing her a higher respect than he paid to any other ; but as for special design, he had none ; for which we shall at present suffer the reader to condemn him of stupidity, but perhaps we shall be able, indifferently well, to account for it hereafter. Matters were in this situation, when Tom, one afternoon, finding Sophia alone, began, after a short apology, with a very serious face, to acquaint her that he had a favor to ask of her, which he hoped her goodness would comply with. Any false notions which she might have of what was coming were dissipated, when he informed her his request was, to solicit her interest on behalf of the game-keeper, to which she readily assented, and the interview resulted in better times for Black George.

Shortly after the last incident, as Sophia was returning from the chase, her horse fell suddenly to prancing and capering in such a manner that she was in the most imminent danger of falling ; as her horse reared up, she was thrown, and was caught in the arms of Tom Jones, who, seeing her peril, leaped from his own horse, seized hers by the bridle, and secured her safety at the expense of a broken arm.

The generosity of Sophia's temper construed this behavior of Jones into great bravery, and it made a deep impression on her heart ; and, indeed, after much inquiry into the matter, I am inclined to believe, that at this very time, the charming Sophia made no less impression on the heart of Jones. But the truth was, his heart was in the possession of another young woman, none other than Mollie Seagrim, the tall, robust and masculine daughter of the game-keeper. So, though he had many thoughts for Sophia while he was confined to his room by the broken arm, yet his own heart would not suffer him to destroy a human creature, who he thought loved him, and had to that love sacrificed her innocence.

Sophia had, from certain obscure hints thrown out by her aunt, collected some apprehension that the sagacious lady suspected her passion for Jones ; she now resolved to take the opportunity offered by the attendance of Mr. Allworthy and family at a dinner, given by her father, of wiping out all such suspicion, by putting an entire constraint on her behavior, and addressing her whole discourse to Mr. Blifil, and taking not the least notice of Jones, the whole day.

Squire Western was so delighted with this conduct of his daughter, that he scarce ate any dinner, and when the company retired into the garden, took Mr. Allworthy aside, and very bluntly proposed a match between Sophia and young Mr. Blifil. To this Mr. Allworthy replied, that if the young people liked each other, he should be very desirous to complete the affair.

As soon as Mr. Allworthy returned home, he took Mr. Blifil apart and communicated to him the proposal which had been made by Mr. Western. Blifil, after a very short hesitation, answered Mr. Allworthy, that matrimony was a subject on which he had not yet thought ; but that he was so sensible of his fatherly care, that he should in all things submit himself to his pleasure.

Squire Western was so much pleased with Blifil's reply, as contained in a letter from Mr. Allworthy the next morning, that he immediately returned an answer, without having mentioned a word to his daughter, appointing that very afternoon for opening the scene of courtship. When Sophia's aunt announced this to her, the poor girl burst into a flood of tears, and declared her love for Jones ; but too much in her aunt's power to deny her anything

positively, she was obliged to promise that she would see Mr. Blifil and be as civil to him as possible.

When Mr. Blifil and Sophia met, a long silence of near a quarter of an hour ensued. Blifil often attempted to speak, and as often suppressed his words just at the very point of utterance ; at last, out they broke in a torrent of far-fetched and high strained compliments, which were answered on her side by downcast looks, half-bows and civil monosyllables, which Blifil, from his inexperience in the ways of women, and from his conceit of himself, took for a modest assent to his courtship ; and when, to shorten a scene she could no longer support, Sophia rose and left the room, he imputed that too, merely to bashfulness, and saw no bar to his success with her.

Sophia soon met her father, and pleaded with him not to countenance Blifil's attentions to her ; for, said she : " I hate and detest him."

" If you detest un never so much," cried Western, " you shall ha' un." This he bound with an oath too shocking to repeat, and after many violent assertions, concluded in these words :

" I am resolved upon the match, and, unless you consent to it, I will not give you a single farthing ; no, though I saw you expiring with famine in the street, I would not relieve you with a morsel of bread ; this is my fixed resolution, and so, I leave you to consider on it." He then broke away from her, and burst directly out of the room, leaving poor Sophia prostrate on the ground. Unexpectedly meeting Jones, the Squire immediately acquainted him with the whole matter. At first, almost struck dead with this turn of affairs, despair inspired him with more impudence than a human forehead was ever gifted with. He desired leave to go to Sophia, that he might endeavor to obtain her concurrence with her father's inclination.

Considering Mr. Jones' growing passion for Sophia, and her known love for him, together with the fact of a rival in the shape of Mr. Blifil, the gentle reader can imagine the result of their interview, which certainly did not strengthen Mr. Blifil's cause.

Mr. Jones had naturally violent animal spirits ; these being set afloat, and augmented by the spirit of wine, produced some extravagant effects ; for example, on one occasion, Mr. Allworthy's recovery from a severe fever feared to be fatal, so overpowered Jones, that it threw him into such immoderate excess of raptures, that he might be truly said to be drunk with joy ; in fact, he behaved so unseemly, that Mr. Blifil professed to be highly offended, and his attempt to subdue Jones' exuberance of spirit resulted in a drunken scuffle, in which Blifil, as usual, came out second best. This unseemly behavior gave Blifil a good excuse for complaining to Mr. Allworthy (when he found Jones was in his way), and turning that worthy gentleman against him. This, together with a report of Sophia's love for

Jones from the excited father of Sophia, who accused Mr. Allworthy of "breeding up a bastard like a gentleman, and letting un come about to voks' houses and make love to their daughter," resulted in influencing him to disinherit Jones and turn him out of the house.

Thus set adrift in the world, Tom traveled with no purpose for a mile or more, when he stopped under a tree near a brook, and gave himself up to bewailing his unfortunate fate. Here he fell into the most violent agonies; tearing his hair from his head, and using most other actions which generally accompany fits of madness, rage and despair. When he had in this manner vented the first emotions of passion, he began to come a little to himself; then his thoughts turned to Sophia, and his duty under the circumstances, and he determined to write her a letter, for which purpose he repaired to a house near by. In this letter he begged her to forget him, and learn to scorn him for a presumption, which can never be too severely punished. Sophia's reply to this Jones read a hundred times, and kissed it a hundred times as often; yet, on cool reflection, he plainly perceived that his case was neither mended nor altered by Sophia's billet, unless to give him some glimpse of hope, when she said: "Believe this, that nothing but the last violence shall ever give my hand or heart where you would be sorry to see them bestowed."

Having made up his mind in regard to Sophia, his second consideration was what course of life to pursue. At last, the ocean, that hospitable friend to the wretched, opened her capacious arms to receive him, and he instantly resolved to go to Bristol to enlist. On his way thither, he fell in with a company of soldiers, and at a banquet, proposed a toast to Sophia, and their mistaking her for another Sophia, a disreputable woman of Bath, resulted in a fracas, and Jones was laid out, with a bad wound in his head. He was attended by one, little Benjamin, who combined the tonsorial art with that of an old style surgeon, who revealed himself to Jones as: "that Mr. Partidge who had the honor of being your reputed father, and the misfortune to be ruined by that honor—but," he added "here I absolve you from all filial duty, for I do assure you, you are no son of mine. But, though it is natural enough for men to hate even the innocent cause of their sufferings, yet I have loved you ever since I heard of your behavior to Black George, and I am convinced from this extraordinary meeting that you are born to make me amends for all I have suffered on that account; for I desire nothing more than leave to attend you on this expedition." This Jones granted, and they traveled on to Gloucester together. Leaving Gloucester one evening, they journeyed to the foot of Mazard Hill, where they sought shelter in a cottage, to which they were guided by a light glimmering through the trees. They secured admission, after knocking several times

by offering to an old woman, who appeared at the upper casement, a bribe of half a crown.

After they had warmed themselves, she begged them to leave before her master returned ; who, she said, was " a strange man, not at all like other people, and would be terribly angry if he found you here." Partridge was anxious to go, but Jones delayed, and to a good purpose ; for a noise without, with cries of " d——n your blood," " show us your money this instant," " your money, you villain ! or we will blow your brains about your ears ! " gave Jones a chance to prove himself a hero, by rushing out, an old broadsword in his hand, and rescuing the Man of the Hill from his assailants. This Man of the Hill was a person of the tallest size, with a long beard, as white as snow ; his body clothed with the skin of an ass. He wore likewise boots on his legs, and a cap on his head, both composed of the skin of some other animals.

Jones and Partridge remained all night at the cottage, being entertained by the Man of the Hill with the story of his life. As the day began to dawn, Jones walked forth, in company with the stranger, and mounted the hill, of which they had no sooner gained the summit, than one of the most noble prospects in the world presented itself to their view. Jones was not allowed long to contemplate its beauties, however, for the most violent screams of a woman were heard proceeding from the wood below them. Jones made directly to the thicket whence the sound had issued, and here he beheld a most shocking sight indeed ; a woman stripped, half-naked, under the hands of a ruffian, who had put his garter around her neck and was endeavoring to drag her up to a tree. Jones asked no questions at this interval, but fell instantly upon the villain and made such good use of his trusty oaken stick that he laid him sprawling on the ground. The woman he led away to a place of safety, and afterward conducted her to Upton, the nearest town, where, with his companion, who gave her name as Mrs. Waters, he put up at an inn for the night.

Leaving our hero at Upton we will return to a consideration of the fair Sophia. Squire Western and Mrs. Western, Sophia's aunt, were determined to hurry up affairs in the matter of Blifil's courtship, and promised him he could have Sophia to wife the following day. Blifil, moved by jealousy of Jones, and the prospect of the estate of Mr. Western, expressed satisfaction, though, to say the truth, he was by no means satisfied. Still the scheme would probably have been carried out had not Sophia prevented it, and taken measures to put a final end to the whole treaty, by running away that same night in company with her maid, Mrs. Honour.

Late that evening they arrived at the inn at Upton. Sophia had on her riding habit, and was so very richly laced that, as they entered, Partridge and

the post-boy instantly started from their chairs, struck with the utmost awe and astonishment at the splendor of the lady's dress. Sophia at once retired to her room, and her maid to the kitchen, where, of course, she hears of Tom Jones being in the house, and of intimate relations existing between him and Mrs. Waters; all of which she rehearses later to Sophia, who causes the matter to be investigated, and, finding it too true, her first delight at the thought of Jones' presence turns to indignation, and, taking her muff, which had certain pleasant associations, and had been her constant companion since Jones left Somersetshire, she pinned her name to it, bribed the maid to carry it to Mr. Jones' room, and, mounting her horse, continued her journey. Meeting with but few adventures, Sophia arrived at London, where she repaired directly to Lady Bellaston's, and found a hearty, as well as a most polite welcome. Lady Bellaston was no sooner acquainted with the reasons which induced Sophia to leave the Squire and fly to London, than she highly applauded her sense and resolution and promised her all the protection which it was in her power to give.

As we have now brought Sophia into safe hands, the reader will, I apprehend, be contented to deposit her there a while, and to look a little after poor Jones. His behavior next morning on discovering the muff in his bed, his thoughts, his looks, his words, his actions were such as beggar all description. After many bitter execrations on Partridge, and not fewer on himself, he hastened down stairs, to hire him horses and set out in pursuit of Sophia. Rushing into the kitchen with Sophia's muff in his hands, he was greeted by Mr. Western, who had just arrived, in hot pursuit of his daughter. Western immediately ran up and laid hold on Jones, crying out: "We have got the dog-fox, I warrant the bitch is not far off!" The jargon which followed for some minutes, as it would be very difficult to describe, so it would be no less unpleasant to read.

When Squire Western heard that Sophia had departed, he gave every one present a hearty curse, and immediately, ordering his horses, took his leave, but, falling in with another Squire on the road, he joined in a hunt, then a dinner, and at his cups that evening was persuaded to return home, after sending some of his retinue in quest of his daughter.

Soon after Squire Western's departure, Jones and Partridge started out by the same road, on foot, as they were unable to procure horses. A day and a night were they on the road before Jones could gain any trace of Sophia, when they chanced to meet a boy who conducted them to an inn where Sophia had stopped, and there they gained information which caused them to push on to London.

Jones was so eager in his pursuit, as to call forth from Partridge the remark: "Certainly, sir, if ever man deserved a young lady, you deserve

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Madame Western ; for what a vast quantity of love must a man have, to be able to live upon it without any other food, as you do."

"And a very rich diet too, Partridge," answered Jones.

Arrived at London, they put up at the Bull and Gate Inn, and early the next morning Jones again sets forth in pursuit of Sophia, and many a weary step he took to no purpose. The first he heard of her whereabouts was at a masquerade, where he met the Lady Bellaston, who promised that she would endeavor to find out Sophia, and, in a few days, bring him to an interview with her, on condition that he would then take his leave of her. But Jones found, after repeated interviews with Lady Bellaston, there was no likelihood of obtaining this by her means ; for, on the contrary, the lady began to treat even the mention of the name of Sophia with resentment.

Invited one evening to Lady Bellaston's house, he was in the drawing room, awaiting her coming, when, to his great surprise, in walked Sophia ; expecting to find no one in the room, she came hastily in, and went directly to a glass, which almost fronted her, without once looking toward the upper end of the room where the statue of Jones now stood motionless. In this glass it was, after contemplating her own lovely face, that she first discovered the said statue, when, instantly turning about, she gave a violent scream, and scarce preserved herself from fainting, till Jones was able to move to her, and support her in his arms.

To paint the looks or thoughts of either of these lovers is beyond my power ; as their sensation, from their mutual silence, may be judged to have been too big for their own utterance, it cannot be supposed that I should be able to express them. We can, however, catch some of their conversation ; we hear Sophia say :

"Sure, sir, after what is passed — you cannot expect, after what I have heard" (Then Jones)

" . . . I scarce know what I say If, if, any remembrance of me should intrude to give a moment's uneasiness to that tender bosom, think of my unworthiness, and let the remembrance of what passed at Upton blot me forever from your mind."

Sophia stood trembling all this while ; her face was whiter than snow, and her heart was throbbing through her stays.

" . . . If I thought it worth while to accuse you," she replied, "I have a charge of an unpardonable nature, indeed." "Could I have expected such treatment from you?" "To have my name traduced in public, in inns ; nay, even to hear that I had been forced to fly from my love !"

Expecting to hear of his amour with Lady Bellaston, nothing could equal Jones' surprise at these words of Sophia, but yet, not being guilty,

he was much less embarrassed how to defend himself, than if she had touched that tender string, at which his conscience had been alarmed.

He had no difficulty to make her believe he was entirely innocent of an offence so foreign to his character, and before they were aware, they had both gone so far, that he let fall some words that sounded like a proposal of marriage, and she had said, that ruin with him would be more welcome to her than the most affluent fortune with another man. At this time they were interrupted by the arrival of Lady Bellaston, but, before leaving, Jones gained permission to visit Sophia again.

It would be a strange thing, if so lovely a young lady as Sophia, did not attract many to worship at the shrine of her beauty ; so our readers will not be surprised to hear of Lord Fellamar, who had formed her acquaintance since she came to London, and had made himself obnoxious to her by his addresses. On one occasion, he had just declared and tried to force his love upon her, when an unexpected deliverance came. At a critical moment, the whole house rang with :

"Where is she?" "D——n me, I'll unkennel her this instant!" "Show me her chamber, I say!" "Where is my daughter? I know she's in the house, and I'll see her if she's above ground ; show me where she is!" At which last words the door flew open, and in came Squire Western, with his parson and a set of myrmidons at his heels. How miserable must have been the condition of poor Sophia, when the enraged voice of her father was welcome to her ears ! Welcome indeed it was, and luckily did he come, for it was the only accident upon earth which could have preserved the peace of her mind from being forever destroyed, and she was easily persuaded to be taken away by her father from Lady Bellaston's to his lodgings in Piccadilly.

Once there, her father pressed her vehemently to give her consent to marry Blifil, who, as he acquainted her, was to be in town in a few days. But instead of complying, she gave a more peremptory and resolute refusal than she had ever done before. This so incensed her father that, after many bitter vows that he would force her to have him whether she would or no, he departed from her with many hard words and curses, locked the door and put the key in his pocket.

Her imprisonment lasted until the arrival of her aunt, Mrs. Western, a few days afterwards, and its monotony was only broken by the reading of a letter from Jones, which Black George smuggled in to her, hid in a roasted pullet ; but this she could not answer, for lack of pen and ink, till she was released, at the intercession of her aunt. She then wrote Jones, asking him to refrain from any more correspondence, as she had promised her aunt not to see or converse with any person without her knowledge and consent, and

closing with the words : " Fortune may, perhaps, be some time kinder to us both than at present ; believe this : that I shall always think of you as I think you deserve ; and am, sir, your obliged servant, Sophia Western."

As the love which Blifil had for Sophia was of that violent kind which nothing but the loss of her fortune, or some other such accident, could lessen, his inclination to the match was not at all altered by her having run away ; hence, hearing of Sophia's whereabouts in London, he repaired thither, and was ushered unceremoniously into her presence by Squire Western, while she was listening to a lecture on prudence and matrimonial politics from her aunt. Sophia no sooner saw Blifil, than she turned pale, and almost lost the use of her faculties, and at a word from her aunt, hastily withdrew. Her aunt, on the contrary, waxed red, and having all her faculties at command, began to exert her tongue on the Squire.

" Brother," said she, " I am astonished at your behavior." " Will you never learn any regard for decorum ? Had you suffered Mr. Blifil to have sent his compliments to my niece, and to have desired the favor of waiting on her in the afternoon, I should possibly have prevailed upon her to have seen him ; but now, I despair of bringing about any such matter. At present, Mr. Blifil, as well as you, must excuse me, as I am in haste to dress," and thus ended the interview.

Before Jones had an opportunity of again visiting Sophia, he became engaged in an affair of honor with a certain Mr. Fitzpatrick, who accused him of improper intimacy with his wife. The duel resulted in Fitzpatrick's being severely wounded, and Jones imprisonment. Blifil, seeing his opportunity, employed Mr. Dowling, Mr. Allworthy's lawyer, to make out a case against Jones, representing that Mr. Allworthy was very desirous of having the villain brought to justice, though it was not proper for him to appear in it. This was unsuspected by Mr. Allworthy, who, to tell the truth, was beginning to relent towards his adopted son, having learned from several sources of his kindness to others. He also discovered, from a letter written by Mr. Square, who was an inmate of Mr. Allworthy's family at the time he was so very ill, that Tom Jones was the only one in the house that, when Mr. Allworthy lay on his supposed death-bed, testified any *real* concern, and what happened afterwards, arose from the wildness of his joy, and from the baseness of another person.

And now occurred some surprising discoveries, in which Mr. Allworthy was undeceived and Blifil's villainy exposed. Perhaps the greatest surprise to Mr. Allworthy was the fact, now first made known to him, of the real parentage of Tom Jones. The disclosure was made by Mrs. Jenny Waters, who said :

" I acknowledge to have been guilty of a cruel neglect, in not having discovered it to you before ; indeed, I little knew how necessary it was.

These hands conveyed the infant to your bed ; conveyed it thither at the command of its mother ; at her command I afterwards owned it, and thought myself, by her generosity, nobly rewarded, both for my secrecy and my shame."

"Who could this woman be ?" said Allworthy.

"Indeed, I tremble to name her," answered Mrs. Waters.

"By all this preparation, I am to guess that she was a relation of mine," cried he.

"Indeed, she was a near one," at which Allworthy started, and she continued : "You had a sister, sir."

"A sister !" repeated he, looking aghast.

"As there is truth in Heaven," cries she, "your sister was the mother of that child you found between your sheets."

"Can it be possible ?" cries he. "Good Heavens ? Well, the Lord disposes all things. Yet, sure, it was a most unjustifiable conduct in my sister to carry this secret with her out of the world."

"I promise you, sir," said Mrs. Waters, "she always professed a contrary intention. Oh, sir, had that lady lived to have seen this poor young man turned like a vagabond from your house ; nay, sir, could she have lived to hear that you had yourself employed Mr. Dowling to prosecute him for a murder of which he was not guilty — forgive me, Mr. Allworthy, I must say it was unkind."

Mr. Allworthy's surprise at hearing this latter reproach was increased when he heard from Mr. Dowling's own lips the misrepresentation and villany of Blifil, and even more ; that Blifil had destroyed a letter his mother wrote to Mr. Allworthy on her death-bed and delivered to Mr. Dowling, with these words : "Tell my brother, Mr. Jones is his nephew — he is my son." Allworthy stood a minute silent, lifting up his eyes ; and then, turning to Dowling, said :

"How came you, sir, not to deliver this message ?"

"Your Worship," answered he, "must remember that you were, at that time, ill in bed, and I delivered the letter and message to Mr. Blifil, who afterwards told me never to speak of it, for you did intend to conceal it from the world."

Allworthy then called to a servant to fetch him a chair, as he was obliged to go out on some business of consequence. Mr. Blifil, hearing the chair ordered, came down stairs to attend upon his uncle ; for he never was deficient in such acts of duty. He asked his uncle if he was going out, to which Allworthy made no answer, till he was just going into his chair ; and then, turning about, he said :

"Harkee, sir, do you find out before my return, the letter which your mother sent me on her death-bed."

Allworthy then departed, and left Blifil in a situation to be envied, only by a man who is just going to be hanged.

Mr. Allworthy proceeded directly to Mr. Western's, where, after a visit with Sophia, he acquainted that gentleman with the whole discovery which he had made concerning Jones, and with his anger with Blifil.

Men, over-violent in their dispositions, are, for the most part, as changeable in them. No sooner then, was Mr. Western informed of Mr. Allworthy's intention to make Jones his heir, than he joined heartily with the uncle, in every commendation of the nephew, and became as eager for Sophia's marriage with Jones, as he had before been to couple her to Blifil. Here, Mr. Allworthy was forced to interpose, and to relate what had passed between him and Sophia previously, and the declaration she had made of her purpose not to marry Jones, though she would give Mr. Allworthy no reason for her decision.

Mr. Jones, having been set free from prison through the intervention of two noble lords, and knowing of Mr. Allworthy's change of feeling, returned home, where occurred an affecting meeting between him and his uncle.

His next meeting with Sophia was at a tea given by Squire Western to Mr. Allworthy and Jones. The tea-table was scarce removed, before Western lugged Allworthy out of the room, and left the lovers alone. It will, I question not, appear strange to many readers, that those who had so much to say to one another when danger and difficulty attended their conversation, and who seemed so eager to rush into each other's arms when so many bars lay in their way, now that with safety, they were at liberty to say or do whatever they pleased, should both sit for some time silent and motionless, with their eyes cast downward on the ground. Mr. Jones, during this interval, attempted once or twice to speak, but was absolutely incapable ; muttering only, or rather sighing out, some broken words ; when Sophia, at length, partly out of pity to him, and partly to turn the discourse from the subject which she knew well enough he was endeavoring to open, said :

"Sure, sir, you are the most fortunate man in the world in this discovery."

"And can you really, madam, think me so fortunate," said Jones, sighing, "while I have incurred your displeasure?" and in very earnest words he declared his sincere repentance of all his misdeeds.

"You must expect," replied Sophia, "if I can be prevailed upon to pardon you, I will at least insist on the strongest proofs of your sincerity. Time, time alone, Mr. Jones, can convince me that you are a true penitent ; let it then be the business of some part of your life to show me you deserve it ; and when I see you merit my confidence, you will obtain it."

"Oh, my angel," cries Jones. "How shall I thank thy goodness? I will be all obedience to your commands ; yet let me entreat you to appoint

a short trial. Oh, tell me when I may expect you will be convinced of what is most solemnly true?"

"A twelvemonth, perhaps," she said.

"Oh, my Sophia," cries he; "you have named an eternity."

"Perhaps it may be something sooner," says she; "I will not be teased."

Further pleading was prevented by Squire Western, who, having stood some time listening, burst into the room, and in reply to Sophia's "What would my papa have me do?" said, "Why, gi' un thy hand this moment."

Will our readers think it strange that Sophia answered: "Well, sir, I will obey you. There is my hand, Mr. Jones!"

Thus, reader, we have at length brought our history to a conclusion, in which, to our great pleasure, though contrary, perhaps, to thy expectation, Mr. Jones appears to be the happiest of all human kind; for what happiness this world affords equal to the possession of such a woman as Sophia, I sincerely own I have never discovered.

As to Blifil, Allworthy has never yet been prevailed upon to see him, but has settled £200 a year upon him, to which Jones has privately added a third, and upon this income he lives in one of the northern counties.

Jones and Sophia were quietly married, and retired to Squire Western's country seat, where they settled down to a happy wedded life.

Whatever in the nature of Jones had a tendency to vice has been corrected by a continual conversation with Mr. Allworthy, and by his union with the lovely and virtuous Sophia, and there is not a neighbor, a tenant, or a servant who does not bless the day when they were married.



FRANCOIS MARIE AROUET DE VOLTAIRE.

BORN 1694.

FRANCE.

DIED 1778.

FRANCOIS MARIE AROUET DE VOLTAIRE.

Francois Marie Arouet was born in Paris, November 21, 1694. His father was a notary, possessed of a large income and of very many powerful friends, and the boy was reared in affluence, and surrounded from infancy by refining and elevating influences. Among the intimate friends of the family was the god-father of the young Francois, the Abbe de Chateauneuf, who took great interest in him from his very birth. He lost his mother when but seven years of age; his father gave very little attention to Francois, his youngest son, and the Abbe was the boy's first instructor.

At the age of ten, Francois was sent to the Jesuit College Louis Le Grand, where he remained seven years. His principal studies were the Greek and Roman classics and church history, or, as he himself expressed it later in life, he learned Latin and nonsense. He wrote verses with great facility almost from infancy, and this natural talent was fully developed by his school training. At seventeen, on leaving school, he told his father that he desired no profession except literature, but yielded so far to his father's wishes as to attend law lectures, and to enter upon a course of lessons in geometry and metaphysics.

At this time he was very much petted and admired by the gay people of the Court, who delighted in his wit, and his lively verses. But while giving his nights and days to fashion and light literature, his progress towards the legal profession was quite slow, and his father sent him to reside for a time, and to study with a retired judge, the Marquis de Saint Ange. Here the young poet learned a little law, but a great deal of more recent French history, and from the venerable Marquis he gathered the facts, which, wrought into his active brain, resulted in his epic poem of the *Henriade*, published nearly ten years later. When he returned to Paris, he resumed his former life of gaiety, and was looked upon as a brilliant and somewhat dangerous young man. In May, 1716, he was banished by the Regent, the Duke of Orleans, to Sully, a small village about one hundred miles from Paris. He was accused, and undoubtedly with justice, of writing satirical verses against the Regent. Many of the epigrams which were constantly circulating in Paris were probably his work. One was certainly his. For economy's sake, the Regent had reduced the number of horses in the royal stables one half, and the couplet intimates that the reduction by one half of the number of asses which had surrounded his late majesty was very desirable.

After a few months of exile he was permitted to return, and in 1717, his tragedy of *Edipe* was accepted at the theatre, but before its production its author was again in trouble, being accused, falsely in this case, of libelling the Regent, and was sent to the Bastille. Here he remained eleven months. His time was fully and profitably occupied with study, and in writing the *Henriade*. On his release he assumed, as his own, the name of an ancestor of his mother, calling himself henceforward Arouet Voltaire. *Edipe* was produced November 18, 1718, and met with the enthusiastic approval of the public, being performed forty-five successive nights. The next year more libels on the Regent were circulated, and again Voltaire, innocent, but suspected, was required to leave Paris for some months

which he spent at the chateau of a friend, the Duke de Villars. While thus absent, the famous inflation scheme of John Law collapsed, causing almost universal bankruptcy throughout France. To Voltaire, so far aloof from the excitement, it seemed a great mystery. He wrote to a friend, "Is it a reality? Is it a chimera? Has half the nation found the philosopher's stone in paper mills?"

In 1724 the *Henriade* was at last in print, and was most cordially greeted both in France, and throughout Europe. This poem is much in the manner of the *Æneid* of Virgil, the subject being the romantic career of Henry of Navarre (King Henry IV.). It gave an opportunity to the author, to handle freely the religious and military contests of that age. Both the character and life of Henry would naturally adapt themselves to poetry, and in the *Henriade*, this brave, reckless, magnetic Prince stands before the world, a perfect type of the true Frenchman.

In 1726 Voltaire was once more arrested; this time for attempting to fight a duel, confined fifteen days in the Bastille, and then released on condition of his immediate departure for England, where he was given a smiling welcome. He was soon on terms of intimacy with many of the leading people of that country; among others, Lord Bolingbroke, the aged Duchess of Marlborough, Sir Robert Walpole, Pope, Swift, Congreve, Thomson, and Edward Young. An epigram of the latter addressed to Voltaire has been often quoted. In a conversation upon *Paradise Lost*, the critical Frenchman objected to the personification of Sin and Death, and Young replied:

"You are so witty, profligate and thin
At once we think you Milton, Death and Sin."

During his stay in England, prolonged for over three years, he published in London, by subscription, an edition of the *Henriade*, and prepared his letters upon England, a work, which, when published, produced great effect upon the minds of the French, revealing to them much that had never been understood before, inciting in very many a desire for free government as it existed across the channel, and doubtless awakened in thoughtful minds, ideas which bore fruit many years after in the French Revolution.

Returned to France, he commenced his *La Pucelle*, the longest of his poetical works, full of brilliancy, the irreverence and the bitterness so characteristic of him. The *History of Charles XII. of Sweden*, was published in Paris in 1731, and during the next two years several tragedies and poems of various degrees of merit saw the light. In August, 1732, his most celebrated tragedy of *Zaïre* was produced on the Parisian stage; its theme, the mutual love of the Soudan, a Mahometan ruler in Jerusalem in the time of the Crusades, and Zaïre, a Christian captive, ignorant of her faith and country. Just on the eve of marriage with her Saracenic lover, she meets her father and her brother, and is distracted by the rival claims of religion, family and pride of race on one side, and the deep and tender love of her own heart, and a fiery, jealous love on the other. The Soudan mistakes the brother for a clandestine lover, kills her, and, discovering his error, kills himself. *Zaïre* even yet retains its popularity, and is frequently played both in France and England. At this time, in the midst of his literary labors, he was largely engaged in commerce, importing grain and various products into France, and in 1733, he, in connection with some others, entered into a contract for feeding the French army. His share of the profits in two or three years amounted to 600,000 francs. His writings during these years was as voluminous as ever, and he wrote a poem glorifying the Italian campaign of 1734, for which campaign he furnished supplies, and thus as has been wittily said, "The same hand supplied the army with biscuit and laurel."

In May, 1746, he was unanimously elected a member of the French Academy, and was thenceforth one of the Forty Immortals. So great was his fame at that time, that it was scarcely regarded as an honor, and excited but little comment except among the enemies that his vitriolic pen and tongue had made throughout Europe.

In August, 1736, Frederick, the Prince Royal of Prussia, commenced with Voltaire a correspondence which lasted for forty-two years. Frederick was then twenty-four years of age, married, living in peace and dignity, having some slight army duties, but devoting most of his time to reading Voltaire, and writing French verses. His first letter to Voltaire was full of the most intense admiration for the great poet, whose writings had been the inspiration of his life. The correspondence was a very animated one from the first. To the author it seemed to be a golden opportunity to advise and instruct the future ruler of a great kingdom in his duties, and his philosophical disquisitions were received by his disciple, as the product of true wisdom.

For a number of years Frederick had desired that Voltaire should take up his abode in Prussia, as his guest and friend, and in 1750, Frederick, now King, was able to welcome his mentor to his royal palace at Potsdam. He loaded down his distinguished guest with favors and pensions, and Voltaire at first was enchanted. Frederick believed himself a poet, and was delighted that the man whom he regarded as the greatest poet of the age should condescend to correct and criticise his poems, while Frederick, in turn, wrote comments upon Voltaire's works. Mutual admiration kept the friendship warm for a time, but a coolness soon followed. Both were very fond of money, Frederick was husbanding his resources, in order to increase the numbers and efficiency of his army. Voltaire was envied by other men of letters, who were favorably entertained at Court, and he, in turn, became jealous of them, and of the attention bestowed upon them by the King; his health became delicate, and in three years the monarch and the genius were willing to separate, and Voltaire took up his abode first at Geneva, Switzerland, and afterwards at Ferney, a magnificent estate in Burgundy, near Lake Lemman. Here, at the age of sixty-five, he seemed to commence a new career. He adopted as the motto of his remaining years, the words *Ecrasez L'Injame*; in English, "Crush the Monster." He meant by the Monster, *Religion claiming supernatural authority and enforcing that claim by pains and penalties*. It is impossible to give here his views as they are so fully expressed and so often repeated in his almost innumerable writings. All of these works oppose oppression, intolerance and bigotry, and his hatred of those whom he regarded as the active instruments of persecution for opinion's sake was fully reciprocated by the ecclesiastics who suffered under his virulent attacks.

In 1778, just at the time of the proclamation of the alliance between France and the United States, after twenty-eight years of exile, Voltaire visited Paris. His welcome was most enthusiastic; all that was great and honored in literature or art offered their homage. One witty lady wrote: "He saw yesterday more than three hundred people. All Parnassus was there from the mire to the summit." He brought with him a new tragedy, *Irene*, the child of his old age, and personally superintended its preparation for the stage.

For three months he lived in the midst of the most intense excitement, breathing constantly the incense offered by innumerable worshipers; but, before any subsidence of the flood tide of adulation, he was attacked with violent hemorrhage, and on May 30, 1778, his marvelous mind fled from its earthly habitation forever.

The tale of *Zadig* which follows, is full of the bitterest satire leveled at certain officials and others in France, and at the abuses sanctioned by the government and church ecclesiastics. It is one of a number of stories written in the same manner and with the same purpose. It possesses all the characteristics of the brilliant author.

ZADIG, AN ORIENTAL HISTORY.

In the reign of the King Moabdar there lived at Babylon a young man of good natural disposition, improved by an excellent education, named Zadig. He was very modest, and though witty, he never ridiculed those possessed of less learning than himself, for the precepts of Zoroaster had taught him that self-love is a foot ball swelled with wind. He sought the society and instruction of the wise, and paid great deference to what he heard them say. For example, he believed that the sun was in the centre of the world, but when the magi told him that such opinions were heretical and revolutionary in their tendency, he held his peace with great meekness. Being wealthy, and consequently possessed of many friends, of a handsome person, of good intellect, and a noble heart, he expected much happiness in life. He hoped to marry Sémira, a young lady of great beauty and high rank. As the marriage day drew nigh, the loving pair were one day walking under the palm trees on the banks of the river Euphrates, when they were met by a party of armed men, the attendants of young Orcan, the Minister's nephew, who had been flattered into the belief that his accomplishments, aided by his uncle's influence, would secure him anything he desired. He fancied himself in love with Sémira, and had resolved to carry her off. His servants seized her, and having by their violence wounded her, she cried out. "My dear husband, they tear me from the man I adore." Zadig fought very bravely, and with the help of two slaves beat off the ruffians, and carried home the bleeding and insensible Sémira. As soon as she recovered consciousness, and beheld Zadig, she told him in the most tender and loving words, her gratitude to, and her affection for her brave preserver. Her wound was soon healed, but an arrow had struck Zadig near his left eye, and an abscess formed, causing great fear that he would lose the sight of one eye. Sémira was in despair. She wearied Heaven with her prayers for her lover, and waited with intense anxiety the arrival of the great physician Hermes, who had been sent for from Memphis. When the great man came, his decision was immediate and final, that the patient must lose his eye. "Had it been the right eye, I could have cured it; but the wounds of the left eye are incurable." All Babylon marveled at the profound learning of Hermes, and lamented the fate of Zadig.

Two days after his departure, the abscess broke of its own accord, and the eye was cured. Hermes wrote a book proving that the cure ought not to have taken place. As soon as Zadig was able to go abroad, he went to visit his loved one, but learned, that having an unconquerable aversion to

one-eyed men, she had bestowed her hand upon the minister's nephew Orcan. Zadig fainted at the news, and was for a long time ill. On recovery, he resolved to avoid women educated at court, and soon married the daughter of a prominent citizen.

For three months he lived in great happiness with his wife Azora, although he fancied she was disposed to admire many of the excellent young men of her acquaintance. This, however, was a trifle, and when she told him, with virtuous indignation, the story of the young widow Cofrou, he felt very sure of her fidelity to him. The story ran thus : " The widow vowed to remain widowed, so long as the rivulet which flowed near her husband's tomb should continue to run, and when I saw her she was turning the course of the rivulet."

Soon after, Azora went into the country for a short visit, and on her return was informed by the weeping servants that their master had died suddenly the night before, and that his corpse had just been laid in the tomb of his ancestors at the end of the garden. Azora wept, tore her hair, and was inconsolable through the day. At evening, Cadour, a friend and confidant of Zadig, called upon her to mingle his tears with hers. Next day he called again. They wept less and dined together. Cadour told her he was heir to Zadig's estate, and asked her to share it with him as his wife. Azora, at first, was very angry, but soon became calm. She still sighed and wept, but talked more freely with Cadour, admitting that he seemed free from many of those traits which in her late husband had caused her unhappiness. During supper Cadour complained of severe pain in his side, and to the lady's anxious enquiries, reluctantly said there was one sovereign remedy for the pain, viz., to apply to his side the nose of a man who is lately dead. The lady very promptly took a razor, went to her husband's tomb, found his body recumbent at first, but immediately he rose to his feet, holding his nose in one hand, and putting back the razor with the other. " Madam," said he, " don't exclaim so violently against young Cofrou : the project of cutting off my nose is as bad as turning the course of the rivulet."

Some time after Zadig was obliged to repudiate Azora, who became too difficult to please, and he then sought happiness in the study of nature. " No man," said he, " can be happier than he who studies the great book of nature, which God has placed before our eyes. He nourishes and exalts his soul, he lives in peace, and his tender spouse will not come to cut off his nose." He retired to a country house on the banks of the Euphrates, and gave himself up to the minute, careful study of plants and animals.

One day, while walking in a wood, he was met by several men, one of whom accosted him thus : " Young man, have you seen the Queen's dog ? " Zadig, in reply, gave a full description of the dog, adding, " No ; I have not

seen her." The same day a valuable horse had escaped from the King's stable, and the huntsmen, in their pursuit, met Zadig, and asked him if he had seen the King's horse. Zadig described the missing animal with perfect accuracy, adding that he had not seen him. He was taken before the judges, charged with stealing both animals. The judges found him guilty, and sentenced him to spend the remainder of his days in Siberia. As soon as the sentence was announced word came that the dog and horse were found, and the judges reversed their decision, but ordered Zadig to pay four hundred ounces of gold for having said he had not seen what he had seen. This fine he was compelled to pay, and after doing so, he addressed the judges as "Ye Stars of justice, Abysses of science, Mirrors of truth," and explained how he was enabled by marks upon the sand, by leaves which had fallen from the trees, etc., to know the peculiarities of both horse and dog.

His acute and profound discernment of nature caused great admiration among the judges, and coming to the ears of the King, he ordered his officers to restore the four hundred ounces of gold, and with great ceremony the money was returned, the officers retaining only three hundred and ninety-eight ounces to defray the expenses of justice.

By this experience, Zadig learned the danger of appearing too knowing. Soon after a prisoner of State made his escape, and, in doing so, passed the windows of Zadig's house. Zadig was questioned, and made no answer. It was proved that he saw the escaping prisoner, and he was fined five hundred ounces of gold, and, according to custom, he thanked the judges for their forbearance. His reflections on the incidents were very sorrowful. "What a misfortune it is to walk through a wood where the Queen's dog or a King's horse had passed! How dangerous to look out of a window, and how difficult to be happy in this life!" Another trouble came upon him soon after. A controversy raged in Babylon as to whether there was such an animal as a griffin. One party said: "Why should Zoroaster forbid the eating of griffins if there are no griffins?" Zadig endeavored to reconcile the conflicting sects by saying, "If there are any griffins, let us not eat them; if there are none, we shall still less eat them, and in either case we shall obey Zoroaster." This was regarded as heresy, and a learned person, who had written thirteen volumes on the properties of the griffin, accused Zadig, before Yebor, the most stupid of the Chaldeans, and therefor the most fanatical, who was on the verge of ordering the presumptuous young logician to be impaled, when a friend ventured to defend him. "Beware of punishing Zadig," he cried, "he is a saint. He has some griffins in his poultry yard, and yet does not eat them. His accuser is a heretic who dares maintain that rabbits have cloven feet, and are not unclean."

"Very well," said Yebor, "Zadig must be impaled for having thought ill of griffins, and his accuser for having heretical opinions of rabbits."

The matter was finally arranged through the interposition of a "maid of honor," and no one was impaled.

Zadig then resolved to abstain from political and religious controversy, and to comfort himself by philosophy and friendship. He lived in an elegant house in a suburb of Babylon, drawing to him by his refined hospitality the most worthy men and most beautiful women of that great city. His suppers and his musical entertainments caused his house to be known as the centre of polite society.

Opposite to him there lived a certain Arimazes, a man whose deformed countenance was but a faint picture of his deformed mind. Though rich, he found very few friends, and the gaiety of Zadig's mansion excited many bitter feelings in his mind. He sometimes, uninvited, visited Zadig's house, and spoiled all the pleasure of the company by his sour looks and surly way. He acquired in Babylon the name of *The Envious*, while Zadig was called *The Happy*.

This unhappy man, by chance, found in Zadig's garden one half of a verse of poetry, written by Zadig in praise of the King. But the half which came into possession of the envious man, appeared to be a severe denunciation of his majesty. For the first time in his life Arimazes was happy. He sent the verses to the King, by whose order Zadig was tried and sentenced to be executed. His friends felt, but dared not express their great sorrow, while his relatives were inconsolable, for three-fourths of his estate was to go into the King's treasury and one-fourth to *The Envious*. Just as Zadig was preparing for death, the King's parrot laid upon the King's knee the paper containing the second half of Zadig's unfortunate poem. The King hastily fitted the two pieces together, read the lines of compliment, and Zadig was quickly released, brought before the King and Queen and honored with a most cordial reception. The Queen was especially friendly and Zadig finally returned the friendliness. His wisdom and wit gave great pleasure to the King, and ere long, Zadig was appointed first minister of the realm. His appointment gave great delight to the ladies of Babylon, and great vexation to the courtiers, while the envious man was made quite ill from jealousy. His career as a minister was marked by great wisdom, justice and integrity. In administering justice, his principal aim was to find out the truth which all men seek to obscure.

In the midst of his successful administration the envious man again appears, and by an absurd tale inspires the King with jealousy of Zadig and the beautiful Queen Astarte. With true Oriental promptness of action, the King gave orders for the instant execution of the Queen and Zadig. The

latter was saved by his faithful friend Cador, who mounted him upon a swift dromedary and set him upon the road to Egypt. In that land he had the misfortune to kill a man, and was sold as a slave to an Arabian merchant named Setoc, who regarded Zadig, at first, as a beast of burden, but gradually found that his slave was possessed of great knowledge and prudence, and he soon made him his companion and adviser, and finally his intimate friend.

It was the custom at that time in Arabia for widows to throw themselves alive upon the funeral piles of their husbands. Zadig was shocked by this barbarous usage, and learning that Almona, a woman of Setoc's tribe, was about to immolate herself thus, he protested, insisting that reason was more respectable than ancient abuses, and waited on the young widow, endeavoring to convince her that life should be sought rather than death. His eloquence was so effective that the lady not only abandoned her purpose, but confessed to Zadig her willingness to accept him as her second husband. Recollections of Astarte prevented Zadig from favoring this suggestion, but he called upon the chiefs of the tribes to make a law, that no widow should be permitted to burn herself, until she had conversed privately with a young man for the space of an hour. Since then no woman has burned herself, and thus Zadig became the benefactor of Arabia.

Setoc gave Zadig his freedom, and the latter journeyed toward Syria, and on the frontier, between Arabia Petra and Syria, he fell into the hands of a robber chieftain named Arbogad, who endeavored to enroll Zadig as one of his officers, and mentioned as an inducement that King Moabdar was killed, and all Babylon was thrown into confusion. He was unable to tell Zadig anything as to the fate of Queen Astarte, and the unhappy man proceeded on his journey with a heart weighed down by sorrow and anxiety in regard to Astarte and his faithful friend Cador.

Coming to the bank of a river, he met a poor forlorn fisherman, who told him that in better days he had been the most famous cream-cheese dealer in Babylon, but was now ruined. The great minister Zadig and Queen Astarte were extremely fond of his cream cheese, and owed him the price of six hundred cheeses; when he went to the city to collect his money, he heard that both the Queen and Lord Zadig had disappeared. At this tale of woe Zadig was deeply moved, and comforted the fisherman by giving him half of his money, and sending him back to Babylon with messages to Lord Cador.

Not long after meeting the unhappy fisherman, as he was riding towards Babylon, he saw a lady, deeply veiled, sitting upon the grass, who, seeing Zadig, raised her veil and disclosed the lovely features of Astarte. Great joy was felt by both, and after a long conversation, which explained each to

the other their wonderful adventures, Astarte, protected by Zadig's servant, set out for Babylon.

There was great joy in Babylon over the safe return of Queen Astarte, and the Babylonians declared that the Queen should marry the man whom they should choose for their sovereign, and that their King should be the man who should be proved to be of the greatest valor and the greatest wisdom. Accordingly a tournament was arranged, the terms of which were as follows : The candidates were to appear in complete armor. Those who succeeded in conquering four knights were to engage with one another, and whoever remained the last master of the field would be proclaimed conqueror at the games. Four days later he was to return, with the same arms, and explain the enigmas proposed by the magi. If he did not explain the enigmas, he was not to be King, and the tourney was to recommence ; the determination being that the King should not only be the greatest warrior, but the wisest man of the age. The Queen was to be strictly guarded. She was allowed to be present at the games, covered with a veil. All these arrangements were communicated to Zadig by Astarte, who, of course, hoped that Zadig would be the successful competitor.

He arrived in Babylon on the eve of the great day and caused his device to be inscribed among the combatants, concealing his identity as the law required. The next day, after a prolonged contest, only two Knights vanquished four Knights each ; these two were Prince Otamus and Zadig. Finally, the champions met in the lists, and the White Knight, as he was called (in other words Zadig), was at last the victor. At night, while he lay in a deep sleep, a foolish man named Itobad, who had entered the lists in the morning, but was speedily unhorsed and withdrew, covered with the ridicule of the spectators, entered Zadig's tent and carried off the white armor, leaving in place of it his own armor, which was green. When Zadig awoke he found nothing wherewith to clothe himself but the green armor. In a furious passion he put it on, but when he came into the sight of the people they received him with hoots and hisses. Filled with fury, he escaped from them, and, walking upon the banks of the Euphrates, he felt fully persuaded that his star had destined him to inevitable misery, and he revolved in his mind all his misfortunes, from the adventure of the woman who hated one-eyed men to that of his armor.

He blamed himself for sleeping so long. "Had I slept less," he soliloquized, "I should now be King of Babylon." At the first opportunity he sold the green armor and bought a gown and a long bonnet.

In this garb he continued his melancholy walk, meeting a venerable hermit, with whom he fell into conversation, and who explained to him the justice of the providence that regulates the world and all it contains, and ended by counselling his immediate return to Babylon.

The day of his return to the city was the day on which those who had fought in the tournament were to solve the enigmas. All the Knights were present except the Knight in green armor. Itobad wore the white armor which he had stolen from Zadig. Zadig claimed that he had fought in the lists, that his armor had been stolen, and that he was entitled to the privilege of answering the enigmas. The question was voted upon, and his reputation for truthfulness was such that he was admitted. The enigmas, which related to certain metaphysical and political questions, were answered fully and satisfactorily by Zadig only.

Zadig then accused Itobad of the theft of his armor and challenged him to combat. Itobad, believing that in full armor he would be more than a match for a champion in a cap and nightgown, accepted the challenge with great confidence, but was speedily disarmed, and owed his life to the clemency of Zadig, who took from him his magnificent array, and, clothing himself with it, threw himself at the feet of Astarte.

By the unanimous consent of the whole nation he became King of Babylon and the husband of Astarte. He was happy. He sent for the robber Arbogad and gave him an honorable post in his army, promising to advance him if he was a true soldier, or to hang him if he followed the profession of a robber. Setoc, with the fair Almona, was called from Arabia and placed at the head of the commerce of Babylon. Cadour was advanced to high dignities. He was the friend of the King, and the King was the only monarch on earth that had a friend.

The beautiful Sémora could not be comforted for having believed that Zadig would be blind of an eye; Azora ceased not to lament having attempted to cut off his nose. The Envious Man died of rage and shame. The Empire enjoyed peace, glory and plenty. The people blessed Zadig, and Zadig blessed Heaven.

EXTRACTS.

From Œdipe.

“A great man’s friendship is the gift of Heaven.”

From Zaïre.

“On the banks of the Ganges, I have been a devotee of false Gods; in Paris a Christian, here a Mahometan. Instruction does it all. The hand of our Father engraves upon our feeble hearts those first characters which time and example retrace.”

“Thy God, whom thou betrayed, thy God, whom thou blasphemest, died for thee, died for the universe amid these scenes. Turn thine eyes. His tomb is near this palace. Here is the Mount whereon to wash away our sins. He was willing to die under the wounds of impious men. Yonder is

the place where he returned to life from the grave. In this august region, thou canst not take one step without finding thy God."

From La Religion Naturelle.

"God has spoken, doubtless, but it is to the universe. He has never inhabited the deserts of Egypt. Delphos, Delos, Ammon are no asylums of His. He does not hide Himself in the caves of the Sibyls. The moral law, the same in every age, in every place, speaks to eternal ages in the name of that God. It is the law of Trajan, of Socrates and it is yours; of this changeless worship, Nature is the apostle. Good sense receives it, and the pangs of remorse, born of conscience are its defenders."

"Never did a parricide, a calumniator, say calmly in the bottom of his heart 'how beautiful, how sweet it is, to destroy innocence, to rend the bosom that gave me breath!' "

"The very virtues of the pagans, it is said, are crimes. The immortal Newton, the learned Leibnitz, the wise Addison and Lodie, do not anticipate the judgments of Heaven! Respect such mortals as these; pardon their virtue."

"Oh God, so misconceived, though all things announce Thee; if I have deceived myself, it is in seeking to know Thy law! My heart may go astray, but it is full of Thee."



SAMUEL JOHNSON.

BORN 1709.

ENGLAND.

DIED 1784.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Samuel Johnson, the great English lexicographer, was born at Lichfield, Staffordshire, on the 18th day of September, 1709. Johnson's father was the proprietor of a humble book stall, at which the country people gathered, on market days, to purchase such literary wares as sufficed for their meager wants ; and from whose patronage the elder Johnson eked out a precarious livelihood. The childhood of the great Doctor Johnson gave little promise of the future that awaited the coming dictator of English criticism. In infancy, he struggled with constitutional disease which left its indelible imprint on his features. The poverty of his parents precluded his indulgence in those juvenile pursuits which leave their bright memories to lighten the hours of mature retrospect. However, Johnson's father gave the lad the best opportunities for a good education which his limited means permitted, and it is needless to say the opportunities were improved. After having received his elementary education at Stourbridge, Johnson entered Pembroke College, Oxford. But here, in 1731, his career was interrupted by his father's lack of means, and, at twenty-two years of age, with his education half completed, Johnson was compelled to leave college without his degree. His father's death, at about this time, threw him entirely upon his own resources. Heavy of heart, sick in body, and oppressed with a morbid melancholy, which was the bane of his earlier years, he trudged to Market Bosworth, Leicestershire, to become usher in a school. But the work proved so uncongenial to him that he soon abandoned it and established himself at Birmingham, where he supported himself by translating for the booksellers. While there, he married a Mrs. Porter, the widow of a shop-keeper, who brought him a modest dowry of \$4,000. With this capital he attempted to start a school of his own near Lichfield, but as a pedagogue Johnson was predestined to failure. The scarcity of pupils soon drove him to abandon this project and, in March, 1737, he set his face towards the Metropolis of London, which was to become the scene of his literary triumphs. But the road to success, like the road to learning, was to be far from a royal one to the country school-master, who shared the vicissitudes of Grub Street with many of his ilk for twenty-six weary and heart-breaking years. The literary life of the time was filled with perils and hardships, and of these Johnson experienced his full share. Much of the work which he did during this time was in preparing articles of various kinds for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which was published by Cave, the bookseller. The dawn of a better day began to break when he offered to Dodsley, one of the chiefs of the book-selling guild, a poem entitled *London*, a satire in imitation of *Juvenal*, and for which Dodsley gave him \$50. In May of the year 1762, the unremitting labors of Johnson received the recognition of royalty, and the necessity for ceaseless effort passed when the King conferred on him a pension of \$1,500 a year. Thenceforward he became "the great Dr. Johnson," the literary censor before whom the writers of his time bowed in reverence. In 1763 he made the acquaintance of James Boswell, Esq., a Scotch lawyer of limited intellect, but with an unbounded admiration for Samuel Johnson. The outcome of this acquaintance was the best biography in the English language. Without the power to create, Boswell possessed the automatic faculty of reproducing, and no word or look of Dr. Johnson's ever escaped him. The result was *Boswell's Life of Johnson*,

which endures as a perennial photograph of its illustrious subject. In 1765 the University of Dublin conferred the degree of LL. D. upon Johnson, and this was confirmed some years later by his Alma Mater. Among the associates of the great "King Samuel" at this period were Garrick, Gibbon, Burke, Reynolds, Goldsmith and many others whose names are illustrious in the history of English literature. In his declining years he found the hospitable doors of a rich brewer and his wife — the Thrales — opened to him; and at their fireside he drank innumerable cups of tea and entertained those friends who had made his chambers in Bolt Court historical by their presence. But, one by one, his friends dropped away, as the laurel gave place to the bay, and "storied urn and monumental bust," rose to mark the places where they rested. On Monday, the 13th day of September, 1784, after two years of struggling with paralysis, dropsy, asthma, and the old melancholy, which had returned to oppress him, Samuel Johnson passed on to join the throng that had gone before, and all that was mortal of the great man was deposited under the stones of Westminster Abbey.

The peculiar style of Dr. Johnson's English can not be better typified than by quoting a reply, which Oliver Goldsmith made to some ponderous criticism of Johnson's, "If you were to write a fable about little fishes, doctor, you would make the little fishes talk like whales." The principal works of Dr. Johnson are: *A Life of Savage*, 1744; a second satire after *Juvenal*; *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, 1749; *Irene*, a tragedy, begun while he was teaching, and produced in 1749; his contributions to the *Rambler*, which appeared from 1750 to 1752, and to the *Idler*, which began in 1758, and ran for 103 numbers; *A Dictionary of the English Language*, upon which he spent seven years, and for which he received the sum of \$7,875; *Rasselas, a tale of Abyssinia*, 1759; an edition of Shakespeare, the preface of which is one of the best specimens of his prose writing; *A Journey to the Hebrides*, constructed from letters to Mrs. Thrales while traveling through Eastern Scotland and the Hebrides in 1773; and *The Lives of the Poets*, 1781. Johnson's name will always be associated with his English dictionary; not so much on account of the intrinsic merit of the work, as from the fact that, at the time when it was compiled there was no such work in English literature, and it at once challenged the attention of the reading world. *Rasselas*, the most popular of Johnson's writings, was composed in a single week, while the author was still fighting the bitter battle of poverty, and the compensation which he received for it was devoted to paying the funeral expenses of his mother.

THE HISTORY OF RASSELAS,

PRINCE OF ABYSSINIA.

"Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow; attend to the history of *Rasselas*, Prince of Abyssinia."

The history of *Rasselas* is the story of a vain search after the unattainable; the soaring of a restless soul into the high places where contentment is supposed to sit enthroned over the realms of perfect peace; an allegory of human unrest as old as time and as wide as the world.

Rasselas was the fourth son of the mighty emperor, in whose dominions the river Nile rises, and according to an ancient custom he was confined in a private palace, with other sons and daughters of Abyssinian royalty, until the order of succession should call him to the throne. This palace was situated on an island, in the midst of a valley surrounded on all sides by towering mountains. The only means of egress from the valley was through a massive gate closing the entrance to a cavern through the mountain. On all sides the earth smiled with plenty. Birds and beasts of every sort abounded. Fruits and flowers grew on every hand. Such was the appearance of security and delight which this retirement afforded, that they, to whom it was new, always desired that it might be perpetual; and as those, on whom the iron gate had once closed, were never suffered to return, the effect of longer experience could not be known. There the sons and daughters of Abyssinia lived only to know the soft vicissitudes of repose and pleasure, as no hint of the turmoil and trouble of the outer world, where man preyed upon man, was ever allowed to reach their ears; and this delectable spot was known far and wide as the "Happy Valley."

In his twenty-sixth year the spirit of Rasselas grew troubled. Contentment gave place to questioning. The sound of the lute ceased to charm and the pleasures of the Happy Valley palled upon the prince. This change in the young man attracted the attention of the sages, and, when questioned, Rasselas replied: "Possessing all that I can want, I find one day and one hour exactly like another, except that the latter is still more tedious than the former. . . . I have already enjoyed too much; give me something to desire." To this outburst, the wise man answered: "Sir, if you had seen the miseries of the world, you would know how to value your present state." "Now," said the prince, "you have given me something to desire; I shall long to see the miseries of the world, since the sight of them is necessary to happiness."

From this hour, Rasselas began to meditate on how he might escape from the valley of happiness. Months were spent in idle dreaming of what he should accomplish when once he had reached that world of misery which was now the Mecca of his desires. Soon he awoke to the fact that much time had been spent in idle dreaming, and then began to regret that he had dreamed. Another period was wasted in regretting his regrets, when he chanced to overhear a maiden, who had broken a pitcher at the fountain, remark, that what cannot be repaired is not to be regretted, and then he began active measures to effect his escape. He now consulted an eminent mechanic, who had been lured to the Happy Valley, and together they labored upon a flying machine which was to bear them far beyond the

mountains. But when the eminent mechanic spread his wings for a trial trip, after a long year of labor on his invention, he fell headlong into the lake and was rescued from a watery grave, more dead than alive, by the disappointed Rasselas.

Now came on the wet season, when water covered the face of the earth, and the unhappy prince was driven from his haunts on the mountains to the confines of the palace to plot his escape. Among the inhabitants of the valley was a wise man, one Imlac, who became the constant companion of Rasselas. Imlac was the son of a wealthy merchant of Goiama, who traded between the inland countries of Afric and the ports of the Red Sea. In Imlac's youth his father had given him his portion, with the assurance that if he did not trade diligently, and amass much gold, he should be no son of his. But Imlac had drunken at the fountain of knowledge and had come to despise the fruits of trade; thus he accepted the alternative offered by his mercenary parent, and departed secretly from his home to add, by observation and travel, to his store of learning. After years of wandering, during which he had seen many peoples and many places, had become learned in all the sciences, had studied the divine art of Poesy, and had acquired a reputation for wisdom which only served to convince him of the ignorance of the world, and of how much he had yet to learn, he returned to his old home to find his father long dead, his friends forgetful, and the polish of travel mistaken for foreign and distasteful manners. Disgusted with the result of his own choice, he had sought the Happy Valley to end his days in pondering the images of the past, in the hope of finding that contentment which had thus far proven so illusive. The story of Imlac fired the imagination of Rasselas, and he exclaimed, at its conclusion: "Teach me the way to break my prison; thou shalt be the companion of my flight, the guide of my rambles, the partner of my fortune, and my sole director in the Choice of Life."

When the rainy season had passed, Rasselas and Imlac succeeded in tunneling upward through the side of the mountain; but not without having been discovered by Nekayah, the favorite sister of Rasselas. Now Nekayah was likewise consumed with an unnamed desire, and, when she learned that nothing could assuage this but "the miseries of the world," she, too, insisted upon accompanying Rasselas out of the Happy Valley. To this desire of Nekayah the prince assented. Secreting about their persons an ample supply of priceless jewels, which could easily be converted into money, Rasselas, Nekayah, the faithful Imlac, and Pekuah, the favored companion of the princess, passed out of the mouth of the tunnel and stood within the world.

In due time the refugees from the Happy Valley reached Cairo, and there set diligently to work to make a Choice of Life.

Being domiciled in a house, the magnificence of which, and of their surroundings, gave to the prince and princess an opportunity of studying the grace, beauty and fashion of Cairo, the searchers after a Choice of Life esteemed themselves truly fortunate. From this time forward did Rasselas and Nekayah devote themselves to the study of mankind, with unremitting labor, the fruits of which may be briefly recorded in the following summary of several Choices of Life which they discovered, and their unvarying results :

YOUNG MEN OF SPIRIT AND GAYETY.—Mirth without images ; laughter without motive ; pleasures gross and sensual, in which the mind has no part ; conduct at once wild and mean ; laughter at order and law ; but dejection at the frown of power, and abasement before the eye of wisdom.

A SAGE, who can teach all that is necessary to be known, who, from the unshaken throne of rational fortitude, looks down on the scenes of life changing beneath him, who speaks, and attention watches his lips, who reasons, and conviction closes his periods. But when bereavement lays its heavy hand upon him, he exclaims : “ My views, my hopes, my purposes are at an end. I am now a lonely being, disunited from society.”

SHEPHERDS, peacefully tending their flocks, but with hearts cankered with discontent that they are condemned to labor for the luxury of the rich, looking up with stupid malevolence toward those who are placed above them.

A PROSPEROUS MAN, dwelling in a stately palace, but in constant danger of life and property from enemies who envy his wealth and conspire to possess themselves of it, until his mind becomes filled with a great fear lest they come upon him, run riot in his mansion and enjoy the gardens which he planted.

A HERMIT, who in early life had borne arms, and who, through the preferment of brother officers, had been kept back from advancement, and who was enjoying the delights of solitude and removal from the temptations of the world ; but who lamented his choice, crying : “ I am sometimes ashamed to think that I could not secure myself from vice, but by retiring from the exercise of virtue, and begin to suspect that I was rather impelled by resentment than led by devotion into solitude. The life of a solitary man will be certainly miserable, but not certainly devout.”

Rasselas and his little party of seekers after a Choice of Life soon exhausted the resources of Cairo. The prince and princess divided their labors ; the prince investigating the condition of those in high stations, while the princess wandered among those in humble circumstances. Marriage was studied by both with assiduity, but neither among the rich nor among the poor did matrimony seem to conduce to that state of mind which

was the object of their quest. Finally, Imlac suggested a visit to the Pyramids, to which Rasselas and his sister eagerly assented, for if anywhere under the sun the secret of permanent content was to be discovered it must be within these monuments of antiquity. But, when they emerged from the gloom of the buried chambers, Imlac voiced the sentiment of the disappointed searchers, crying aloud: "I consider this mighty structure as a monument of the insufficiency of human enjoyments. A king, whose power is unlimited, and whose treasures surmount all real and imaginary wants, is compelled to solace, by the erection of a Pyramid, the satiety of dominion and tastelessness of pleasures, and to amuse the tediousness of declining life, by seeing thousands laboring without end, and one stone, for no purpose, laid upon another. Whoever thou art that, not content with a moderate condition, imaginest happiness in royal magnificence, and drestest that command or riches can feed the appetite of novelty with perpetual gratifications, survey the Pyramids and confess thy folly.

Upon emerging from the Pyramids, the harmony of the little party was destroyed by finding that the princess' beloved companion, Pekuah, who had refused to enter the gloomy recesses with the others, had been abducted by a party of predatory Arabs. The grief of Nekayah knew no bounds and she refused to be comforted. But, after a long and wearisome search, Pekuah was returned to her mistress, through the payment of a heavy ransom, and the princess knew the happiness that comes to a heart when protracted and hopeless grief is followed by great joy.

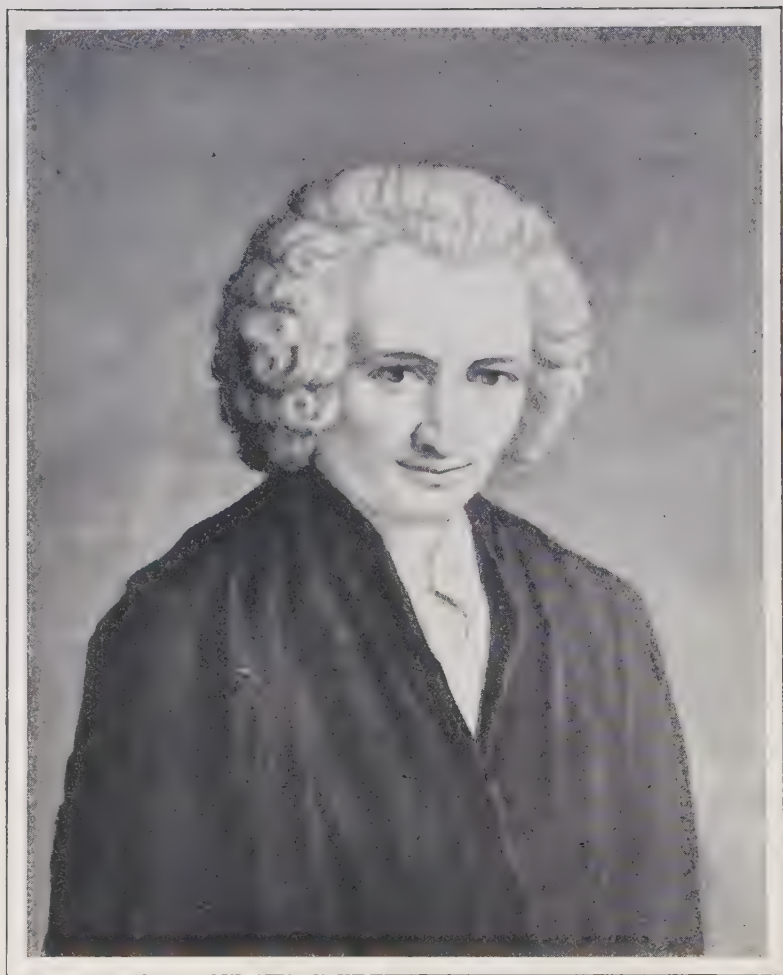
The long search after a Choice of Life was now drawing to a close. Only two incidents remain to be recorded. Among those whom Rasselas and his companions encountered, after the restoration of Pekuah, were a wonderful astronomer, whose reason had been impaired by much study of the celestial bodies, and an aged man of great learning. The fruits of the aged man's life seemed not worth the plucking, for when he was interrogated by the indefatigable questioners, he could only reply: "Nothing is now of much importance, for I cannot extend my interest beyond myself. My retrospect of life recalls to my view many opportunities of good neglected, much time squandered upon trifles, and more lost in idleness and vacancy. I leave many great designs unattempted, and many great attempts unfinished. My mind is burdened with no heavy crime, and therefore I compose myself to tranquillity; endeavor to abstract my thoughts from hopes and cares; expect, with serene humility, that hour which nature cannot long delay; and hope to possess in a better state that happiness which here I could not find, and that virtue which here I have not attained." The impression which this discourse left upon the minds of Rasselas and his companions were further strengthened by a visit to the catacombs. Thoughts

of immortality and a future state were borne in upon them to the exclusion of the heretofore absorbing theme of a Choice of Life, and the princess was constrained to exclaim: "To me the Choice of Life is become less important. I hope hereafter to think only on the Choice of Eternity."

It was now the time of the inundation of the Nile, and Rasselas and his fellow searchers were confined to their house. They pondered on their varied and wonderful experiences. Their minds were filled with half formed desires, which they each knew could never be obtained.

And the conclusion of the whole matter was, that they resolved, when the inundation should cease, to return to Abyssinia.

Alas, for the vanity of human wishes !



LAURENCE STERNE.

BORN 1713.

IRELAND.

DIED 1768.

LAURENCE STERNE.

Laurence Sterne was the son of Lieutenant Roger Sterne and Mrs. Agnes Hebert, a captain's widow, and great-grandson of Archbishop Sterne. He was born at Clonmel, in the south of Ireland, November 24, 1713.

His first training was received at a school in Halifax, which he entered in 1723, remaining there for eight years. In 1732 he was admitted to Jesus College, Cambridge, matriculated 1733, admitted to degree of B. A., 1736 and to M. A., 1740. Upon leaving the University he received holy orders, and obtained the living of Sutton, in Yorkshire. He married, in 1741, a lady of property, whose name is not given, and soon after got the prebendary of York. Through his wife's influence, the living of Stillington was added to that of Sutton, and he did duty at both places for twenty years.

In 1759 the first two volumes of *Tristram Shandy* were published, which were the means of procuring for him from Lord Falconbridge the curacy of Coxwold the following year. The remaining volumes were published ; three and four in 1761, five and six in 1762, seven and eight in 1765, and nine in 1767. *A Sentimental Journey* was written in 1767 and published in 1768. His published works, in addition to those already named, consist of volumes of *Sermons* and *Letters*, *A Fragment* and *The History of a Good, Warm Watch-Coat*.

In 1760, by which time his books had gained for him wide notoriety, Mr. Sterne became dissatisfied with clerical duties, and, taking a house in York for his wife and their daughter Lydia, an only child, who was the idol of her father, spent most of his time thereafter in London, or on the continent.

He had grown weary of his wife, as appears from the fact of his having consented to a *liaison* with Mrs. Draper, the wife of an absent officer ; the "Eliza" to whom were addressed a number of his published letters. From this time he was with his family very little ; his wife and daughter were in France at the moment of his death. This occurred in his lodgings in Bond Street, London, March 18, 1768. His last words were : " Now it is come ! " and as he uttered them he put up his hand as if to ward off a blow. He had suffered from neglect during his illness, and Mr. Becket, his publisher, was the only person who attended his funeral as a friend. He was buried in a grave-yard belonging to the parish of St. George, Hanover Square, where a monument was erected for him by two strangers calling themselves brother masons, although he was not a member of the order.

In person, Mr. Sterne is described as tall and thin, having a hectic and consumptive appearance. The life and character of Laurence Sterne are summed up by one of his biographers in these just, if bitter, words :

" A standing reproach to the profession which he disgraced ; groveling in his tastes ; indiscreet if not licentious in his habits ; he lived unhonored and died unlamented, save by those who found amusement in his wit or countenance in his immorality."

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

Tristram Shandy was born at Shandy Hall, in the English village of Shandy, on the fifth day of November, in the year of our Lord 1718. His father was Walter Shandy. The maiden name of his mother was Elizabeth Mollineux. Mr. Shandy, who for many years had been a Turkey merchant, had now relinquished the cares of business and retired to his parental estate. The only midwife in the village where the Shandys dwelt was a worthy widow of forty-seven — name not given. She had been induced to prepare herself for her peculiar duties by the wife of Yorick, the village parson, and the good man himself had paid the fees for her license. This Parson Yorick was a lover of horseflesh, and was fain to go well mounted ; but five years before paying for the midwife's license he had, all of a sudden, made his appearance upon a lean, sorry jackass of a horse, and had kept up this sort of riding ever since. The fact was, that his good horses were so often in demand by his neighbors for the purpose of procuring the services of a midwife who lived several miles away, that, one after another, they were used up by this constant pull upon them. So the parson was forced, in defense of his own pocket, to keep a beast the neighbors would be ashamed to borrow. And when the midwife was licensed, how plainly were his motives discerned by his horse-borrowing neighbors ! Now he would again bestride a gallant steed, the occasion for lending having passed, and by the mere preservation of horseflesh pocket the expense of the license, ten times multiplied, the very first year. So his neighbors became his enemies, and continued to be, in spite of the fact that his mount remained the same. Besides, this parson had a blunt way of putting things, and withal an instinct for humor that would not be repressed, as had his supposed ancestor in Shakespeare's time ; and it happened that his jokes cost him many a friend. And, at last, detraction did for him what it has so often done — broke his heart and killed him. It was this midwife who was present when Tristram Shandy was born, and you now know all about how she came to be one.

Pending the birth of the child, who, in due time was known as Tristram Shandy, his father and Uncle Toby sat smoking by the fire. Walter Shandy, Tristram's father, was a man of great force of character, well-read, disputatious, but full of kind feeling. Between him and his brother Toby, who had now been living with him for many years, there existed the strongest and tenderest attachment. Toby had been a soldier, and had the misfortune to be wounded during one of King William's wars, at the siege of Namur, where he was struck in the groin by a heavy stone, broken by a ball from the

parapet of a hornwork. Although he had been subjected to the hardening process of a military life, he was as modest as a woman, and as gentle as a lamb.

It is told of him, in illustrating the latter characteristic, that one day at dinner, having, at last, succeeded in catching an overgrown fly, by which he had been grievously tormented, he arose from the table, proceeded to the window, lifted the sash, and said to the insect :

“Go, poor devil, get thee gone ; why should I hurt thee ? This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.” Uncle Toby had a hobby for military diagrams and fortifications, originating in his desire to point out to the many visitors introduced into his apartment by his ever attentive brother — he having been confined for four years before recovering from his hurt — the identical spot where he was wounded at the siege of Namur. This hobby had now grown upon him to such an extent that it had become all-powerful and all-absorbing.

Sitting by the fire, as has been related, the brothers were suddenly started by a racket over their heads. Ringing the bell for Obadiah, the man servant, he informed them that the mistress had been taken very badly, and that Susannah, the maid, had gone to fetch the midwife. Whereupon Obadiah was bidden to proceed with all haste for Doctor Slop, a man-midwife, living eight miles distant, upon whose presence, upon this important occasion, Mr. Shandy had previously insisted. The doctor speedily appeared, “a little squat, uncourtly figure of about four feet and a half perpendicular height, with a breadth of back and a sesquipedality of belly which might have done honor to a serjeant in the horse-guards.” He had, however, neglected to bring with him his bag of obstetrical instruments, containing, among other things, a wonderful invention of his own, in the form of a pair of forceps. Obadiah was immediately dispatched for them, Corporal Trim, Uncle Toby's servant, being left to meet any exigencies requiring the offices of a messenger during his absence. The Corporal's real name was James Butler. He had been a corporal in Uncle Toby's own company, where he had received the nickname which clung to him ever after. Disabled, at length, for the service by a wound in the knee, he became the servant of Uncle Toby, a capacity which he continued to fill after the retirement of his superior into private life. The corporal, having all along assisted Uncle Toby in the prosecution of his hobby, had become well versed in the science of fortification. Moreover, he was a ready talker and not infrequently said things that were both pat and pungent.

Obadiah, who had gone to Dr. Slop's house for the bag of instruments, was inordinately fond of whistling. Having procured the bag, and remounted his horse, he found that the lusty and incessant jingle of the instruments quite overpowered and drowned his favorite wind music. What does

he do, therefore, but tie his hat-band around them, in so many tight, hard knots that, the bag once in Doctor Slop's hands, he found it impossible to unloose them. They, must needs, therefore, be cut, and in doing this, the doctor managed to cut his thumb as well. This served to render him somewhat awkward in the use of his forceps when they came to be required. The result was that poor Tristram was brought into the world with a nose, as Susannah declared, "as flat as a pancake."

Never mind how, over this mishap, Mr. Shandy raved and roared. Long noses were a characteristic inheritance in the Shandy family, and, here was a Shandy without any nose at all! However, after Uncle Toby had sympathized with him and philosophized over him, reminding him that if this had not happened, something worse might have happened in its place, and that "against the impositions laid upon our nature we are upheld by the grace and the assistance of the best of Beings," Mr. Shandy, at length, became calm. But more trouble was to follow. Susannah, rushing into the room, exclaimed that the baby was black in the face, that the curate was in waiting to administer the right of baptism, and that he must hurry with the name. "Trismegistus," cries Mr. Shandy, seized with a sudden inspiration. Susannah hastened back to the curate and informed him that the name was Tris—something. "Tristram, then," said the curate. "There is no Christian name beginning with Tris but that."

"Nay, then," quoth Susannah; "it is Tristram-gistus."

"There is no 'gistus' to it, noodle," rejoined the curate, and before Mr. Shandy could make his way to the room, the deed was done—his son, as if his broken nose was not enough to bear, had been irrevocably christened Tristram. And the father's cup, full to the brim before, now ran over. At this instance, a conclave was held, composed of various dignitaries of the church, among them good Parson Yorick, to the end that some way of undoing the baptismal mistake of the curate might haply be discovered. Much learning was ventilated upon this occasion; there was considerable oratory and some wit, but, so far as poor Tristram was concerned, it ended as it began; he was Tristram still! And his father was now hopeless indeed! True, he had been hugely tickled with the learned discourses to which he had listened in the council convened at his request, but all was like the anointing of a broken bone. He became pensive, wandered off by himself, sighed often, and was in a bad way generally, when, presto! everything was changed by the reception at the Hall of a letter, announcing that his Aunt Dinah, who, years before, had brought disgrace upon the family by eloping with, and marrying a coachman, had died, leaving to Mr. Shandy a legacy of a thousand pounds. And the question, what to do with his money, drew him out of his troubles, in furnishing a

new direction for his thoughts and energies. After wavering between many opinions, he finally reached this conclusion — that he would inclose the Ox-moor, or send his son Bobby upon his travels. The Ox-moor was a large tract of land included in the Shandy estate, which had long been neglected, and whose cultivation would, beyond doubt, result in a liberal revenue. But who was Bobby? Why, Mr. Shandy's elder son, introduced late into the story because, up to this point, it has been so largely occupied by Tristram, its legitimate hero. He does not seem to have amounted to much anyway. Where was Bobby? Why, at college somewhere. But why should Bobby travel? Because it had been from time immemorial, a custom of the Shandy family, that the eldest son should, before marriage, enjoy the benefits supposed to be derivable from a personal acquaintance with foreign parts, as a sort of finish for him. But to decide upon which of these projects he would choose, was too much for Mr. Shandy, and there is no knowing how the matter would have fallen out, had not Providence effectually settled it for him. How? By Bobby's death.

And now, having but one son, Mr. Shandy drops the Ox-moor project, and everything else, and proceeds, after the example of Xenaphon to write a *Tristrapœdia*, or system of education for him. In three years he had accomplished half his work, which he had kept changing to accord with some new development in the character of his son. The work was never finished, and Tristram failed of an education according to the Shandyan theory. Nevertheless, his mother superintended his rudimentary training, so that he did not fare badly after all. From this point the progressive biography of the lad is summed up after this fashion: Five years with a bib under his chin; four years in traveling from Christ-cross-row to Malachi; a year and a half in learning to write his own name; seven long years and more at Greek and Latin; four years at probation and negations. And now he must have a tutor.

Mr. Shandy, having described the sort of a person he would have for the position, Uncle Toby suggests young LeFever, the son of an officer, who, in his last days, Uncle Toby had befriended, and for whose son he cherished a great love and strong admiration. LeFever had been taken ill at the inn at Shandy, and Uncle Toby's attention had been first directed to him by the landlord, who came to him to petition for some sack for which the sick man had expressed a desire. After sending the landlord away, bearing two bottles of sack, Uncle Toby bade Corporal Trim to proceed to the inn, ascertain what particulars he might concerning the invalid, and hasten back with his report. It turned out that LeFever was a lieutenant, and that he served with Uncle Toby in Flanders. He had come from Ireland, with his son, on the way to rejoin his regiment, but had been stopped in Shandy by his illness. In a fortnight or three weeks he might march, said Uncle Toby.

"He will never march," replied Corporal Trim.

"He *will* march," exclaimed Uncle Toby.

"He will never march, but to his grave," answered the Corporal.

"He *shall* march," replied Uncle Toby.

"He cannot stand it," said Trim.

"He shall be supported," answered Uncle Toby.

"He'll drop at last," rejoined the Corporal.

"He *shall not* drop!" thundered Uncle Toby.

"Do what we can for him, the poor soul will die," the Corporal answered.

"He shall not die, by God!" cried Uncle Toby.

The accusing spirit which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in — and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever. But he did die! And in his final moments looked wishfully in Uncle Toby's face, and then turned the look to his boy. The look was rightly interpreted, and from that moment the son became Uncle Toby's care. By him the youth was educated, but, in the midst of his studies, war was declared between the French and the Turks, and young LeFever begged so hard for permission to take his father's sword — his only inheritance, save his mother's ring — and join the imperial army, that Uncle Toby finally consented. He came up with the army just at the time of the defeat of the Turks at Belgrade, but, for four years after, he had been the sport of a series of mischances, culminating in illness at Marseilles, from which place he wrote to his patron that he would return to him by the first ship, and was now hourly expected. It was this young man who was recommended by Uncle Toby to his brother as a suitable tutor for Tristram.

Uncle Toby owned in his own right a cottage in Shandy, with a considerable plot of ground. His passion for things military had led him to make a plan of almost every fortified town in Italy and Flanders, so, let the Duke of Marlborough, or the allies, besiege whatever place suited their inclination, Uncle Toby was always ready for them. By the assistance of Trim, he had laid out his bowling-green in true military fashion, so that, as often as a siege occurred, first referring to his plans, he was able to reproduce its particulars, from day to day, under his very eyes, by means of the pliant accessories of the bowling-green, which could be so altered, at any moment, as to correspond with the developments of the actual siege, as made known in the daily papers. The bowling-green, in short, was a complete miniature town, arranged for defence upon the strictest military principles, so that when, for instance, the Duke of Marlborough made a lodgment, Uncle Toby did the same with his little town; if a bastion was battered down, or a defence ruined, away went one of Uncle Toby's toy bastions, and smash went one of

Uncle Toby's places of defense. So minute were the arrangements of the bowling-green that they included a regular sentry-box, where Uncle Toby had nailed up his diagrams in such a way, that they could be conveniently handled; the top only being secured, while the bottom was left free. So the sieges went on at Shandy, just as they went on in Flanders, or anywhere else, with a minuteness and to a perfection which was a constant joy to Uncle Toby, and, so satisfied was he with himself, his success and everything, that in the course of an apologetical oration delivered to an audience exclusively composed of his brother Walter, who was inclined to ridicule the Captain's hobby (for this was Toby Shandy's rightful title), Uncle Toby declared, with an earnestness that bespoke the approval of his very soul, that he believed that, in carrying on these miniature sieges, he and Corporal Trim were answering the great ends of their creation.

But there came a change. For eight months war rested upon its sword, and Uncle Toby in his easy chair. The peace of Utrecht had been signed, but the demolition of Dunkirk was still in abeyance. Uncle Toby and Trim had constructed the town out of their bowling-green material, so that, in a small way, it was Dunkirk itself, but beyond that they could not go for months after. However, the fatal moment arrived at last; down went Dunkirk senior at the hands of the besiegers, and down went Dunkirk junior at the hands of Uncle Toby and Trim, and the bowling-green became only the scene of military chaos; Uncle Toby's occupation was gone! It is proper to say that for some time previous to this wholesale destruction of his facsimile work, the military enthusiasm of Uncle Toby had, for some cause or other, seemed to lessen; his military ardor to cool. And the cause was not far to seek or difficult to find. As usual, it was a woman! The grounds of Uncle Toby joined those of the Widow Wadman, out of whose arms her spouse had been taken, seven long years before, by the boniest, strongest arms of all. Then she had nursed her consequent sorrow alone and unfriended, unless Mrs. Bridget, her housekeeper, was to be considered as answering the requisites of companion and friend.

No personal description of the Widow Wadman is furnished in the book, but two pages are left blank, at the point of her introduction, to enable the reader to draw her portrait for himself to his own liking.* Uncle Toby must have been badly taken, when his military studies and maneuverings could no longer serve him, when he could so unreluctantly turn his back upon the great Mars and find such beauty in the baby face of Cupid. This conjecture is confirmed by our author himself, who says of Uncle Toby in this crisis: "Softer visions, gentler vibrations, stole sweetly in upon his slum-

*NOTE.—The author evidently took it for granted that each of his male readers would have an ideal widow somewhere.

bers : the trumpet of war fell out of his hands ; he took up the lute, sweet instrument ! of all others the most delicate ! the most difficult—" and there stops, without imparting the slightest information how Uncle Toby and the lute got on together. Whether or not he played loud enough and in such a way as to reveal his secret, it nevertheless became known. Mrs. Bridget knew it, and told Susannah ; Susannah told Mrs. Shandy ; Mrs. Shandy told Mr. Shandy —

It must be confessed that this is the interesting part of the story, and it would be natural to suppose that, having gone thus far, the author would have kept right on until he had asserted his own skill in dealing with so delicate and difficult a subject, and had satisfied the laudable curiosity of the reader. He might have known that everybody would be amazingly interested in dear old Uncle Toby and in whatsoever concerned him ; especially in this new phase of his sweet character. But, regardless of all this, and with a knack at tantalization quite characteristic of him, he abruptly shies off from the subject, and proceeds to tell about a cough of Tristram's. It was a troublesome cough, to be sure, and probably a dangerous one, since it is allegorically related that Tristram had a bout with Death and straightway flew off to France, with the purpose to evade and outwit him. Thereupon follow thirty-eight mortal chapters, describing the hero's adventures ; of which it is enough to say that his tour was remarkable for what he did not see ; though in truth he did see many things it were quite as well he had not seen. Men who happen to be looking up reliable material for guide-books are hereby admonished to shun these thirty-eight chapters, as containing little or nothing they would care to use. Tristram's father, Uncle Toby, Corporal Trim, and Obadiah, either went with him upon this journey or joined him later, for some of their doings and sayings are likewise recorded.

And now the story recurs to Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman, and, as it ought to have done in the first place, goes back to the beginning of things between them, and shows how they happened to become acquainted.

It seems that eleven years before, while Walter Shandy was still a merchant in London, and before the Hall was by him and his occupied, Uncle Toby, having partially recovered from his wound, and burning with a desire to give a practical turn to his ideas concerning fortifications, and moreover, deeming his own bowling-green exactly adapted to the purpose, surreptitiously left his brother's house, and, taking with him Corporal Trim, came down to Shandy to begin his military operations. Shandy Hall was at that time unfurnished, and there was no inn ; so Uncle Toby was constrained to accept a bed in the house of Widow Wadman, his next neighbor, which he occupied for three nights, the Corporal having in the meantime

constructed one for him in his own cottage. And that was the way their acquaintance began. When a guest happens to be in a woman's own house, it is natural, argues the author, that she should think of him. But in such a case, she cannot think of him, without mixing up with him something of her own goods and chattles, and through a repetition or such combinations, he finally gets foisted into her inventory; in short, seems in some way to belong to her, as well as the other things. And it was in this way that Widow Wadman made secret and silent, but sure appropriation of Uncle Toby. It is not likely that Uncle Toby knew anything of the widow's desires towards him, or of her designs upon him; for at this juncture, and for many years after, his soul was in his sieges, and all his time and thoughts were engrossed thereby. At any rate, if he knew, he said nothing, nor did he even begin to woo the widow, until she herself had made such a dead set upon him, that he felt bound, let it be supposed, in courtesy and honor, to meet her on her own ground, and give her as good as she gave. It was the sentry-box which finally did the business for Uncle Toby. You see, being interested in the man himself, it was quite natural that she should seem at least to be interested in his affairs—and, as his military affairs were for so long a time predominant with him, that she should be violently interested in them. Let a woman alone for knowing how to get around a man! First she watched the various sieges, which the varying fortunes of the wars then in progress imposed upon Uncle Toby and his trusty Corporal, at a distance, taking good care, however, that he should see her at it! At length she made her way through the hedge dividing the two estates, for closer observation; and finally accomplished her master-stroke in pushing on to the sentry-box itself, and, once there, forcing herself into it—that is, as far as she could, for there was not really room enough for two—for the purpose (of course, that and no other) of tracing out on the diagram, nailed, as has been said to the wall, by Uncle Toby's assistance, the course and progress of the siege itself. All of which was very pretty, and very proper, besides exhibiting, upon the widow's part, a very commendable desire for information! Well, then and there, Uncle Toby went down, and what is to be said after that? As for her next move, the Devil himself was in it. A mote, or a grain of sand, or something, had got itself into her left eye, and Uncle Toby, of all men in the world, must get it out. Well—dear, good-natured creature as he was!—he looked for it, and looked for it, and looked for it, and looked for it, but with all his looking, failed to find it; and, and—in short, if Uncle Toby had been assailed by the small arms of Love before, he was now mercilessly bombarded by its heavy artillery, so that anything but absolute and full surrender was impossible. And so, like a man and a soldier, he gave in altogether.

The news of Uncle Toby's love proceedings very soon became public property, and the way he was chaffed by his friends, in consequence, was a caution. His brother Walter, even, thought it necessary to write down for him certain wise and precise instructions, touching his manner of procedure in the details of his courtship; with what effect the chronicle says not. Uncle Toby bore it all very sweetly; as our author says: "he took it like a lamb." Dear, patient, gentle, uncomplaining Uncle Toby!

Of course, Corporal Trim must be told. "I am in love," quoth Uncle Toby; "she has left a ball here," he added, pointing to his breast. Whereupon, Trim, who well understood who "she" was, first commenting upon the suddenness of the affair, declares that she cannot stand a siege, no more than she can fly. Uncle Toby recoils at the suggestion of a siege, insisting that the best way is to let her know of his preference civilly at first. Trim demurs. He believes that the first thing should be a good thundering attack; let the civilities come afterwards. And, taking Uncle Toby's consent for granted, the Corporal proceeds to lay down the plan of the attack. The Captain should be dressed in his laced clothes, and wear his ramallie-wig; the Corporal should put on a regimental coat which came to him from LeFever; they should proceed in company to the house, "marching up boldly as if 'twas in the face of a bastion," and while the Captain engaged Mrs. Wadman in the parlor, to the right, the Corporal (whose suggestion seemed to have in it a certain flavor of self-interest) would attack Mrs. Bridget in the kitchen, to the left.

"I had rather," said Uncle Toby, "march up to the very edge of a trench."

"A woman is quite a different thing," replied Trim.

"I suppose so," rejoined Uncle Toby.

Trim's argument prevailed, and his plan of attack was scrupulously followed. Dressed as already indicated, they march to Widow Wadman's house. They are straightway admitted. Uncle Toby goes to the parlor, in quest of Widow Wadman; Trim proceeds to the kitchen with Mrs. Bridget. The result proved that the Corporal's prophecy concerning the inability of the widow to stand a siege, were quite correct, and that, had he gone farther, and predicted that Mrs. Bridget's powers of resistance would turn out to be in no way superior to those of her mistress, his foretelling would have been equally accurate.

QUOTATIONS.

When, to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon that an innocent and helpless creature shall be sacrificed, 'tis an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed to make a fire to offer it up with.

We loose the right of complaining sometimes, by forbearing it ; but we often treble the force.

Trust that man in nothing, who has not a conscience in everything.

The laws of nature will defend themselves, but error, sir, creeps in through the minute holes, and small crevices which human nature leaves unguarded.

A man's body, and his mind, with the utmost reverence to both, I speak it, are exactly like a jerkin and a jerkin's lining—rumple the one, you rumple the other.

Before an affliction is digested, consolation ever comes too soon ; and after it is digested, it comes too late.

If my son could not have died, it had been matter of wonder—not that he is dead.

When we *are*, death is *not* ; and when death *is*, we are *not*.

Science may be learned by rote, but wisdom not.

Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of genius, for he was your kinsman ; weed his grave clean, ye men of goodness, for he was your brother.

To say a man is *fallen* in love is a phrase not at all to my liking, it carries an idiomatical kind of implication that love is a thing below a man.

Reason is, half of it, sense.

The measure of Heaven itself, is but the measure of our present appetites and concoctions.



OLIVER GOLDSMITH

BORN 1728.

IRELAND.

DIED 1774.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

No appreciative reader of the two little poems entitled *The Traveler* and *The Deserted Village* will deny that Oliver Goldsmith, who composed them, was a literary genius of the first order.

He was born in 1728 in Ireland, was sent by a kinsman to Trinity College, Dublin, where he was more dissipated than studious. He tried to enter the service of the church, but was rejected by the bishop ; was then sent to study medicine at Edinburgh : went to the Continent, where he led a roving, adventurous life, and finally returned to England and settled down to the profession of literature. In this profession he grubbed along on starvation wages until one of the poems above mentioned established his reputation as a man of genius. He numbered such men as Burke and Johnson among his friends, wrote for the magazines, and published several works which, comparatively worthless for their subject matter, became successful by the charm of their style, and on that ground are still admired.

In disposition Goldsmith was benevolent, simple-hearted as a child, full of generous impulses, and not without a touch of personal vanity that exposed him to ridicule and practical jokes. Struggling with poverty himself, he was ever kind to the poor ; a butt among his literary associates, he was nevertheless admired by them ; destitute of steady purpose and accurate learning, he yet produced some of the most delightful pieces in the English language ; domestic and affectionate in his tastes, he never had a family of his own. He died before he was fifty, having, with all his disadvantages, enrolled himself among the British classic authors.

His principal works are *The Present State of Literature in Europe*, *The Traveler*, *The Deserted Village*, two plays : *The Good-natured Man*, and *She Stoops to Conquer*, compendious *Histories of Greece, Rome, and England*, *History of the Earth and Animated Nature*, and *The Vicar of Wakefield*. This last is, on the whole, his most famous work. It is a plain, entertaining tale of English country life, with fairly good plot, displaying no subtlety of art, and abounding in improbable incidents, but yet so deliciously simple and quaint, so delicate in humor, so touching in many of the situations it exhibits, so rich in tender, just and pious reflections, and withal so charming in its peculiar style, that it is read to-day with as great relish as the reader of it experienced a century ago. Beyond a question *The Vicar of Wakefield* is the work on which Goldsmith's fame will be carried forward from generation to generation.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

Dr. Primrose introduces himself to the reader as an English clergyman, in good circumstances, whose domestic tastes had led him to marry early, and who was very soon surrounded with a loving and dutiful family of children. These children, beginning at the eldest, were George, Olivia, Sophia, Moses, and two little fellows, Dick and Bill.

The doctor's fortune, though not large, was ample ; and he was thus enabled to act upon his benevolent impulses, and gave away the avails of his living in charity. Poor relations and needy adventurers were frequent visitors at his house, and were never repulsed. "However," says the doctor, "when any of our relations was found to be a person of very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house, I ever took care to lend him a riding coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes a horse of small value ; and I always had the satisfaction of finding he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like ; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or the poor dependent out of doors."

Mrs. Primrose, a kind-hearted, thrifty woman, whose good housekeeping and gooseberry wine were the admiration of all comers, reared her children to health and industry ; the doctor took the direction of their spiritual interests, and as they grew up, the whole household presented a family group of ideal beauty and happiness. George was sent to Oxford ; Moses received a miscellaneous education at home ; Olivia and Sophia bloomed into young womanhood, admired and courted by the neighboring swains, and destined by their mother for the most respectable and advantageous alliances that could be secured.

But misfortunes came. The doctor's financial agent in London failed, and fled the country, leaving hardly enough to pay a "shilling in the pound." This threw the family at once into straitened circumstances, and compelled their removal from Wakefield to a much humbler parish. Here they were modestly housed in a small, plain dwelling, with about twenty acres of glebe, which the doctor and the boys assiduously cultivated. The wreck of their fortune was carefully husbanded ; the scale of their living was greatly reduced, and gradually they settled into content amid a simple-minded rural population, to which the doctor at once became endeared by his loving sympathy and Christian faithfulness.

An occasional visitor at the house was one Mr. Burchell, whom the family had fallen in with on the way to their new quarters—a man of sense and education, apparently poor, who came and went rather strangely, and evidently loved Sophia. One of the doctor's parishioners, and his landlord, was Squire Thornhill, who lived in an adjacent stately mansion, was a noted sportsman, a man of pleasure, and unscrupulous in his morals. The Squire was not absolute owner of the estate on which he lived. It belonged to an uncle in London—an excellent and benevolent gentleman, whose own tastes were very simple, and who good-naturedly allowed his nephew to pursue his more luxurious tastes in the country. The Squire, chancing on a hunting day to pass the doctor's dwelling, when the whole family were drinking tea under

the shade of a hawthorn and honeysuckle bower, stopped and introduced himself, evidently captivated by the spectacle. His manners were free, fascinating, and somewhat over bold. He admired the girls, and was admired by them; and the mother, ever on the lookout for her daughters, had the weakness to encourage his advances. And now, much to the good doctor's disquietude, his wife and daughters began to give undue attention to dress and finery. Such pinking, and ruffling, and flouncing as invaded the humble dwelling went beyond the just limits of the family expenses, and called out strong remonstrances from the father.

One evening the young landlord came, self-invited, to the house, with musicians and refreshments, and some gay company from London, and there was great merry-making and feasting. The company from London consisted of two under gentlemen and two young ladies, Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, whom the Squire introduced as persons of great distinction, but who, with all their finery, were really bold, impudent hussies of the kind which the Squire picked up to promote his pleasures. These women talked about the advantages of town life, and ran on about their acquaintance with Lord this and Lady the other, until the foolish heads of Olivia and Sophia and their mother were completely turned. There must be more dressing, more society; and the doctor pathetically describes the impatience of his family to live above their means, and the various mortifications that followed.

Among the expedients for raising the wind, it occurred to the female part of the household that it would be a good thing to sell one of the family horses. The doctor's objections were overruled, and Moses, whom his mother thought a discreet boy to buy and sell to advantage, was sent with the animal to make the best bargain possible at the neighboring fair. His sisters tricked him out with a cocked hat, and tied his hair with a black ribbon; and off he went, mounted upon the old nag, and carrying a deal box in which to bring back groceries to the house. The next day they espied him returning without the horse, and sweating under the deal box. To the impatient inquiries how he had fared, and what he had brought, he replied, with evident pride, that he had succeeded famously. He had sold the horse for "three pounds five shillings and two pence," and had laid out the money in a most lucky venture—the purchase of a *gross of green spectacles*, with silver rims and shagreen cases. The silver rims alone, he said, would sell for double the money. But, alas! these same rims turned out to be but copper with a silver wash. The young man had been fooled to the top of his bent by sharpers; and the consequent vexation and the reproaches may be imagined.

Money was still needed; for nothing would now do but that Olivia and Sophia must be sent up to town to be polished, and to make the profitable

conquests which were thought to be within their power. So, now the other horse must be sold. The good doctor himself undertook the sale. He was not to be humbugged as poor Moses had been. Off he went to the fair, sold the horse at a bargain, for which a large bill that he could not change, and which a messenger boy pretended *he* could not get changed, was offered. He, therefore, accepted a draft upon his worthy next-door neighbor, Farmer Flamborough, which, when presented, turned out to be a forgery.

From this time forward misfortunes and humiliations multiplied about the doctor's family. There was a hitch about his daughters' going up to town. Squire Thornhill had called to say that the thing must be given up; that the ladies Blarney and Skeggs had heard malicious reports about the Primrose family, and were not willing to forward their views. *He*, however, would be their friend.

Doctor Primrose and his family sought to discover who had maligned them, when one afternoon Dick brought in a letter case, which he had found on the green, containing a sealed note superscribed "The copy of a letter to be sent to the two ladies at Thornhill Castle." In their overmastering curiosity, the Primroses broke open the note and found it to be plainly enough from Mr. Burchell protesting against having the two young girls taken to town, as a great impropriety, and closing with the words, "reflect on the consequences of introducing infamy and vice into retreats where peace and innocence have hitherto resided."

Now, this letter was really aimed at the infamy and vice of Blarney and Skeggs and their set, and was written for the purpose of protecting the Primrose daughters. But the Primrose family misread it, and concluded that Burchell was their traducer. A little after, Burchell unexpectedly called, and a scene followed. The doctor burst upon him with bitter reproaches for his perfidy. Burchell bore it all with coolness and dignity; and, when he found that no explanation would be listened to, departed.

Mrs. Primrose and Olivia now bent all their art upon the work of securing Squire Thornhill, who, though assiduous in his court, made no offer of marriage. The women tried in every way to bring him to the point; and finally, as a piece of stratagem, encouraged the attentions of Mr. Williams, a well-to-do young farmer, who would have rejoiced to wed Olivia. The two suitors were pitted against each other; and at last the perilous step was taken of announcing to Mr. Thornhill the probability of Olivia's approaching engagement to Williams. The scheme did not work. The doctor insisted on fair treatment of Mr. Williams; and a day for the nuptials was fixed.

About four days had yet to elapse, when, one evening Dick came running in with the astounding intelligence, "Livy is gone; she's gone forever;" and then proceeded to tell how he had seen her get into a postchaise

with two gentlemen, and one of them kissed her, and said he would die for her, and she cried very much, and was for coming back ; but he persuaded her again, and she went into the chaise, exclaiming, "O what will my poor papa do when he knows I am undone !"

Here was the heaviest blow of all. Disgrace had fallen upon the family. The doctor lost his equanimity, and imprecated vengeance on the villain who had robbed him of his child. The other members of the family were frantic. The doctor resolved to pursue the seducer and recover his sadly erring daughter. He suspected Thornhill, and went to the castle, but was met by that gentleman himself, whose frank manner entirely quieted his suspicions, and a word or two from whom directed his thoughts to Burchell. One of Thornhill's people confirmed the doctor's new suspicions, and sent him off on a chase for the runaways to a town thirty miles distant, where some races were in progress. There his fatigue and anxiety threw him into a fever, under which he languished for three weeks. His money was gone ; and he must have been turned out as a beggar but for the timely appearance of an old friend, who had once published some of his writings, and now supplied him with temporary aid.

Sorrowfully, without finding the object of his quest, he began to retrace his way homeward on foot. He fell in with a company of strolling players. With them he stopped at the next inn, where they encountered a brisk, friendly, talkative man, who, with unaccountable kindness, asked Doctor Primrose and the chief player to come and partake of his private hospitality. He led the way to a magnificent mansion, and at once engaged the Doctor in an animated conversation upon political subjects, declaring himself a radical, and drawing out from the doctor a vigorous defence of the monarchy. In the midst of this dispute, who should come in but a gentleman and two ladies, who looked about them with astonishment, while a visible confusion fell upon their voluble entertainer. This entertainer turned out to be only the butler of the establishment, who had a mind to cut a figure in the absence of the master. The new comers were Mr. Arnold, the proprietor of the house, his wife, and his niece, Miss Arabella Wilmot, who had formerly been a pupil of the doctor, and to whom the doctor's oldest son George had been engaged, and would have been married but for the reverses of his family.

Miss Wilmot introduced Doctor Primrose to Mr. and Mrs. Arnold ; explanations followed, and the whole company became very good friends, and went that night to *The Fair Penitent*, which was to be acted by the strolling players. One of these players, who was to take the part of Horatio, had been extravagantly praised for his acting ; and when the curtain rose at the playhouse—a barn in the neighborhood—all eyes looked for Horatio. He came forward, a handsome young man ; but the moment his

eyes fell on Miss Wilmot, he stammered and stuck, and could not go on. Horatio was George Primrose, who, going away from home after the reverses began, had knocked about the world in all kinds of straits and disappointments, and had finally tried his luck as a player.

Mr. Arnold's whole company left the playhouse, went home, had George brought to the house with his bit of wardrobe, and listened with interest to the tale of his vagabond experience.

The next day who should drive up to Mr. Arnold's but Squire Thornhill ; for *he* had begun paying court to Miss Wilmot ; and there was a current report that they were soon to be married. He started at seeing Dr. Primrose and George, but soon entered into friendly conversation with them, and counseled the doctor privately not to say anything at present to Miss Wilmot nor to George about Olivia's escapade.

A day or two after this Thornhill procured for George an ensign's commission in a regiment about to start for the West Indies, and the young man went away full of hope.

Dr. Primrose resumed his journey toward home, stopping on the way at an inn for refreshment. He fell into conversation with the landlord about various country magnates, Squire Thornhill among the rest. The landlord unmasked to the doctor Thornhill's real character, which was that of a heartless libertine, who had debauched and deceived numbers of young people. At this point the landlord's wife came in, announcing angrily that a lodger they had upstairs could pay nothing more, and must be turned out of doors. Then she went upstairs and began cruelly berating this lodger, a poor woman, to whose pitiful pleadings she would grant nothing. The doctor, who could never stand by such proceedings unmoved, proceeded to investigate, when, lo, the poor lodger turned out to be his own lost Olivia, whom Thornhill (for *he* it was that carried her off) had abandoned and left at this lonely place.

Olivia, with the deepest shame and with bitter self-reproach, told her father the whole sad story, disabusing his mind of the impression that Mr. Burchell was her betrayer, received her father's heartfelt assurance of forgiveness, and started with him toward their home. Arrived in the neighborhood, the doctor left Olivia at a little inn, and proceeded on foot alone, meaning to take Sophia back to the inn, that both might bring home the wanderer to the family hearth.

The honest mastiff ran out to meet the doctor late at night ; but in a moment more a strange light sprang up. The house was on fire. Mrs. Primrose, Sophia and Moses ran out, terror-stricken, in their night clothes. The doctor himself darted into the burning building to rescue the two younger boys, and succeeded in bringing them out at the cost of severely burning his arms. Everything was consumed.

Surely now they were at the bottom of the gulf! The family fortune ruined, Olivia disgraced, George's love for Arabella likely to be fruitless, the house burned down, the doctor a cripple from the fire, and Thornhill, their landlord, an unmasked villain. But worse was to come. Thornhill came with his plausible air to see the doctor at his ruined homestead, where the kind neighbors had housed him temporarily in a poor shed, and were supplying the immediate wants of his broken household. The doctor flamed out upon him with angry accusation and terrible invective. Thornhill retorted with insult, and finally with a threat, which he proceeded at once to carry into execution. The poor doctor was in Thornhill's debt, and an officer was sent to convey him to jail. Faint and smarting from his burns, he was led off one morning through the freshly fallen snow to prison. A few of his old parishioners came shouting after the sorrowful procession, and would have brained the officers who were carrying off their beloved old pastor, had he not restrained them. To prison they went; and the doctor found himself in the common room with a lot of profane and vulgar fellows by day, and on the straw in a cell by night.

The plot now thickens rapidly. The members of the doctor's family had occasional access to him and strove to comfort him in some degree. His wife was permitted to attend him. The little boys read to him. Sophia attended to poor Olivia, whose health was failing, and whose condition was reported to her father daily. And Moses got work to supply the fallen family with a few comforts.

It seemed that Olivia had been really married to Thornhill by a priest brought in clandestinely. That information somewhat relieved the doctor's mind and diminished her shame. And now that Thornhill was soon to marry Miss Wilmot, he would be guilty of bigamy. The doctor, prisoner as he was, was yet the clergyman of the parish, and had power to forbid the bars, which he declared he would do. His family tried to persuade him to offer no opposition; for then Thornhill would easily be prevailed on to set him at large. The doctor, however, remained firm until word was brought him that Olivia was dead. The charge of bigamy could be made no longer, and the doctor withdrew his opposition to the marriage. But Thornhill still declined to release his prisoner, saying that all was in the hands of the attorney.

Meanwhile, the startling intelligence came that Sophia had been kidnapped and driven off in a post-chaise; and on the heels of this bad news a noise was heard, and then a clanking of fetters; and the doctor's son George was brought in bloody, and accused of attempted murder. He had received a letter from his mother detailing the family misfortunes, had hastily come home to punish the betrayer of his sister's honor, had challenged Thornhill to mortal combat, who had declined to meet him, and had

sent four ruffians in his place, one of whom George had desperately wounded, whereupon George had been arrested and sent to prison.

Here for the first time happier prospects began to dawn. Mr. Burchell makes his appearance. He had seen the kidnapping of Sophia, had run after the post-chaise, knocked the postilion from his seat, and rescued the girl. Sophy herself came. Word also was brought that Olivia was not dead. The story of her death had been told in order to induce the doctor to withdraw his opposition to Thornhill's marriage. Burchell turns out to be no other than the virtuous and benevolent Sir William Thornhill, a man of great wealth and influence. The Squire himself appears, and all his villainy is unmasked before his uncle. Miss Wilmot appears, renounces Thornhill, and accepts George, her early love. Sir William clasps Sophy to his heart. The man supposed to have been wounded by George turns out to be an imposter, and George is set at liberty. The Squire is reduced to a moderate allowance from his uncle, and is deprived of the management of the estate. The doctor, by the arrest of his defaulting financial agent at Antwerp, recovers a large portion of his estate. His arm is healed. The prison with its hardships and wretched crew is left by the whole company, and the evening of the doctor's days is peace and happiness.

Many incidents, like the doctor's preaching to the prisoners, and his meeting in the gaol with one Jenkinson, the rogue that swindled him and his son out of the horses, are necessarily passed over. But the foregoing is an outline of one of the prettiest and most touching tales in the language.

Here follow a few specimens of the aphorisms and delicate turns that abound throughout.

QUOTATIONS.

"That virtue which requires to be ever guarded is scarcely worth the sentinel."

"Disproportioned friendships ever terminate in disgust."

"The nakedness of the indigent world might be clothed with the trimmings of the vain."

"Let us draw upon Content for the Deficiencies of Fortune."

"Feasts acquire a double relish from hospitality."

"The jests of the rich are ever successful."

"The ladies of the town strove hard to be equally easy, but without success. They swam, sprawled, languished and frisked; but all would not do. The gazers indeed owned that it was fine; but neighbor Flamborough observed that Miss Livy's feet seemed as pat to the music as its echo."

"The pain which conscience gives the man who has already done wrong is soon got over. Conscience is a coward; and those faults it has not strength enough to prevent, it seldom has justice enough to accuse."



JACQUES HENRI BERNARDIN DE SAINT-PIERRE.

BORN 1737.

FRANCE.

DIED 1814.

JACQUES HENRI BERNARDIN DE ST.-PIERRE.

The birth of the eminent French writer Jacques Henri Bernardin de Saint-Pierre occurred at Havre on the 19th of January, 1737. As a child he was precocious and peculiar. Even then he was famous as a story teller. It is said that one of his boyish stories about a cat, related years afterward to the great Rousseau, caused the philosopher to weep. He was passionately fond of horticulture. His kindness to animals was proverbial. As a lad he fought with a carter who was ill-treating his horse. He loved study and coveted solitude, and his temper was moody and intractable. The education of Saint-Pierre was begun with the Jesuits at Caen. He was afterwards established at Rouen, and was graduated with honours in 1757. Soon after, he entered the army as an engineer, but, after a brief period of service, was dismissed for an act of insubordination. Then he went as an engineer to Russia, where he remained four years. Returning home, he was appointed engineer for the Isle of France. There he remained for three years, when he removed to Paris, with the determination to devote his time and talents to literature. His intimacy with Jean Jacques Rousseau was one of the delights of his new life. It was among his distinctions that he was patronized by Louis XVI., Joseph Bonaparte and the Emperor Napoleon. In 1773 Saint-Pierre published his first work, *Voyage to the Isle of France*. This was followed, in 1784, by *Studies of Nature*; this, in 1787, by *Paul and Virginia*; this, in 1789, by *The Desires of a Solitary*; this, in 1790, by *The Indian Cottage*. Besides these were *The Harmonies of Nature* and *Essay on Jean Jacques Rousseau*. It was *Paul and Virginia* that rendered him famous, and will keep him so. The fame derived from his other works is but tributary. The private life of Saint-Pierre was far from being irreproachable. His amour with the Princess Mary of Poland is a matter of history. However, when he was fifty-seven years old he married Mlle. Didot, the daughter of a Parisian publisher. The issue of this marriage was a boy, whom he named Paul, and a girl who was christened Virginia. His passion for the Princess is betokened by this passage in a letter which he wrote after she had discarded him: "We live but for a day, to die during a whole life." It is related that the great Napoleon was in the habit of saying to Saint-Pierre: "When do you mean to give us more Pauls and Virginias? You ought to give us some every six months." A fine compliment, truly, but one which betrays an amazing ignorance of the conditions and exigencies of literary work. Such books as *Paul and Virginia* must needs be rare. Their inspiration comes but once in a lifetime, and that one inspiration can only come to the few. Let us forget the follies of Saint-Pierre in the presence of his genius. He died in January, 1814.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

On the eastern coast of the mountain which rises above Port Louis in the island of Mauritius, upon a piece of a land bearing the marks of former cultivation, are seen the ruins of two small cottages. They are situated

near the center of a valley, formed by immense rocks, and which opens only toward the north. Near the ruined cottages all is calm and still, while a soft light illumines the bottom of the valley, on which the sun shines only at noon.

One day when I was seated near the cottages, for to this place I love to resort, I saw an old man approach, dressed in the ancient garb of the island.

"Father," I said, "can you tell me to whom these cottages once belonged?"

"Yes," he replied, "those heaps of rubbish, that untilled land, were, twenty years ago, the property of two families who then found happiness in these solitudes."

I was interested, for I could see by his face that he was one of those whose history has a romance in it. I was right, for, after gaining his confidence, I induced him to relate the tale which follows :

In 1726 there arrived on this island a young woman, Madame de la Tour, and her husband. They had come to seek their fortune. She, young, beautiful, loved by her husband, and of the nobility of France, had been exiled by her family for marrying beneath her station.

Shortly after landing the husband died ; and the wife, homeless and bearing with her an unborn child, found at this spot, with one as unfortunate as herself, the shelter which her family denied her.

This good Samaritan was named Margaret. Sorrow had made her generous to the unfortunate, among whom she herself was numbered ; for, seduced and abandoned, she was rearing her child, Paul, in this lonely spot where he should never hear of his mother's shame.

Here Virginia was born soon after, and the two young mothers found a new happiness in tending their fatherless children, and in each other's friendship. "We each have two children, and our children have each two mothers," they were accustomed to say.

Madame de la Tour had a cottage built adjoining Margaret's, and, with the aid of their negro slave Domingo and his wife Mary, they managed to raise enough grain and fruit to supply all their necessary wants.

While the children were still in their cradle, their mothers talked of their marriage ; and when they were a little older, nothing could exceed the attachment they displayed for each other. If any accident befell Virginia, the cries of Paul gave notice of the disaster, and then Virginia would suppress her complaints when she found that Paul was unhappy. They used to totter around quite naked, holding each other by the hands and under the arms, as we represent the constellation of the twins. They were all in all to each other, and believed the world ended at the shores of their own island ; and all their ideas and affections were confined within its limits.

Thus passed their early childhood, like a beautiful dawn, the prelude to a bright day.

At twelve years of age the figure of Virginia was in some degree developed. A profusion of light hair shaded her face, to which her blue eyes and fresh young lips gave the most charming brilliancy. Her eyes sparkled with vivacity when she spoke ; but when she was silent they had an upward cast, which gave to her face an expression of melancholy. Paul, too, was beautiful. He was taller than Virginia ; his skin was of a darker tint ; his nose more aquiline ; and his black eyes would have been piercing if the long eyelashes which shaded them had not lent them a look of softness. From the grace of their attitudes, the beautiful proportions of their figures, and their naked feet, you might have fancied that you saw an antique group of white marble, representing the children of Niobe.

Though Madame de la Tour had resolved never to have recourse to her relations in France, to whose cruelty she owed a great part of her misfortune, when she became a mother her resentment was stifled by the stronger feeling of maternal solicitude.

"If I should die !" she would say to herself, "what will become of my Virginia ?"

Two or three times she had written to a rich aunt, striving to touch her heart in behalf of her daughter ; but she had received no reply. One day, however, when she least expected it, she received a letter from the aunt, informing her that she deserved her fate, and recommending her, if she desired charity, to apply to M. de la Bourdonnais, the governor of the island. Her last hope in this direction was crushed ; God alone must protect the fatherless child. Yet, Virginia *was* protected—protected as nature protects her children ; for she and Paul were children of nature : no care had ruffled their peace, no intemperance had corrupted their blood, no misplaced passion had depraved their hearts. Still in the dawn of life they had all its freshness, they were Adam and Eve, and this valley was their garden, fresh from the hands of God.

They had neither clock nor almanac, nor books of chronology, history, or philosophy. The periods of their lives were marked by those of nature. They knew the hour by the shadows of the trees, the seasons by the kinds of fruits and flowers, the years by the number of harvests.

In time, however, Virginia felt her heart agitated by new sensations. Her blue eyes lost their lustre, her cheek its freshness, she was strangely languid. She became suddenly gay without joy, and melancholy without vexation. A love of solitude grew upon her, and she wandered in unfrequented paths, seeking everywhere that rest which she could nowhere find. At times, on seeing Paul, she would spring gaily towards him ; but suddenly

she would be seized with confusion ; her pale cheeks would overspread with blushes, her eyes no longer dared meet his. He often endeavored to soothe her by his embraces ; but she, turning away her head, would fly trembling to her mother. His caresses strangely agitated her ; but Paul could not understand the meaning of these new caprices.

One night, in the oppressive heat of a tropical summer, Virginia, being restless and unhappy, arose and went through the moonlight to the spring. She remembered how, when children, she and Paul had bathed together in this very pool. Throwing herself in the cool water, she saw reflected on her naked arms and breast the cocoanut trees which had been planted at their birth. She thought of Paul's friendship, sweeter than the odors and purer than the fountain waters ; but suddenly, trembling and frightened, she fled to her mother, seeking a refuge from herself.

Often, wishing to unfold her suffering, she pressed her mother's hand within her own ; often she had felt her secret, mingled with the name of Paul, rising to her lips, but her heart denied her lips the utterance ; and, leaning her head upon her mother's breast, she could only bathe it with her tears. Though Madame de la Tour understood her daughter's uneasiness, she did not feel inclined to speak to her on the subject.

One day when Paul had given her a miniature of Paul the Hermit, which he had always worn about his neck, Virginia said to him :

"Paul, I will never part with this while I live ; and I will never forget that you have given me the only thing in the world that you possess."

At this tone of friendship — this unhopèd-for return of familiarity and tenderness, Paul attempted to embrace her ; but, light as a bird, she fled, leaving him astonished and unable to account for conduct so extraordinary.

Margaret, who had observed the change in Virginia, spoke to her mother about it, saying :

"Why not let them marry each other ? They love each other dearly."

"They are too young and too poor," replied Madame de la Tour. "What a grief it would be to see Virginia bring into the world unfortunate children, whom she might not have sufficient strength to raise. No. Domingo is getting too feeble to work. I feel myself growing old. Paul is our only hope, and if we could send him to the Indies, he would be able to earn money to buy another slave. When he returns we will marry him to Virginia, for I feel that no one on earth could make her so happy as he."

The truth was that Madame de la Tour had set her heart on separating Paul from Virginia for a few years ; but Paul, when the subject was broached to him, sturdily refused to go.

"Why do you want me to go on this risky hunt for fortune ?" he asked. "You say that Domingo is getting feeble ; but I am young and grow

stronger every day. What if any accident should happen during my absence — above all to Virginia, who is already ill — Oh no, no! I cannot go."

It happened soon after this that Madame de la Tour received another unexpected letter from her aunt, which went far towards solving the difficulty. Relenting in her old age, the aunt offered to adopt Virginia, give her a good education, procure a splendid marriage for her, and promised in the end to leave her all her fortune. The aunt had been able, through her high position in France, to enlist the power of the Governor in her service; and he, after furnishing Madame de la Tour with plenty of money, told her that he must compel either her or her daughter to return to France.

"You cannot without injustice," he went on, "deprive this beautiful young girl, your daughter, of so noble an inheritance. And, though I am ordered to exert my authority, I only wish the happiness of my colony; and I think you see that it is for your own best good for your daughter to return to France."

After dinner, of which the Governor partook, he drew Madame de la Tour aside, and informed her that an opportunity presented itself for her daughter's passage in a ship which was to sail in a short time, and that he would put her in charge of a relation of his own who was returning on the same vessel.

When Madame de la Tour confided to Virginia the necessity of her voyage, the girl acquiesced with all the submission of one who has never known disobedience. As for Paul, ignorant of what had been decided upon, and alarmed by the secret conversations which were going on around him, he became very melancholy.

"They are plotting something against my happiness," he mused, "since they are so careful to conceal it." When, however, they began buying the dresses which were necessary for Virginia's voyage, the truth dawned upon him.

Virginia was prettier than ever in her white muslin dress, lined with rose-colored taffeta. Her beautiful form was displayed to advantage by her corset, while the mass of her light hair was caught up negligently by a simple head dress. Her fine eyes were filled with sadness; and the struggle of the passion which agitated her heart flushed her cheek, and lent emotion to her voice. Indeed, the contrast between her gay dress and pensive look made her more interesting than usual, nor was it possible to see or hear her without being moved.

Margaret, distressed by the dejection of her son, decided at length to enlighten him on the true state of affairs.

"Why will you keep up such vain hopes?" she said. "You only render your disappointment the more bitter. It is time that I should tell you the

secret of your life and mine. Virginia belongs, through her mother, to a rich and noble family, while you are but the son of a poor peasant girl; and, what is worse, you are a natural child."

Paul, to whom these words conveyed but little meaning, questioned his mother anxiously.

"You have no legitimate father," she replied. "I was guilty and you must suffer for it. My poor boy, you have no relation in the world but me." Margaret burst into tears.

"Mother, mother," cried Paul, "if we are alone, we will love each other all the more for it. I love you more than ever now. But I can see why Virginia has kept away from me for the last two months. I see why she is going. I see that she despises me."

One evening shortly after this Paul found Virginia seated by the spring. The moon was rising, her light gradually spreading itself over the mountains, whose peaks glistened with silvery green. The soft cry of the birds could be heard, exalting in the brightness of the night; while the grass seemed alive with the hum of insects.

"Virginia," he said, "they tell me that you are going in three days."

"I must do my duty," she replied simply.

"You must go?" he cried. "You must leave *us* for one whom you have never seen? Is that your duty?"

"They tell me it is the will of God," she answered.

"Yes," he said; "you find no reasons for remaining, and plenty for going; one above all. Riches have great attractions, and you will find in the new country to which you are going another whom you will call brother. You will no more call me by that name. But will you be happier? Will you find others who will love you as we love you? Cruel! What will we do?—what will *I* do—in the morning when I shall see you no more—when the evening comes and I do not find you?"

"Oh let me go with you on the ship. I will give you courage, I will lay your head on my breast, I will watch over you as your slave, happy only in your happiness." His voice was broken with emotion.

"It is for you that I go," sobbed Virginia; "for you whom I see every day laboring for our support. If I get riches it is only to repay you the good you have done us. Oh Paul, Paul, you are *dearer* to me than a brother. How can I tear myself from you? What can I do? I will stay or go, I will live or die;—do with me what you will."

Paul, seizing her in his arms, pressed her to him, as he cried:

"I will go with you—nothing shall divide us!"

Madame de la Tour and Margaret, who had witnessed this scene from a distance, came towards them as they heard this.

"My son," cried Madame de la Tour; "my son, if you go what will become of us?"

Paul, trembling, repeated the words:—

"My son?—My son?—*You* my mother? you who would separate your children? She is everything to me; riches, birth, family, my sole good. If she goes, I will follow her. Can you prevent my throwing myself into the sea?"

"Oh, Paul," cried Virginia in a fright; "remember, whether I go or remain, I live for you alone. I call everyone to witness. I will return to you, Paul."

As the ice of the Apennines is softened and dissolved by the sun, so was the young man subdued by the voice of Virginia. He bowed his head, and his eyes were full of tears. They led him away, submissive; and confided him to the care of a friend, with whom he passed the night.

The next morning, as he was returning home, he stood for a moment on the rocky heights surrounding the valley; and, as he gazed seaward, he saw, far out on the ocean, the fading outline of a ship. They had deceived him: Virginia had sailed unexpectedly in the night. This, then, was the reason they had sent him away. A hard look came into his face, and, turning on his heel, he descended quickly into the valley. He passed the cottages, without noticing them; and, crossing the plantation, ascended the steeps on the other side, from which one had the most unimpeded view of the ocean.

He remained there the greater part of the day, his eyes glued on the vessel far out at sea,—a black speck on the waste of waters. When it had faded from his view he imagined that he still saw it, till even this fancy was dissipated by the gathering mists, and, burying his face in his hands, he threw himself upon the ground.

From that time he was greatly changed, wandering about by himself, and seeking those spots which had been most dear to Virginia. He studied geography that he might follow her course upon the map.

More than a year and a half passed away before Madame de la Tour received any word from her daughter. She had, indeed, heard that the vessel had arrived safely in France, but nothing more: so, when at last a letter arrived in Virginia's own handwriting all were overjoyed.

"My dear mother:" ran the letter.

"I have already sent you several letters, but, having received no answer, I fear they have not reached you. I have felt very sad since our separation. My aunt was much astonished, when, on asking me what my accomplishments were, I told her that I could neither read nor write. She then asked me what I *had* learned since I came into the world; and when I an-

swered that I had been taught to take care of household affairs she told me that I had received the education of a servant.

"The next day she placed me as a boarder in a great abbey near Paris, where I have masters of all kinds, but I do not make much progress in the things that they try to teach me. But I studied hard to read and write, that I might be able to write to you. I think that all my former letters were intercepted by my aunt. She has forbidden my holding any correspondence whatever, which might, she says, become an obstacle to the great plans she had for my future. No person is allowed to see me at the grate but herself and an old nobleman, one of her friends, who, she says, is much pleased with me."

"Though I live in the midst of wealth, I have not a sou at my disposal. Even my clothes belong to my waiting-maids, who quarrel about them before I have left them off. My aunt made me take the title of Countess, and made me renounce the name of La Tour, which is very dear to me, for it is your own."

Though Virginia's letter was welcome, it grieved them all, especially Paul, who was surprised at her forgetfulness of him; there being in the postscript only a few words requesting him to plant some flower seeds which she had enclosed. Were he familiar with a woman's heart, he would have known that she always reserves for the end of her letter those thoughts and wishes which are the most dear to her. But what still more disturbed him was the fact, that some people who had come over in the ship which had brought Virginia's letter, said that she was about to be married to a nobleman of the court. Some even declared that she was already married, and asserted that they had witnessed the ceremony. Paul became very unhappy. Since he had learned to read he had pored over the novels depicting the life of the day, in order that he might figure to himself the surroundings in which Virginia moved. These books had by no means reassured him. In them he read of crimes, debaucheries, the heartless greed, and lust for wealth and power; men and women selling themselves for gold with an abandon of which he had never dreamed. He feared for Virginia surrounded by these things, which were so strange and frightful to his simple way of thinking.

For a long time they received no news of Virginia; but early one December morning, as Paul arose, he saw a white flag flying upon the mountain, which was the customary signal that a vessel had been sighted. He hastened to the town to hear the news; and when the pilot, who had been sent out to the becalmed vessel by the Governor, returned, he learned that the vessel was the *Saint Géran*, of several hundred tons burden, and, though she was now four leagues out at sea, she expected to anchor in the port on the fol-

lowing afternoon, should the wind spring up in the meantime. The pilot brought with him several letters from the ship, among which was one to Madame de la Tour, in Virginia's handwriting.

Paul, seizing the letter with transport, flew back to the plantation. As he waved the letter in the air, the whole family gathered around; and Madame de la Tour, opening it, read it aloud.

Virginia wrote that she had suffered much cruel treatment from her aunt, who, after having urged her in vain to a repugnant marriage, had disinherited her. She was on the *Saint Géran*.

They were all transported with joy at the news; and Paul and Domingo, together with the old man from whose lips I have this story, set out to inform the neighbors of Virginia's arrival. I will continue the narrative, as much as possible, in the words in which I heard it.

Paul was determined to start that very evening for the port, for the vessel might anchor at daybreak, if the wind was favorable. So we set off. As we were traversing the woods which cover the mountain side, we met a negro, who was hastening with all speed to the Governor, with a message. There was a ship from France, he told us, anchored off the island of Amber, firing guns of distress, for the sea had become very heavy.

"Let us go to that part of the island," said I to Paul, and he instantly assented.

The heat was suffocating. The moon had risen, surrounded by three large black circles. The clouds hung low and ominous, lighted at times with vivid flashes of sheet lightning. At times we thought we heard the roll of distant thunder, but it proved later that it was the echo of the signal guns.

At midnight we arrived at the sea-shore. The sea broke upon the beach with terrific force, covering the rocks with dazzling white foam. On the beach, seated around a fire, were a group of fishermen, who told us that in the afternoon they had seen a vessel driven towards the shore by the sea, and since the night had hid it from their view they had heard distress guns fired through the darkness, but that the sea was too violent to put out a boat.

We remained with them till daylight, and about seven in the morning the Governor appeared followed by a file of soldiers. After arranging them in a line upon the beach, he ordered a general discharge of firearms, and instantly we saw a spark of light far out on the water, immediately followed by the report of a gun. It was the ship, and we were soon able to distinguish her hull and rigging looming up through the fog which was constantly driving across the water. It was the *Saint Géran*. The Governor had great signal fires lighted on the sand, sending out in the meantime for

cables, provisions and all manner of things by which we might be able to aid them. A great crowd of people had by this time collected on the shore.

It was then that I heard an old man go up to the Governor and say :

"I have heard all night, hoarse noises in the mountain and in the forest ; the leaves of the trees are shaken ; the sea birds seek refuge upon the land ; it is certain that all these signs announce a hurricane."

Towards nine o'clock, there came a terrible sound across the ocean ; the crash of thunder, and the voice of angry waters.

There was a general cry: "The hurricane, the hurricane !" and in a moment a frightful whirlwind scattered the fog, and the *Saint G eran* stood in full view, her galley crowded with people, her yards and main topmast fallen across her deck, her flag in tatters ; while four cables held her at the bow and one at the stern.

Her bow was presented to the waves, which rolled in from the open sea ; and, as each billow rushed into the narrow straits, the ship she heaved so that her keel was in the air ; while at the next moment her stern, plunging into the water, disappeared altogether, as if she were swallowed up by the surges. The sea, swelling with the violence of the wind, rose higher every moment ; and the channel between our island and the isle of Amber was but one vast sheet of white foam, broken by the yawning pits of the huge black billows.

Through the violent efforts of the ship, it happened as we feared. The cables at the bow were torn away ; and then, being held by only one, she was instantly dashed upon the rocks at half a cable's distance from the shore.

Amid the cry of horror which issued from the spectators, Paul rushed toward the sea ; but I held him back, crying : " Do you wish to perish ! "

" Let me go ! " he cried. " Let me go and save her ; or it will kill me. " Knowing that it was useless to reason with him, Domingo and I fastened a long cord about his waist ; after which Paul dashed into the sea.

Sometimes we thought that he might gain the ship, but in the next moment he would be covered with mountains of water ; and finally he was thrown upon the beach, torn and bleeding, half dead. But, when he recovered consciousness, he again sprang into the sea, towards the vessel, whose sides were now yawning asunder from the cruel strokes of the billows.

At length we saw the crew, despairing of their lives, throwing themselves in crowds into the sea ; clinging to yards, planks, anything that might afford them a support.

It was then that a pitiable sight met our view. High up on the galley of the tossing ship, stretching out her arms, appealingly towards the shore, stood the slim figure of a girl. It was Virginia. There she stood, waving

at times with her hands, as a farewell to her lover, whom she had undoubtedly discovered in the surf.

All the sailors had thrown themselves into the sea except one; who, strong as a Hercules and stripped of his clothes, approached Virginia and knelt at her feet. Then he tried to force her to trust herself to the sea, but she repulsed him gently, turning away her head.

"Save her, save her!" shouted the multitude on the shore; but at that moment a billow, enormous in height, rolled towards the ship, and, rearing its crested head and bellowing sides, swallowed up everything.

Borne by the rushing waters came a mass of debris, dashing upon the shore, and carrying with it the sailor who had stood at Virginia's side and the bruised, senseless body of Paul, who was bleeding from mouth and ears.

After we had placed Paul in the care of a surgeon, Domingo and I ran along the beach, looking for the body of Virginia, but our search was fruitless. But after Paul, who had commenced to regain his consciousness, had been carried home, we heard that a great mass of the wreck had been washed ashore on the other side of the bay; and when we arrived there the first object that met our view was the body of Virginia. Though she was half covered with sand, the features were not much changed. Her eyes were closed, her countenance was serene; but her cheeks were livid with the shadows of death. Her hand, which was tightly closed, was held against her breast; and with difficulty I managed to extract from its stiffened grasp a small box. It contained the picture that Paul had given her; and which she had promised to never part with while she lived. She had kept her promise.

Paul, when he had recovered from his bodily injuries, was a different being. He would wander alone, melancholy and sombre, seeking the places where with Virginia he had known so much of happiness. He would not be comforted, and two months later he followed her whom he had loved so well.

His body was laid by the side of Virginia's, they were shaded by the same tree; and afterwards the remains of the two mothers were placed by those of their unhappy children. No marble marks the spot; there is no inscription of their virtues; but their memory is in many hearts, written in characters which are indelible.

Oh young lovers, so tenderly united! oh unfortunate mothers! No one cultivates your now desolate fields, or inhabits your fallen huts! Your goats are become wild, your orchards are destroyed, your birds are fled, and nothing is heard but the cry of the sparrow-hawk, who skims along this valley of rocks.



JAMES BOSWELL.

BORN 1740.

SCOTLAND.

DIED 1795.

JAMES BOSWELL.

James Boswell, who was born in Edinburgh, October 29, 1740, came of an old and honorable family. His father, Alexander Boswell, was one of the Lords of Session of Scotland, and bore the title of Lord Auchinleck; his mother, Euphemia Erskine, was a descendant of John Erskine, Earl of Mar, who was lord high-treasurer of Scotland from 1615 to 1630. James studied at Edinburgh, and also at Glasgow, where he formed a friendship with William Johnson Temple, with whom he corresponded during his whole life. Being unsettled in his plans for life he visited London in 1760. Here he began to enjoy associating with distinguished men, and to develop an ambition for intimate relations with them. He possessed literary tastes and contributed some articles for the press. In 1762 he published a humorous poem, *The Cub at Newmarket*. With his father's consent he made a tour of the continent before being called to the bar. Passing through London he was introduced, May 16, 1763, to Samuel Johnson in the shop of a bookseller, Mr. Thomas Davies. Proceeding to Utrecht he spent a few months there in the study of law. Then, after visiting Voltaire and Rousseau, he went to Corsica and introduced himself to the patriot General Paoli, who was celebrated as the leader of his countrymen in their resistance to the Genoese. Returning home in 1766 he was admitted as an advocate. His *Account of Corsica, with Memoirs of Pascal Paoli*, published in 1768, largely anecdotal in character, abounding in lively descriptive passages, indicated Boswell's power in biographical narration. The success of the book, which was commended by Hume and others, and translated into several languages, is believed to have turned the author's head. In 1769 he married his cousin, Margaret Montgomerie, who died in 1789. After this he occasionally visited London, attracted by the singular intimacy that had sprung up between himself and a man thirty-one years his senior, and differing from him widely in temperament and character. In 1773, through Johnson's influence, Boswell became a member of the Literary Club; and during the same year the two men made the tour of the Hebrides. In 1785, the year after Johnson's death, he published his *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*. The volume was well received, containing as it did much of Johnson's entertaining conversation, which Boswell had carefully recorded in his note-book. He at once began the preparation of his *Life of Johnson*. Although he had spent less than three hundred days in company with his revered idol since the introduction in 1763, Boswell had been unusually diligent in "gathering the rich fruits of Johnsonian wisdom." "I cannot," said he, "allow any fragment whatever that floats in my memory concerning the great subject of this work to be lost." In 1791 his "Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D." was published, "the most delightful narrative in the language," according to Macaulay. "It is not speaking with exaggeration," says Carlyle, "but with strict measured sobriety, to say that this book of Boswell's will give us more real insight into the history of England during those days than twenty other books falsely entitled histories, which take to themselves that specific aim." Boswell, having removed to London, attempted, in 1790, to secure a seat in Parliament, but was defeated after an expensive contest. In a published volume of letters he makes this frank confession: "Egotism and vanity

are the indigenous plants of my mind." He died in 1795, leaving three sons and two daughters.

Boswell was not only an egotist, he was full of conceit and vulgar vanity, coupled with an utter lack of self-respect. Macaulay thought him one of the smallest men he ever knew. His name was used as a proverbial expression for a bore. An officious, inquisitive parasite, he was snubbed and suppressed, and made the laughing-stock of that brilliant company into whose society he had intruded his unwelcome presence. Insensible to reproof and feeling no sense of humiliation when slighted, he was never able to perceive that the laugh was at him. His contemptible servility made him the constant butt of others' ridicule; and so great was his thirst for notoriety that he paraded before the world those bright sayings which were thrusts received for his own weakness and folly. Johnson, who described Boswell as a fellow who had missed his only chance of immortality by not having been alive when the *Dunciad* was written, was evidently annoyed that this man should have acted with the diligence of a spy upon his conduct. When he first heard of Boswell's intention to write a life of him, he declared that he would prevent it by taking Boswell's.

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

Samuel Johnson was born in Lichfield, Staffordshire, England, September 18, 1709. His father, Michael Johnson, a bookseller in narrow circumstances, who used to open his shop in Birmingham on market day, was a man of large robust body and strong active mind. From an early age young Johnson was afflicted with scrofula, which disfigured his face and destroyed the use of one eye. His mother once carried him to London to be touched for the King's evil by Queen Anne; but the royal touch proved of no avail. At the age of ten he began to study Latin with Mr. Hawkins, continuing his studies under Mr. Hunter, head-master of the school in Lichfield, who enforced instruction by means of the rod, and would say while flogging the boys: "This I do, to save you from the gallows." Though he did not join his school-fellows in their sports, they always treated him with deference, and would sometimes carry him to school on their shoulders. His natural indolence was in a measure overcome by his great desire to excel. He was fond of reading the romances of chivalry; and these extraordinary fictions gave him that unsettled turn of mind which prevented his ever fixing in any profession. At the age of fifteen he entered the school at Stourbridge, where he remained one year, receiving little benefit, except from the personal influence of the master, Mr. Wentworth. Here he gave proofs of his poetical genius, in school exercises and other occasional composition.

The two years following Johnson spent loitering at home, with no settled plan of life. While he read in a desultory manner, as chance threw books

in his way, the books were all of a high order. Searching one day for apples, which he thought his brother had hidden on an upper shelf in the father's shop, he found a folio of Petrarch and read it with great avidity. But his mind was enriched by roaming at large in the fields of literature, and he was thought well qualified for the university, where he gave an impression of extensive reading.

Johnson entered as a commoner of Pembroke College, Oxford, in October, 1728, being in his nineteenth year. Having given a specimen of his poetical powers, at the request of his tutor he translated Pope's *Messiah* into Latin verse as a Christmas exercise, an effort which brought him great applause, Pope himself saying that posterity would question which was original and which translation. He read carefully the Greek of Homer and Euripides, and was fond of metaphysics. He had a peculiar facility in seizing at once what was valuable in any book without perusing it from beginning to end ; later in life a friend remarked, "he gets at the substance of a book directly ; he tears out the heart of it." His poverty, which was so extreme that his feet sometimes appeared through his worn-out shoes, compelled him after three years to leave college without a degree.

Soon after this, his father, who had fallen into a state of insolvency, died, the son receiving only twenty pounds out of his effects. After acting as usher in a school at Market Bosworth, a position which was painful drudgery to him, Johnson went to Birmingham. Here he did some writing for a periodical ; formed the acquaintance of Mr. Porter, whose widow he afterwards married ; and performed his first literary work, a translation of Father Lobo's *Voyage to Abyssinia*. Being thus led to study the history and manners of Abyssinia was the remote occasion of his subsequently writing that philosophical tale, the principal scene of which was laid in this country.

July 9th, 1736, Johnson married Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, whose age was double his own, and at once opened a private school at Edial, near Lichfield. But few pupils were placed under his care, one of whom was David Garrick. He did not find the work of teaching agreeable ; neither was he profoundly revered by his pupils, to whom his oddities of manner, uncouth gesticulations and awkward fondness for Mrs. Johnson were a subject of merriment. The school was discontinued after a year and a half, when Johnson, accompanied by Garrick, went to try his fortune in London. Returning after a few months to Lichfield, where he had left Mrs. Johnson, he there completed his tragedy *Irene*, and then removed permanently to London. In 1738 he became connected with *The Gentleman's Magazine*, writing literary and biographical articles, and revising the contributions of others, and thus obtaining a tolerable livelihood. His *Parliamentary Debates*, which

attracted wide attention and increased the popularity of the magazine, were written either from scanty notes furnished by persons employed to attend, or as the mere carriage of his own imagination, and imitated closely the respective style of each speaker. These were continued about three years.

Learning that the speeches were thought genuine he determined to write no more of them, for "he would not be accessory to a falsehood; and such was the tenderness of his conscience that a few days before his death he expressed regret for having been the author of fictions which passed for realities." The publication in May, 1738, of his *London*, a poem in imitation of the *Third Satire of Juvenal*, first displayed the author's power and gave the world assurance of the man. This poem, for which he received but ten guineas, contains the couplet:

" This mournful truth is everywhere confessed :
SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESSED."

Galled by his own narrow circumstances, he marked the last of these lines by capitals. His letters to Mr. Cave, editor of the magazine, indicate that he was living from hand to mouth, needing each guinea as soon as he had earned it. "If you could spare me another guinea for the history I should take it very kindly to-night." "I will be glad if what you give you will give quickly." One letter to Mr. Cave he concludes thus: "I am, sir, yours, *impransus*, Sam. Johnson," a fair confession that he had not a dinner.

Feeling the hardship of writing for bread he made two attempts to emancipate himself from the drudgery of authorship. But these efforts failed. He could not secure the mastership of the school at Appleby without the degree of Master of Arts, which Oxford refused to grant; and he could not practice in the commons as an advocate without a doctor's degree in civil law. In 1744 he produced *The Life of Richard Savage*, composing the work with great rapidity. Sir Joshua Reynolds told Boswell that he took up the book, knowing nothing of its author, and began to read it, with his arm leaning against a chimney-piece. It seized his attention so strongly that, not being able to lay down the book until he had finished it, when he attempted to move he found his arm totally benumbed. Johnson's pamphlet, *Observations on the Tragedy of Macbeth*, published in 1745, was favorably mentioned by Warburton in the preface to his edition of Shakespeare as the production of "a man of parts;" of which commendation Johnson said, "He praised me at a time when praise was of value to me." In 1747 his *Dictionary of the English Language* was announced by the publication of its prospectus. For this work the contracting publishers paid the author £1,575, and Johnson removed to Gough Square, in Fleet Street, where he employed for a time six amanuenses for the mechanical part of the labor.

When his friend, Dr. Adams, expressed surprise that he could do the work in three years while the French Academy with it forty members took forty to compile their dictionary, Johnson replied : "This is the proportion; forty times forty is sixteen hundred. As three to sixteen hundred, so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman." Boswell having noted Johnson's habitually gloomy cast of thought, observes that the steady employment of all his time while engaged upon the dictionary was the best preventive of the constitutional melancholy which was ever lurking about him. His poem, *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, an imitation of the *Tenth Satire of Juvenal*, which was published in 1749, and for which he received fifteen guineas, was composed with fervid rapidity, seventy lines of it in one day without putting one of them upon paper until they were finished. About this time Garrick, who had become manager of Drury Lane Theatre, undertook to bring out the tragedy *Irene*. Difficulties were encountered, however, for Johnson could not brook that his work should be revised and altered at the pleasure of an actor, and his former pupil.

In 1750 Johnson appeared in the character of a teacher of moral and religious wisdom, publishing *The Rambler* every Tuesday and Saturday for two years. That the work was undertaken with devout and conscientious sentiments is evidenced by the prayer composed and offered on the occasion. Of these essays, which embrace discourses on practical religion and moral duty, critical investigations and allegorical and Oriental tales, Boswell remarks: "In no writings can be found more bark and steel for the mind, more that can brace and invigorate every manly sentiment." In March, 1752, Mrs. Johnson died, an event which caused him deep and lasting grief.

In 1755 Oxford gave him the degree of Master of Arts, and his dictionary was published; the original plan of which had been addressed to Lord Chesterfield, the Secretary of State, who, however, took little notice of the author until the dictionary was on the eve of publication, when he began to write in "The World" letters expressing lofty contempt, and polite yet keen satire. His introducing his own opinions and even prejudices under general definitions of words, e. g., Tory, Whig, Pension, Oats, Excise, while at the same time the original meaning of the words is not explained, Boswell says cannot be defended, but must be set to the account of capricious and humorous indulgence. When a lady asked him how he came to define Pastern, "the knee of a horse," instead of making an elaborate defense, as she expected, he at once answered: "Ignorance, Madam, pure ignorance." This work brought him great fame, and he came to be known as "Dictionary Johnson."

After the publication of the Dictionary, Johnson wrote miscellaneous essays for *The Literary Magazine*, declined a living of considerable value in

Lincolnshire which was offered him if he would enter holy orders ; and, in 1758, began the publication of *The Idler*, a series of weekly essays, which was continued two years, and in which he exhibited admirable instances of that grave humor of which he had an uncommon share.

In 1759 Johnson's mother died, at the age of ninety. His reverential affection for her was not abated by years ; he had written affectionate letters, and contributed liberally to her support. In his last letter he said : " I thank you for your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness for all that I have done ill and all that I have omitted to do well." He wrote *Rasselas, the Prince of Abyssinia*, that with the profits he might defray the expenses of his mother's funeral and pay some little debts she had left. He told Reynolds that he composed it in the evenings of one week, sent it to the press in portions as it was written, and had never since read it over. George III., soon after his accession, granted Johnson, who was mentioned to him as a very learned and good man, without any certain provision, a pension of £300 a year. Unfortunately, Johnson had in the Dictionary defined pension as "generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country." After some hesitation he accepted the pension, being assured by Lord Bute, the Prime Minister, "It is not given you for anything you are to do, but for what you have done."

In 1763 Boswell formed the acquaintance of Johnson, and began at the first interview to make a minute of his conversation. He used frequently to sit up all the night recollecting and writing in his journal what he thought worthy of preservation. He apologizes for the imperfect manner in which he at first exhibits Johnson's conversation. But "in progress of time, when my mind was as it were strongly impregnated with the Johnsonian æther, I could with much more facility and exactness carry in my memory the exuberant variety of his wisdom and wit." In February, 1764, the famous "Literary Club" was formed, which numbered among its original members Samuel Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Edmund Burke, and Oliver Goldsmith.

In July, 1765, Trinity College, Dublin, conferred upon Johnson the degree of Doctor of Laws, an unsolicited mark of distinction. In October of the same year he published his edition of Shakespeare, upon which he had been engaged for many years. In the preface he displays both the excellencies and defects of the immortal bard. While there had been heretofore a blind, indiscriminate admiration of Shakespeare, Johnson, by candidly admitting the faults of the poet, had the more credit in bestowing on him deserved and indisputable praise. In 1767 Johnson enjoyed a private conversation with King George III., in the library at the Queen's house ; and in 1769, the King having established the Royal Academy of

Arts in London, Johnson was appointed Professor in Ancient Literature. His friend, Mr. Strahan, the printer, made an unsuccessful effort in 1771 to secure him a seat in the House of Commons. In 1773, in company with Boswell, he made a tour to the highlands of Scotland and the Hebrides; and each of them afterwards published an account of the trip. Later in life Johnson said of his tour that he got an acquisition of more ideas by it than by anything that he remembered. Of books of travel he once remarked: "They will be good in proportion to what a man has previously in his mind; his knowing what to observe; his power of contrasting one mode of life with another. As the Spanish proverb says: 'He who would bring home the wealth of the Indies must carry the wealth of the Indies with him,' so it is in traveling. A man must carry knowledge with him if he would bring home knowledge." Of his "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland," one appreciative critic said: "There are in that book thoughts which by long revolution in the great mind of Johnson have been formed and polished like pebbles rolled in the ocean." Johnson often took occasion to express his inveterate dislike for Scotland. He once said to Boswell: "I wonder how I should have any enemies for I do harm to nobody." Boswell replied: "In the first place you will be pleased to recollect that you set out with attacking the Scotch; so you got a whole nation for your enemies." Johnson then acknowledged that by his definition of oats, "a grain fed to horses in England and to men in Scotland," he meant to vex the Scotch. He objected to the extreme nationality of the Scotch. In the heat of the controversy over the authenticity of the poems of Ossian, he declared that Scotchmen "loved Scotland better than truth." But he said, "I will do you, Boswell, the justice to say, that you are the most un-Scotchified of your countrymen. You are almost the only instance of a Scotchman that I have known who did not at every other sentence bring in some other Scotchman." Remarking on the general insufficiency of education in Scotland, he said: "Their learning is like bread in a besieged town; every man gets a little, but no man gets a full meal." Nor would he allow Scotland to derive any credit from Lord Mansfield, as he was educated in England. "Much may be made of a Scotchman, if he be caught young." When Mr. Ogilvie had remarked that Scotland had a great many noble, wild prospects, "I believe, sir, you have a great many," replied Johnson, "Norway, too, has noble wild prospects, and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble wild prospects. But, sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees, is the high-road that leads him to England."

In 1775 Oxford conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws; and now he was first willing to be addressed as Doctor Johnson, though

Dublin had ten years before given him the title. During this year he published, probably at the desire of those in power, a pamphlet entitled, "Taxation no Tyranny: an Answer to the Resolutions and Addresses of the American Congress." As early as 1769, Dr. John Campbell reported that Johnson had said of his fellow-subjects in America: "Sir, they are a race of convicts, and ought to be thankful for anything we allow them, short of hanging." And on another occasion he declared: "I am willing to love all mankind, except an American." When the pamphlet "Taxation no Tyranny" was subsequently mentioned in his presence, he remarked: "I think I have not been attacked enough for it. Attack is reaction: I never think I have hit hard unless it rebounds."

In September, 1775, Dr. Johnson set out with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale on a tour in France, the only time in his life that he ever went upon the continent. Mr. Thrale was a rich brewer, living in Southwark, whose acquaintance Johnson had made a few years previously, the acquaintance with the family soon ripening into mutual friendship. He often dined with these friends, and accompanied them on various excursions; and finally apartments were given him in their villa at Streatham, which he occupied until after the death of Mr. Thrale. While in France, Dr. Johnson spoke the Latin, as it was a maxim with him that a man should not let himself down by speaking a language which he speaks imperfectly. When on one occasion Sir Joshua Reynolds presented him to a Frenchman of great distinction, he persisted in speaking Latin, though his excellency could not understand it. In 1776 Dr. Johnson wrote the epitaph for Oliver Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey. When some of his friends requested him to write it in English rather than Latin, he replied that he would never consent to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English inscription.

Before the organization of the Literary Club, Johnson one day received a message from Goldsmith that he was in distress, and begging him to come. He sent a guinea, and followed as soon as he was dressed. He found Goldsmith in a violent passion, as his landlady had arrested him for rent. He had, however, already changed the guinea, and got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. Johnson put the cork in the bottle and began to talk calmly of the means by which he might be extricated. He looked into the novel which Goldsmith produced, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, saw its merit, went out and sold it to a bookseller for sixty pounds, and brought the money to Goldsmith, who discharged the rent. The two men were thereafter warm friends. Johnson said of *The Traveler*, "There has not been so fine a poem since Pope's time." Boswell says it was generally circulated and believed that Goldsmith was a mere fool in conversation. Walpole said he was "an inspired idiot," and Garrick

described him as one, " for shortness, called Noll, Who wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll." Johnson once declared that "No man was more foolish when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had." Goldsmith had an incessant desire to be conspicuous in company, and was jealous of the extraordinary attention everywhere paid to Johnson. He would sometimes become angry and leave the company if he did not himself speak to advantage. Mr. Langton once observed that he was not like Addison, who was content with the fame of his writings, and did not aim also at excellence in conversation, for which he found himself unfit, adding that Addison said to a lady who complained of his having talked little in company, "Madam, I have but ninepence in ready money, but I can draw for a thousand pounds." Goldsmith thought he could write a good fable, and mentioned the simplicity which that kind of composition required; observing that in most fables the animals introduced seldom talk in character. "For instance, the fable of the little fishes who saw birds flying over their heads, and, envying them, petitioned Jupiter to be changed into birds. The skill consists in making them all talk like little fishes." Observing that Johnson was shaking his sides and laughing, Goldsmith added: "Why, Dr. Johnson, this is not so easy as you seem to think; if you were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like whales." "It is a man's own fault," said Dr. Johnson, then in his seventieth year. "It is from want of use, if his mind grows stupid in old age." It was during that year, 1779, that the first four volumes of his "Prefaces, Biographical and Critical, to the Most Eminent of the English Poets," appeared. In 1781 the work was finished, of which the author gave this account: "Some time in March I finished *The Lives of the Poets*, which I wrote in my usual way, dilatorily and hastily, unwilling to work, and working with vigor and haste." Johnson himself considered the *Life of Cowley* the best of the series, on account of the dissertation it contains on the metaphysical poets. In the *Life of Milton* he maintained his opinion of the excellence of rhyme over blank verse, quoting the language of an eminent critic, that the latter "seems to be verse only to the eye." In 1784, the last year of his life, Dr. Johnson visited Oxford and spent a few days with his old friend, Dr. Adams. He always retained an affectionate regard for Pembroke College, and used to boast of the many eminent men educated there. Mentioning those who were poets, he would add, with a smile of sportive triumph: "We are a nest of singing birds." He also visited Birmingham and Lichfield. To Henry White, with whom he formed an intimacy, he said that, though he could not in general accuse himself of having been an undutiful son, "Once, indeed, I was disobedient: I refused to attend my father to Uttoxeter market. Pride was the source of that refusal, and the remembrance of it was

painful. A few years ago I decided to atone for this fault. I went to Uttoxeter in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time bare-headed in the rain on the spot where my father's stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory."

When Boswell called on Johnson soon after he had formed his acquaintance he "found his apartment and furniture and morning dress sufficiently uncouth." Another friend described his personal appearance thus, "Down from his bed chamber, about noon, came, as newly risen, a huge, uncouth figure, with a little dark wig which scarcely covered his head, and his clothes hanging loose about him." His peculiar march is thus described: "When he walked the streets, what with the constant roll of his head, and the concomitant motion of his body, he appeared to make his way by that motion independent of his feet." Everything about his character and manners was forcible and violent; there never was any moderation. Many a day did he fast, many a year did he refrain from wine; but when he did eat it was voraciously, when he did drink wine it was copiously. He could practice abstinence but not temperance. In conversation Dr. Johnson was often in the humor of opposition. He loved to display his ingenuity in argument, and would sometimes maintain, with all the force of his reasoning and wit, opinions which he knew were wrong. He could not brook appearing to be worsted in argument even when he had taken the wrong side. When talking for victory he was determined to be master of the field. Goldsmith said of him, using a sentiment from one of Cibber's comedies: "There is no arguing with Johnson; for when his pistol misses fire he knocks you down with the butt end of it." And Dr. Taylor, his old school-friend, testified: "There is no disputing with him. He will not hear you, and, having a louder voice than you, must roar you down." When Johnson received his pension, it so happened that Dr. Shebbeare, a physician and political writer, was pensioned at the same time, and it was waggishly remarked that the king had pensioned a he-bear and a she-bear. But Goldsmith spoke kindly of his friend, saying: "Johnson, to be sure, has a roughness in his manner; but no man alive has a more tender heart. He has nothing of the bear but his skin." Dr. Johnson was gratefully sensible of any kindness done to him, and always ready to give assistance to others. Many instances are cited of his active benevolence. His charity to the poor was uniform and extensive, both from inclination and principle. Johnson was sensible to the power of music. Having gone to see a funeral procession, and some solemn music being played on French horns, he said: "This is the first time that I have ever been affected by musical sounds." Boswell never knew a man to laugh more heartily. His laugh was a kind of good-humored growl; or, as described by Tom Davies, "he laughs like a rhinoceros." In a pamphlet,

Modern Characters from Shakespeare, the line "you must borrow me Gargantua's mouth," was applied to Dr. Johnson, because, as he explained to Miss Reynolds, he used big words which required the mouth of a giant to pronounce them. He owned that he used "too big words and too many of them;" yet he seemed to take pleasure in his own style, and when he carelessly missed it he would repeat the thought in larger words. For example, talking of the comedy of *The Rehearsal*, he said: "It has not wit enough to keep it sweet," and then added: "It has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction." Sir Joshua once observed to him that he had talked above the capacity of some people with whom they had been in company together. "No matter, sir," said Johnson, "they consider it a compliment to be talked to as if they were wiser than they are. So true is this, that Baxter made it a rule in every sermon he preached to say something that was above the capacity of his audience."

Johnson's early impressions of religion were received from his mother, who, he afterwards thought, was somewhat lacking in judgment, since she made Sunday a heavy day, confining him to read *The Whole Duty of Man*. About his ninth year he fell into inattention to religion, and manifested a reluctance to attend church. Later he became a lax talker against religion, though not thinking against it. While in Oxford, Law's *Serious Call to a Holy Life*, which he afterwards commended as "the finest piece of hortatory theology in any language," led him to think in earnest of religion. From this time religion was a predominant object of his thoughts; though he lamented that his practice of its duties fell far short of what it ought to be. His conduct when he first came to London and associated with Richard Savage was not strictly virtuous. He was not free from propensities which were ever "warring against the law of his mind:" and in his combats with them he was sometimes overcome. Such lapses caused him deep distress. He was accustomed to observe New Year's Day, Good Friday, Easter, his own birthday, and the day of his wife's death, with pious abstraction, scrupulously examining himself, and rigorously censuring his conduct. His meditations and prayers on these occasions manifest great tenderness of conscience and a sincere desire of improvement. When a friend once remarked, "One should think that sickness and the view of death would make more men religious," Johnson replied: "Sir, they do not know how to go about it; they have not the first notion. A man who has never had religion before no more grows religious when he is sick than a man who has never learnt figures can count when he has need of calculation." Shortly before his death he requested three things of Sir Joshua Reynolds: To forgive him thirty pounds which he had borrowed of him; to read the Bible; and never to use his pencil on a Sunday. Sir Joshua readily acquiesced. Opening a

note which his servant had brought to him, he said : "An odd thought strikes me, we shall receive no letters in the grave." When Dr. Brocklesby told him plainly that he could not recover, he refused to take opiates, "for," said he, "I have prayed that I may render up my soul to God unclouded." Dr. Samuel Johnson died December 13, 1784, and was laid in Westminster Abbey beside Goldsmith.

GEMS FROM JOHNSON.

Oratory is the power of beating down your adversary's arguments, and putting better in their place.

Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.

Tacitus seems to me rather to have made notes for an historical work than to have written a history.

I never take a nap after dinner but when I have had a bad night, and then the nap takes me.

Getting money is not all a man's business : to cultivate kindness is a valuable part of the business of life.

"Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*," he said, "was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours earlier than he wished to rise."

Hume would never have written history had not Voltaire written it before him. He is an echo of Voltaire.

If a man were to go by chance at the same time with Burke under a shed to shun a shower, he would say : "This is an extraordinary man."

Marriage is the best state for a man in general ; and every man is a worse man, in proportion as he is unfit for the marriage state.

Quotation is a good thing : there is a community of mind in it. Classical quotation is the parole of literary men all over the world.

Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.

If a man does not make new acquaintance as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.

Of Thomas Sheridan, he said : "Sherry is dull, naturally dull : but it must have taken him a great deal of pains to become what we now see him. Such an excess of stupidity is not in nature."

Of a gentleman who had been very unhappy in marriage, and who married again immediately after his wife died, Johnson said it was a triumph of hope over experience.

When asked, if there was good conversation at the house of a friend, where he had dined the day before, he replied : " No, sir, we had talk enough, but no conversation ; there was nothing discussed."

There are minds so impatient of inferiority that their gratitude is a species of revenge ; and they return benefits, not because recompense is a pleasure, but because obligation is a pain.—*From "The Rambler."*

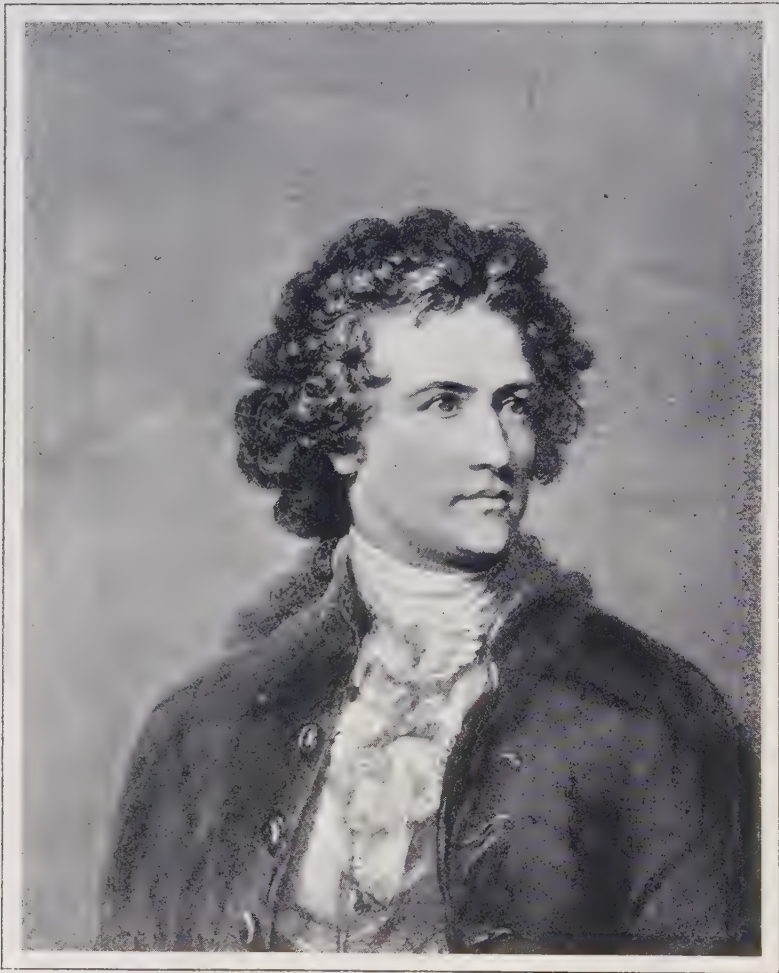
What we read with inclination makes a much stronger impression. If we read without inclination, half the mind is employed in fixing the attention ; so there is but one half to be employed on what we read.

Of David Garrick he said : " He was not Latin enough. He finds out the Latin by the meaning, rather than the meaning by the Latin." When some one remarked that Garrick was beginning to look old, he replied : " Why, sir, you are not to wonder at that ; no man's face has had more wear and tear."

When Hannah More expressed a wonder that Milton, who had written *Paradise Lost*, should write such poor sonnets, he said : " Milton, madam, was a genius that could cut a colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones. However inferior to the heroes who were born in better ages, he (Milton) might still be great among his contemporaries, with the hope of growing every day greater in the dwindle of posterity ; he might still be a giant among pygmies, the one-eyed monarch of the blind."

Dining one day at Sir Joshua Reynolds', he harangued upon the qualities of different liquors, and spoke of claret as so weak that a man would drown in it before it made him drunk. " Claret," said he, " is the liquor for boys ; port for men : but he who aspires to be a hero, must drink brandy."

We were now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavored, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant or the future predominate, over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and far from my friends, be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us, indifferent and unmoved, over ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery or virtue. The man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.—*From "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland."*



JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

BORN 1749.

GERMANY.

DIED 1832.

GOETHE.

Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe was born in Frankfort, August 28, 1749. His father was fond of art, and of German poetry. His mother was a very brilliant woman, from whom young Goethe inherited much of the great versatility of his genius. He entered Leipsic University at sixteen, spending three years there, and afterwards went to Strasburg University. His education was quite irregular, he giving his attention wholly to such studies as suited his inclination. He began writing plays, songs, and poetry of all kinds, at an early age, and in 1771 published his drama, *Götz Von Berlichingen*, which was received with the greatest favor throughout Germany, and made him almost instantly famous. *The Sorrows of Werther*, a sentimental novel, followed in 1774, and gave a new impetus to his fame.

In 1775 the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar invited him to spend some time at his Court, and his home thereafter was principally at the little city of Weimar, which is best known to the world, even now, as the residence of Goethe. In 1795 *Wilhelm Meister*, a philosophical romance was published. It is undoubtedly autobiographical in very many respects, and contains very much of his deepest and most subtle thought. Like most of his works, it seems deficient in moral purposes, though full of beautiful sentiment and profound knowledge of human nature. His moral creed, perhaps, is summed up in one of his own phrases: "Everything that is natural is right."

He was, throughout his life, a worshiper of nature. He appears to have aimed at the universal self culture, which is to some extent the key-note of the Apprenticeship; and poetry, art, science, the languages, philosophy and criticism, all seem to have received equal favor and attention at his hand.

He was handsome in person, magnetic and sympathetic in his intercourse with his friends and worshippers. He died at Weimar, March 22, 1832.

WILHELM MEISTER'S APPRENTICESHIP.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

Translated by Thomas Carlyle.

Wilhelm Meister was the son of a wealthy merchant, who endeavored to give the lad every advantage which would conduce to his thorough development. It was his wish that the youth should become a successful merchant, and be ready to take the place of his father in the extensive business which was then under the control of Herr Meister and his partner, Herr Werner.

The latter had a son who was in training of the same kind, and what could be more suitable or more satisfactory to the old gentlemen than handing over to their respective children the lucrative business enjoyed by them?

To Wilhelm, however, the future revealed itself in very different colors from those which gleamed before the eyes of his father. His temperament was poetic, and with a necessarily limited knowledge of literature, he had high hopes of fame as a poet and a dramatist. From his earliest childhood, the glorious illusions of the theatre had been constantly before his mental vision, and his amusements had been writing and acting tragedy and melodrama. His mind revolted at the thought of life in a counting room, with its sordidness and dull material prosperity, while on the other hand, the mimic world of the play-house gave him the scope his intellect so greatly desired.

At the time of the opening of this story, his natural taste for poetry and the drama, strengthened by a variety of circumstances throughout his early life, had received an additional impetus of late, by his having fallen deeply in love with a beautiful young actress, Mariana by name, who, in return, became devotedly attached to him.

Wilhelm had made the acquaintance of a theatre manager named Serlo, who, residing in a distant city, had expressed to Wilhelm admiration for his abilities, and a desire that Wilhelm should come to him and make his debut as an actor, under his direction, and at his theatre. Wilhelm intended to leave home as soon as possible, and enter upon what appeared to his enthusiastic spirit, as a brilliant career. Under the influence of his enthusiasm, he unburdened his heart to his mistress in a long letter, full of his love for her, his admiration for the drama, his own high purpose to elevate it, and to make it a power for the moral and intellectual advancement of the world. Among many other lofty sentiments, he wrote as follows :

"My whole soul burns at the idea that I shall at length step forth and speak to the hearts of men something they have long been yearning to hear.

. . . The theatre has often been at variance with the pulpit ; they ought not, I think, to quarrel. How much is it to be wished, that both the celebration of nature and of God were intrusted to none but men of noble minds ! . . . I will hope and trust that we two shall yet appear to men as a pair of choice spirits, to unlock their hearts, to touch the recesses of their nature, and prepare for them celestial joys."

This letter never reached the party addressed. Wilhelm's friend and prospective brother-in-law, young Werner, had endeavored in various ways to impart to Wilhelm his own doubts of the worthiness of Mariana. These efforts were unsuccessful, until certain circumstances following close upon Werner's statements seemed proof to Wilhelm that she was false to him.

The shock was a very severe one, ending in a violent fever. Upon his recovery from illness, he felt that with his love, he must give up all his highest joys and hopes. A spirit of self-depreciation seized him. What he had formerly regarded as real poetic talent seemed now to have been a delusion of his fancy, and with spiteful criticism he passed the severest judgment on his effusions. Much to the delight of his father, he gave himself up to trade, assiduously busy in the counting-house. All the souvenirs of his love, and with them his youthful poems, were remorselessly burned.

He became an excellent man of business, and in the course of time his father dispatched him upon an important mercantile mission, which occupied some months, he traveling, as was the custom of that day, on horseback. His sudden escape from the restraints of the counting-house, and the many and varied beauties of mountain and river scenery which were presented to his mind as he journeyed, had a marvellous effect upon his spirits; his mind recurred to many dreams of his youth, the songs which he had written long before came back to his memory, and he sang them with great enjoyment.

His business completed, he stopped for a day or two of rest at a cheerful little town on the bank of a lovely river. As he dismounted at an inn, he found there a company of rope dancers and jugglers, who were very noisy, quarreling with the landlord and among themselves. Going to his room, he met on the stairway a young creature dressed in a short silk waistcoat with Spanish sleeves and tight trousers with puffs. Its long black curly hair was wound about its head. The costume perplexed him, but he decided it to be a girl, took her into his arms and asked her to whom she belonged. She gave him no reply, but was plainly one of the vaulting and dancing company at the inn.

Wilhelm soon picked up an acquaintance with a young man at the inn, called Laertes, who informed him that he had been a member of an acting company which went to pieces at that town a short while ago, and was waiting there for a friend who had gone to find a situation for himself, for Laertes and for another member of the company, a young woman named Philina. He offered to introduce Wilhelm to Philina, and the three were soon very good friends. While in Philina's room, Wilhelm saw in the street the child who had interested him in the inn, and Philina went down and brought her to Wilhelm. He asked, "What is thy name?" "They call me Mignon." "How old art thou?" "No one has counted." "Who was thy father?" "The great Devil is dead."

She appeared to be twelve or thirteen years old; her countenance very striking and full of mystery. Her answers were given with a strangely solemn manner, every time laying her hands on her breast and brow, and bowing deeply, and Wilhelm's eyes and his heart were irresistibly attracted.

He soon after learned that she was in no way related to any of the strolling company, and finding that she was cruelly treated by the black bearded Italian manager, he persuaded that personage to surrender his claims to her for thirty crowns. The Italian professed to know nothing of her parentage or history, except that she had been given to him by his deceased brother, a juggler, who had been called the Great Devil. Wilhelm's interest in the child grew stronger from day to day, and in the society of the lively Philina, the days passed rapidly by in the pleasant little town. Two other actors, old acquaintances of his, Herr Melina and wife, made their appearance there, seeking an engagement.

Melina found that some of the property of the defunct theatre was for sale, and he proposed to Wilhelm to advance money enough to purchase it. Wilhelm objected strongly at first, but a number of other actors having arrived, all seeking employment, Wilhelm reluctantly acquiesced, and the property was placed in Melina's hands. He immediately set to work preparing for a short season in the town. Before the preparations were completed, however, an opportunity was offered to the company to play before the Prince, at a castle in the neighborhood.

Wilhelm was invited to accompany them, but on many accounts was averse to doing so. He felt that duty called him to abandon the Bohemian life he was then leading, and to return home, while on the other hand, his intense love for the dramatic art, for poetry and music, were holding him fast. Mignon, the mysterious child whom he had to some extent adopted as his own, was a source of great anxiety to him. Though silent, she showed him by every motion that she was his devoted slave. What should he do with her at his home, and yet how could he cast her off?

In such perplexities Wilhelm found great solace in the wonderful music of an aged harper, whose acquaintance he and his friends had recently made. He wore a long, flowing white beard; his mind was evidently unbalanced by age or some unknown grief, and his music, all of a plaintive character, touched Wilhelm's heart, and he gradually took the old man under his protection. The decision was finally made by Wilhelm to go with the troupe to the castle. He met there people of much higher rank and position than he had ever known before. The owner of the castle, Count ———, was a scholar and a critic; his countess a very beautiful woman, whom Wilhelm regarded with great admiration and interest. One of the guests of the count was an army officer, Major Jarno, understood to be a relative, and a special favorite of the Prince. Wilhelm was requested to prepare a mythological drama, with tableaux, etc., to welcome the Prince. One feature of it was to be an egg dance by Mignon, but in this he was disappointed, the child saying quietly, but very firmly, that she would no more go upon the stage.

When Wilhelm attempted persuasion, she fell at his feet, saying, "Dearest father, stay thou from the boards thyself."

During their stay at the castle, Wilhelm became quite well acquainted with Jarno, by whose advice he commenced reading the plays of Shakespeare. They furnished to Wilhelm a novel inspiration. He felt instinctively a strong desire to take a place among the actualities of life, to get beyond his present narrow limitations, into the broad world. Jarno, who evinced a strong interest in Wilhelm, was greatly pleased at this new impulse, and encouraged it strongly, suggesting various plans, and tendering every assistance in his power, to carry out Wilhelm's wishes for active employment.

While they were conversing upon this subject in the park, an officer on horseback accosted Jarno, dismounted, and held a long conversation with him, Wilhelm standing a little way off. Suddenly the stranger officer addressed Wilhelm, holding out his hand and saying with emphasis "I find you in worthy company; follow the counsel of your friend, and by doing so, accomplish likewise the desire of an unknown man, who takes a genuine interest in you." He then embraced Wilhelm, leaped into the saddle and departed.

Soon after this incident, a forward movement of the army necessitated the departure of the Prince, and with him the officers and other guests at the castle, and in consequence, our theatrical friends were soon dismissed, with many presents and compliments. Wilhelm, in particular, had made himself very agreeable to the count as well as the countess. Herr Melina decided to take the company to a thriving town some distance away. While on the journey, traveling by coach, the party halted for dinner, and encamped upon a very pleasant wooded height, where, while enjoying the beautiful scenery and pleasant air, they were attacked by foot-pads, their property ransacked, many valuables stolen, and Wilhelm, who was attempting to defend the others and himself, was wounded by a musket shot, that rendered him insensible for some little time. When he recovered consciousness, he found himself supported in the arms of Philina, with Mignon, her hair disheveled, and covered with blood, at his feet. The rest of the company had found their way to the neighboring village, and the three adventurers remained alone, until, just as night was coming on, a young lady rode up, accompanied by an elderly gentleman, some cavaliers, grooms, servants and soldiers. Seeing the group upon the sward she rode up to them and made some prompt, sympathetic inquiries, which elicited the particulars of the mishap. Wilhelm, in the meantime, weak and suffering, gazed with rapture upon the lovely features of the noble woman, who had dismounted, and was standing quite near to him. Suddenly she turned away,

and in a few minutes a surgeon made his appearance, who gave the needed assistance to the wounded man, but while extracting the ball, Wilhelm fainted, and when he returned to himself, the whole party, including the fair lady, had vanished like a dream.

He was carried to the house of a clergyman in the adjoining village, and with the careful nursing of Philina and Mignon, he progressed rapidly towards recovery of his physical health. But his heart had received a more serious wound, and one which did not heal. The image of the beautiful Amazon, as he entitled her, was constantly before his mind. Her sudden appearance, her equally sudden disappearance, and the utter failure of his attempts to find out anything as to her name or residence gave him great anxiety. As his mind reverted to her features, and her form, he was conscious of a decided likeness between the unknown and the countess. They seemed to resemble each other as two sisters might. The beautiful Amazon had removed from her own shoulders, and thrown over him, a heavy coat, which she had worn for protection from the night air. In the pocket of this coat he found a note, the hand-writing of which bore a very close resemblance to that of the countess. This discovery added to his perplexity, and appeared to deepen the mystery.

Feeling deep sympathy for the losses of the members of the troupe, who had been the victims of the robbers, he hurried away against the advice of his physician, before he had fully recovered from his wound, to intercede for them with his friend Serlo, the theatrical manager, whom Wilhelm had known some years before. He was cordially received by Serlo and his sister Aurelia, and found himself in the society of critics and artists, who understood him, and who could converse with him intelligently upon subjects in which he was interested.

Wilhelm was urged by Serlo to become an actor and to take a leading position in his troupe, the latter promising, in case of Wilhelm's accession, to reconstruct his company, admitting all of Wilhelm's late associates to places in the theatre. Wilhelm was in a serious dilemma. Many motives were pressing upon him to forego all further connection with the stage, and engage in some active employment for which he felt himself fitted, while, on the other hand, his sympathy with his unfortunate friends, his own love to art and the drama, the thought that he might keep with him Mignon and the harper, urged him to accept the flattering offer.

While he was still undecided, he received tidings of the death of his father. His brother-in-law, Werner, who wrote the news, advised him not to return home immediately, but to spend half a year or more in travel, improving his mind, and looking about in the world. In reply, Wilhelm wrote, declaring his purpose in life to be self-cultivation, and explaining, that the

stage presented opportunities such as he could not obtain in any other calling. As soon as this letter was written, he went to Serlo and closed a contract with him, greatly to the delight of his friends and all interested, except Mignon, who for some mysterious reason endeavored to hold him back.

The reorganized company commenced the study of Hamlet, Wilhelm undertaking the translation and adaptation to the German stage. The parts were allotted to the various members of the troupe; Aurelia was to play Ophelia, and Wilhelm, Hamlet. A question arose as to who was to enact the Ghost, and before it was decided, Wilhelm received a mysterious note promising, "If thou have faith, the Ghost shall arrive at the proper hour," and upon the first night the play was presented, a tall noble figure, with his visor down, appeared upon the stage and went through the part in such a manner as to meet with great applause from the audience, and unmitigated wonder from Wilhelm, who failed wholly to penetrate the mystery. At the final disappearance of the Ghost a thin gray gauze veil seemed to separate him from Hamlet in some indescribable manner, and the stage manager found, and gave to Wilhelm, a veil, evidently the same, on the hem of which were found these words, embroidered in dark letters: "For the first and the last time! Fly, Youth, Fly!" The play was several times repeated, but the stranger Ghost did not reappear.

The health of Aurelia began about this time to fail, and as she became better acquainted with Wilhelm, she sought and obtained from him great sympathy in her sorrows. Her ill health was wholly the result of disappointed affection, and her sad story was fully confided to Wilhelm. She had become very deeply attached to a very noble man named Lothario, who had been an excellent friend to her, but had failed to return her ardent affection. She made no complaint against Lothario, but bitterly reproached herself for her weakness. Wilhelm, having become acquainted with a physician, who gave great attention to mental disorders, introduced him to Aurelia. This excellent man contributed very much to her peace of mind by his suggestions of the value of true religion. He also sent to her a manuscript, written by an excellent friend of his, a lady now deceased, which he entitled "Confessions of a Fair Saint." It was an account of the experience of a young lady of fashion and rank, who found by trials of the pleasures of society, the unsatisfactory nature of such pleasures, and whose mind became gradually trained to look up above this world for joy and peace. She found, after many vicissitudes, that earthly hopes and earthly joys were in their nature evanescent, and that the soul, made for communion with Heaven, could not be satisfied with anything less. The style of the work was exceedingly attractive, and every line showed sincerity as well as devotion. She concludes her simple and affecting narrative as fol-

lows: "I scarcely remember a commandment; to me there is nothing that assumes the aspect of law; it is an impulse that leads me, and guides me always aright. I freely follow my emotions, and know as little of restraint as of repentance. God be praised that I know to whom I am indebted for such happiness, and that I cannot think of it without humility. There is no danger that I should ever become proud of what I myself can do, or can forbear to do; I have seen too well what a monster may be formed and nursed in every human bosom, did not higher influence restrain us."

This narrative was very consoling to poor Aurelia, and under its influence, she wrote a farewell letter to Lothario, taking leave of him with the kindest wishes, and hopes for his happiness, and with free forgiveness on her part for all the past.

Just at this time a disclosure was made to Wilhelm, which startled him very much, and filled him with a great variety of feelings, among which remorse and regret predominated. Aurelia had under her charge a beautiful boy, about three years of age, whom Wilhelm and others believed to be her son Felix, but it was proven to them beyond peradventure that the child was the son of Mariana, who died immediately after his birth, and that Wilhelm himself was the father.

Aurelia's illness was greatly aggravated by a severe cold, the result of exposure, which carried her to her grave quite suddenly. Not long before her death, she put into Wilhelm's hands her farewell letter to Lothario, exacting from him a promise to deliver it in person. This promise he regarded as sacred, and immediately after the funeral he commenced his journey.

On arrival at the Castle of Lothario, Wilhelm was first received by a Roman Catholic Abbe, apparently a resident of the Castle, whom he recognized as a gentleman he had met two or three times before, and who seemed very well acquainted with his character and history. Wilhelm was very cordially received by his host, Baron ——, whom we have known as Lothario.

The Baron, at this time, was confined to his room in consequence of a wound received in a duel, but was not in danger. In addition to the Abbe, Wilhelm found another old acquaintance, namely, Jarno. From him our hero learned that the Baron was the brother of the beautiful Countess, at whose house the actors had played for the entertainment of the Prince. Wilhelm confided to Jarno his admiration for the fair Amazon and asked his help to find her. Jarno answered evasively, but in such a manner as to lead Wilhelm to hope for some tidings of her.

During his stay at the castle, he made the acquaintance of a very noble woman named Theresa. She had been betrothed to Lothario, but, for some reason not explained to Wilhelm, the engagement was broken, although a warm friendship still existed. Wilhelm was charmed by her man-

ners, her conversation, and her life of beneficence. She and a sister of the Baron had formed a league to educate children, who were orphaned and needed friends. She told Wilhelm that she herself took charge of such girls as promised to be lively, serviceable housewives, while her friend, Natalia, cared for those possessed of a finer and more quiet talent. Said she : "When you become acquainted with my noble friend, a new era in your life will open. Her beauty, her goodness, make her worthy of the reverence of the world."

Wilhelm's stay at the castle was considerably prolonged, he becoming a sincere friend and admirer of Lothario, and receiving in return the friendship of the latter, and enjoying the companionship of the Baron, the Abbe and Jarno, all friends to him and all gifted and accomplished gentlemen. They endeavored to persuade Wilhelm that it was his duty to renounce the stage, and finally prevailed with him so that he decided to go back to the town, bid farewell to his dramatic associates, and bring Mignon and Felix with him to the castle.

On his arrival he was met by Jarno, who informed him that Lothario's uncle had just died, and the Baron had gone to take possession of the heritage. Our friend soon discovered that something mysterious was going on, and that Jarno and the Abbe had certain secrets, which appeared in some way to concern himself. He was finally informed by Jarno that the time had come to initiate him into the mysteries of the castle. Said he : "It is right that a man, when he first enters upon life, should think highly of himself, should determine to attain many eminent distinctions, should endeavor to make all things possible, but when his education has proceeded to a certain pitch, it is advantageous for him to learn to lose himself among a mass of men that he learn to live for the sake of others, and to forget himself in an activity prescribed by duty. To-morrow morning before sunrise, be dressed and ready."

In the morning Jarno led our friend through several galleries unknown to him before, till they reached a heavy door. Wilhelm entered as desired ; Jarno did not follow. He passed through a dark hall, until he came into what appeared like a chapel. Just above the altar hung a dark curtain, which parted in the centre, disclosing a man, whom he recognized as the country clergyman whom he had met on one occasion long since. He resembled the Abbe, but was a different person. He addressed Wilhelm in a tone of dignity, to this effect :

"It is not the duty of an instructor to guard his pupil *from* error but to lead him in it. He who only tastes his error, will take delight in it ; he who drains it to the dregs, will find it out."

The curtain closed, and Wilhelm thought to himself, "What error can he mean, except the one of my whole life ; that I sought for cultivation where

it was not to be found ; that I fancied I could form a talent in me, while without the smallest gift for it?"

The curtain parted once more ; an officer advanced and said, in passing, "Learn to know the men who may be trusted."

Wilhelm recognized the officer to be the one who had embraced him in the count's park, and cried out :

"If so many men took interest in me, knew my way of life and how it should be carried on, why did they favor my silly sports, instead of drawing me away from them?"

"Dispute not with us," said a voice, "thou art saved. None of thy follies wilt thou repent ; none wilt thou wish to repeat ; no luckier destiny can be allotted to man."

Again the curtain parted, and the King of Denmark, in full armor, stood before him. The vision spoke : "I am thy father's spirit, and I now depart in comfort ; my wishes for thee are accomplished in full measure. Farewell, and think of me."

There was silence for a few moments, and Wilhelm meditated deeply, till the Abbe came to view, called to Wilhelm to come forward, and handed him a roll. "Here is your indenture ; take it to heart ; it is of weighty import." Wilhelm read :

"*INDENTURE.*—Art is long, life short, judgment difficult, opportunity transient. To act is easy, to think is hard ; to act according to our thought is troublesome. Every beginning is cheerful ; the threshold is the place of expectation. The boy stands astonished ; his impressions guide him ; he learns sportively, seriousness comes on him by surprise. Imitation is born with us ; what should be imitated is not easy to discover. The excellent is rarely found, more rarely valued. The height charms us ; the steps to it do not : with the summit in our eye we love to walk along the plain. It is but a part of art that can be taught ; the artist needs it all. . . . Words are good, but they are not the best. The spirit in which we act is the highest matter. Action can be understood and represented by the spirit alone. . . . Whoever works with symbols only, is a pedant, a hypocrite, or a bungler. The instruction which the true artist gives us opens the mind ; for where words fail him, deeds speak."

When Wilhelm had read the paper he looked up to the Abbe, who said solemnly, "Hail to thee, young man. Thy apprenticeship is done. Nature has pronounced thee free."

After this interesting scene was over, Wilhelm sat down and wrote out in full the history of his life, for the perusal of Theresa ; with this narration he enclosed a brief letter, in which he solicited her friendship, and,

if possible, her love ; he offered her his hand, and entreated her prompt decision.

A few days later Lothario returned. He said to Wilhelm, "My sister bids me beg of you to go to her as soon as possible. Poor Mignon is failing, and your presence may allay the malady." Two days of travel brought him to a stately castle, where he met Lothario's sister Natalia, who proved to be none other than the beautiful Amazon. She gave the particulars of Mignon's illness, an affection of the heart, which was likely to prove fatal. She had learned in regard to the child's early history, that her home had been in the neighborhood of Milan, and that she had been kidnapped by a company of rope dancers and brought to Germany. Her disease was brought on by an intense longing for Italy, and a wild passionate love for her benefactor Wilhelm. Wilhelm remained at the castle for some weeks, Mignon seeming to improve in the enjoyment of his society, but the attenuated cord was suddenly severed, and she passed away.

At her funeral service, conducted by the Abbe at Natalia's castle, the Marchese Cipriani, an old friend of the family, and at that time a guest of Lothario and Natalia, recognized the face of the dead child as that of his niece, the daughter of his brother Augustin, who many years before had disappeared, and was supposed to have wandered away to Germany. The Abbe soon discovered that the old harper was the brother Augustin, but before this was revealed to the Marchese the unhappy musician, in a fit of delirium, put an end to his sad life.

Theresa became engaged to Wilhelm, who looked forward to a life of happiness with one so worthy in every way of his deepest affection, but before the marriage time was fixed upon, a mystery, which separated Lothario from her, was cleared up, and through the interposition of the Abbe and Jarno, assisted by a wild mad-cap brother of Natalia, the engagement was severed, and Lothario became the husband of Theresa. Wilhelm soon discovered that his heart still retained the image of the beautiful woman who appeared to him so opportunely, and so mysteriously, long before, and ere long he was made happy by Natalia's confession of her love for him. Life put on new brightness as he gazed upon her lovely features, and felt the assurance of her love, and our story closes with these words uttered by him in his joy and satisfaction : " I know not the worth of a kingdom, but I know I have attained a happiness which I have not deserved, and which I would not change for anything in life "

EXTRACTS.

"The man to whom the universe does not reveal directly what relation it has to him ; whose heart does not tell him what he owes to himself and

others, that man will scarcely learn it out of books, which generally do little more than give our errors names."

"How can men judge rightly of our actions, which appear but singly or in fragments to them; of which they see the smallest portion; while good and bad takes place in secret, and for the most part nothing comes to light but an indifferent share?"

"Children! Hasten into life! In the pure garments of beauty may love meet you with heavenly looks, and with the wreath of immortality!"

"The poet must live wholly for himself, wholly in the objects which delight him. He carries in his bosom a treasure that is ever of itself increasing; he must also live with this treasure, undisturbed from without, in that still blessedness which the rich seek in vain to purchase. Men are ever hunting restlessly for that which the poet has received from nature; the right enjoyment of the world; the harmonious conjunction of things that will seldom exist together. From his heart, its native soil, springs up the lovely flower of wisdom. He is at once a teacher, a prophet, a friend of gods and men."

"The song which Mignon and the harper began in the form of an irregular duet .

' You never longed or loved,
You know not grief like mine,
Alone and far removed
From joys or hopes I pine.
A foreign sky above,
And a foreign earth below me,
To the south I look all day,
For the hearts that love and know me
Are far, are far away.' "

"In Hamlet, I imagine Shakespeare meant to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it. A lovely, pure, noble, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which forms a hero, sinks beneath a burden which it cannot bear and must not cast away: All duties are holy for him; the present is too hard. Impossibilities, not in themselves impossibilities, but for him, are required of him. He winds and turns and torments himself; he advances and recoils; is ever put in mind, ever puts himself in mind; at last does all but lose his purpose from his thoughts; yet still without recovering his peace of mind."

"Every gift is valuable, and ought to be unfolded. When one encourages the beautiful alone, and another encourages the useful alone, it takes them both to form a man. The useful encourages itself; for the multitude produce it, and no one can dispense with it; the beautiful must be encouraged; for few can set it forth, and many need it."



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BORN 1771.

SCOTLAND.

DIED 1832.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771. He was a descendant of a character known in Border history and legend as *Auld Wat* of Harden, who is commemorated in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. His great grandfather, "Beardie" Scott, is mentioned in the last canto of *Marmion*. "Alexander Fairford" in *Redgauntlet* is a portrait of Walter's father, an industrious, pains-taking lawyer. A serious illness, when he was but eighteen months old, left him with a lameness from which he never recovered. Before he learned to read, the child was entertained with legends and ballads, recited by his mother, which made a deep impression on his mind. *Percy's Reliques*, a copy of which he purchased with the first few shillings he ever possessed, doubtless also gave direction to his thought. During his boyhood he was a diligent reader, and entered the High School at Edinburgh with a well-informed mind. In 1786 he was apprenticed in the law office of his father, and six years later admitted to the bar. His first publication, in 1796, was a metrical translation of Bürger's *Leonore*. Scott was married in 1797 to Charlotte Charpentier, daughter of a French refugee, and was soon after appointed Sheriff of Selkirkshire. The publication of his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, a collection of ancient ballads, was begun in 1802. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* appeared in 1805, its metre suggested by what a friend, who had recently seen Coleridge, told him of that author's unfinished *Christabel*. *Marmion* was published in 1808, followed by *The Lady of the Lake* in 1810. In 1812, when he began to receive a salary for his duties as Clerk of Sessions, Scott removed from his cottage at Ashiestiel, purchased a "mountain farm," a few miles farther down the Tweed, within sight of Melrose, named it Abbotsford, and began to build and beautify. In 1814, coming by chance upon the manuscript of a romance he had begun in 1805, but laid aside, he completed the story in four weeks, and laid the foundation of his reputation as a writer of fiction by the publication of *Waverley*. During the eleven years, from the appearance of this initial volume, to 1825, the following appeared in quick succession: *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, *The Black Dwarf*, *Old Mortality*, *Rob Roy*, *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *A Legend of Montrose*, *Ivanhoe*, *The Monastery*, *The Abbot*, *Kenilworth*, *The Pirate*, *The Fortunes of Nigel*, *Peveril of the Peak*, *Quentin Durward*, *St. Ronan's Well*, *Redgauntlet*, *The Betrothed*, *The Talisman*.

A baronetcy was conferred upon him in 1820, by King George IV. In 1826, by the failure of his publishers, Constable & Co., from whom he had received money in advance, and whose bills he had endorsed, Sir Walter incurred large liabilities. These were increased to £130,000 by the failure soon after of the firm of Ballantyne & Co., of which he was a secret partner. At the age of fifty-five he set about the task of paying this enormous sum; and at the time of his death he had reduced it by £100,000. Besides much other literary work, he produced *Woodstock*, *Chronicle of the Canongate*, *Fair Maid of Perth*, *Anne of Geierstein*, *Count Robert of Paris*, and *Castle Dangerous*. When health began to fail in 1831, he took a cruise in the Mediterranean, and remained abroad several months. Feeling that the end was approaching, he returned to his loved Abbotsford, where he died September 21,

1832. Lockhart, his son-in-law and biographer, has said that the lines prefixed as a motto to one of the chapters of *Old Mortality* are the most characteristic lines he ever wrote, and give the truest index to the man.

"Sound, sound the clarion ! fill the fife !
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

IVANHOE.

The date of this historical romance is the end of the twelfth century and the reign of Richard I., a time when the national distinctions between the Anglo-Saxons and Norman nobles oppressed the inferior classes. Its scene is that part of England lying between Sheffield and the town of Doncaster, over which a vast forest extended, and where in ancient times bands of gallant outlaws flourished. In a glade of the forest we are introduced to Gurth the swineherd and Wamba the clown, both thralls of a distinguished Saxon, Cedric of Rotherwood, seated upon one of the fallen Druidical monuments, watching the swine.

Gurth, seeing the swine scattering, says :

"Wamba, up and help me and thou beest a man ; take a turn round back o' the hill to gain the wind on them."

"Truly," said Wamba, "to carry my gay garments through these sloughs, would be an act of unfriendship to my sovereign person and royal wardrobe ; leave the herd to their destiny, which can be little else than to be converted into Normans before morning."

"The swine turned to Normans !" quoth Gurth.

"Why, yes : how call you those grunting beasts ?" demanded Wamba.

"Swine, fool, swine," said the herd, "every fool knows that."

"And swine is good Saxon," said the Jester ; "but how call you the sow when she is flayed, and quartered, and hung up by the heels like a traitor !"

"Pork," answered the swine-herd.

"And Pork," said Wamba, "is good Norman-French ; and so when the brute lives, and is in charge of a Saxon slave, she goes by her Saxon name, but becomes a Norman and is called pork, when she is carried to the Castle-hall to feast among the nobles ; nay, I can tell you more. There is Old Alderman Ox, he becomes Beef, when he arrives before the worshipful jaws that are destined to consume him. Mynheer Calf, too, becomes Monsieur

de Veau, in the like manner : he is Saxon when he requires tendance, and Norman, when he becomes a matter of enjoyment."

But while they were conversing, Gurth's faithful dog herded the swine alone, and as they drive the herd homewards, they are overtaken by two horsemen and their attendants. The one is recognized by Wamba as Aymer the prior of Jorvaulx Abbey. His companion is a Knight Templar who had fought the Saracens in Palestine. They inquire for the dwelling of Cedric, as they wish shelter for the night. On the way they find a Palmer just returned from the Holy Land, but born in these parts and acquainted with the country, who acts as their guide and brings them to Rotherwood. When the warder announced that Prior Aymer and Brian de Bois-Guilbert, on their way to a tournament, requested hospitality, Cedric gave orders that the party be welcomed and provided with the best the house afforded. Seated beside Cedric in the great dining-hall of the mansion was his ward, the beautiful Lady Rowena, tall in stature, of exquisitely fair complexion, and noble cast of head and features. Scarcely had the supper begun, when a Jew, Isaac of York, was admitted. The conversation at supper turning upon the crusade and the gallant English warriors led to Palestine by Richard, it transpired that Brian the Templar had fallen in a tournament before the lance of one of the king's followers, the Knight of Ivanhoe, who was the disowned son of Cedric, banished for aspiring to the hand of Lady Rowena, a descendant of the Saxon Kings.

After the guests had sought their places of repose, Rowena sent for the Palmer, who had engaged in the conversation as one thoroughly familiar with events in Palestine. She inquired eagerly for Ivanhoe, who had been the companion of her childhood, and was informed that he was on the eve of his return to England. Early next morning the Palmer quietly entered the apartment of Isaac the Jew and warned him to leave instantly and travel with haste, as the evening before he had overheard the Templar charge one of his slaves to watch his journey, seize him, and conduct him to a neighboring castle. The Jews of this period were the object of general and relentless persecution. As the little ready money in the country was chiefly in their possession, both sovereign and nobility attempted to wring it from them by oppression and personal torture. Familiar with the paths of the forest, the Palmer offered to conduct Isaac on his way to a place of safety. Entering Gurth's apartment he asked the swine-herd to open the postern gate, get the Jew's mule, and loan him a mule for the journey. He at first refused, but when something was whispered in his ear he started up as if electrified, and with hasty alacrity obeyed the Palmer, who gave him another secret communication before he set out. The Palmer led Isaac until they were in sight of Sheffield, where he had a kinsman. Having seen beneath his

Palmer's gown as he stooped over his bed that morning a knight's chain and spurs of gold, and guessing from their conversation what he greatly desired, Isaac gave his guide, as they parted, an order to a rich Jew of Leicester for horse and armor for use at the coming tournament. The condition of England at this time was most miserable. King Richard was absent, a prisoner in the power of the cruel Duke of Austria. Prince John was using every influence to prolong the captivity of his brother Richard, in the meantime strengthening his own faction, that in case of the King's death he might dispute the succession to the throne. Outlaws, driven to despair by the oppression of the feudal nobility, were banded together in the forests, and defied justice. Yet amidst these distresses, poor as well as rich were interested in a tournament and the Passage-of-Arms to be held at Ashby, which Prince John was expected to attend, attracted a large concourse of people. Isaac was present with his daughter Rebecca; the beautiful Jewess by the brilliancy of her eyes and the perfect symmetry of her form drawing much attention. On the first day of the tournament five of the challenging knights, among whom was Brian de Bois-Guilbert, were met and vanquished by an unknown warrior mounted on a gallant black horse, who had recorded himself as the Disinherited Knight. Prince John presented him the prize, a war-horse, and informed him of his duty and privilege to choose the Queen of Honor and Love who should preside over the next day's festival. Moving slowly around the lists he paused in front of Lady Rowena and placed the crown at her feet. The same evening, having received money from the vanquished knights in ransom of their steeds and armor, he sent his attendant, Gurth the swine-herd, in disguise with a bag of gold to pay Isaac for the horse and arms with which the Jew's credit had supplied him.

The next day at the lists, Brian de Bois-Guilbert and the Disinherited Knight were leaders of the two parties opposed to each other, with about fifty knights on each side. Athelstane, a kinsman of Cedric, and representative of the former Saxon kings, was in armor, and to the surprise of his friends, enlisted on the side of the Knight Templar. His reason for this choice, which he had the prudence to keep to himself, was as follows: Not insensible to the charms of Lady Rowena, he considered his union with her a matter already fixed beyond doubt by the assent of Cedric, who, insanely loyal to the old regime, desired to unite by this marriage the whole Saxon people against the Norman rule. The Disinherited Knight's choice of Rowena displeased him, and he was determined that his rival should feel the weight of his battle axe. When the field became thin, as many on either side were vanquished, the Templar and the Disinherited Knight encountered hand to hand. Athelstane and Front de Bœuf came to the aid of the Templar. When it became evident that the Disinherited Knight must be overpowered by his

three antagonists, a champion in black armor on a black horse, who had taken little interest in the fight, threw aside his apathy, rode to the rescue, and soon laid both Athelstane and Front de Bœuf in the dust. With little difficulty the Disinherited Knight completed his victory over Brian, and Prince John declared the contest ended. The Disinherited Knight was then led to the throne of Rowena to receive the victor's chaplet. The marshals, insisting that his head must be bare, unhelmed him, and the well-formed features of a young man of twenty-five were seen, in whom was recognized Ivanhoe, son of Cedric. Rowena uttered a faint shriek, but, summoning her energy, proceeded to bestow the chaplet. Stooping to kiss her hand, the victor sank and lay prostrate at her feet. There was general consternation. The marshals, undoing the armor, found that the head of a lance had inflicted a wound in his side. Cedric was struck dumb by the sudden appearance of his banished son. The name of Ivanhoe passed from mouth to mouth. At this moment Prince John was deeply agitated by a message from France, which he interpreted as meaning that his brother Richard had obtained his freedom. He proceeded, however, with the archery contest, in which the prize was awarded to an unknown competitor who called himself Locksley. At the close of the day, while Waldemar Fitzurse, John's intimate counselor, was attempting to re-unite the scattered members of his chief's cabal, De Bracy, another of his followers, concocted a scheme of his own. With the aid of Brian the Templar, he determines to swoop down upon the Saxons on their return before they reach Rotherwood, conduct them to the castle of Front de Bœuf, and there make Rowena his bride. The Black Knight, by whose exertions the tournament had been decided, had abruptly left the field, and was seen to take a southward course. Avoiding frequented paths he traveled but slowly through the forest, and the second night enjoyed the hospitality of a hermit, the Clerk of Copmanhurst. With song and wine the night was passing in great mirth, when their revels were interrupted by loud knocking at the door of the hermitage. Cedric, seeing his son fall senseless in the lists at Ashby, ordered Oswald, his cup-bearer, to keep an eye on him, and remove him after the crowd had dispersed. The Knight, however, was nowhere to be found. On inquiring, it was learned that a litter belonging to a lady had borne him away. But Oswald found Gurth, who, while searching for his young master had neglected his disguise, secured him as a fugitive, and Cedric ordered him bound.

The following day the Saxons set out upon their homeward journey, but interruptions made it impossible to reach Rotherwood without traveling all night, and through a wooded country infested with bands of outlaws. Hearing cries for assistance, they came upon Isaac and Rebecca, who had hired a body-guard of six men at Ashby to carry the litter of a sick friend.

Hearing that there were outlaws lying in wait, the mercenaries had fled with the horses. In their defenseless condition, both Isaac and Rebecca begged to be allowed to travel with their sick friend under the safe-guard of Cedric and Athelstane. In the bustle connected with this change Gurth made his escape. Soon after, as they were passing through a narrow defile, they were assailed in front, flank and rear at once, by a numerous party, and all were made prisoners except Wamba, the jester, who, after fighting bravely, escaped, and before long met Gurth. The two were meditating some plan for the rescue of Cedric, when a third person suddenly called them to halt. It proved to be Locksley, the victor in archery at the lists, who after hearing their story, proposed to gather a band of true Englishmen to rescue the prisoners. Joining his companions he gives directions for the gathering of a band, and then sets out for Copmanhurst to find the Friar. Admitted to the hermitage, Locksley recognizes the Black Knight as he who had decided the victory at Ashby. He finds him a friend of the English, and willing to aid in this enterprise; so he and the Friar are soon armed and all set out. The marauders meanwhile made but slow progress with their prisoners until the morning dawned.

Arrived at the castle of Front de Bœuf, Cedric and Athelstane were confined together, Rowena placed in an apartment alone, and Rebecca separated from her father. The Jew was thrown into a dungeon vault of the castle. Here he was visited a few hours later by Front de Bœuf, who demanded a thousand silver pounds, and had just ordered his servants to prepare the Jew for the rack, when the sound of a bugle outside the walls led him to quit the dungeon hastily. De Bracy, handsome in person and with the graceful manners of a courtier, entered the apartment of Rowena, and began his suit. Repulsed, he resorted to threats, telling her that the man in the litter was Wilfred of Ivanhoe (whom indeed it was), whose fate, as well as that of Cedric, depended upon her answer to his suit. But he also is summoned by the bugle which alarmed the other inmates of the castle. Rebecca, placed in a room in a distant turret of the castle, was visited by the Templar, who offered to cover her neck and arms with pearls and diamonds if she would become his mistress. Leaping through the latticed window she stood upon the very edge of the parapet, choosing rather to commit her soul to God than her body to the Templar. His description of the power and fame that would be his when he should become Grand Master of the Order, and which he asked Rebecca to share with him, was interrupted by the bugle sound. Rebecca found her way into the apartment where Ivanhoe lay wounded, and described the battle in a manner that has made famous this part of the story. Meeting in the hall of the castle, the three leaders, Front de Bœuf, De Bracy, and the Templar found a letter from the besiegers, demanding the

surrender of the prisoners within an hour. To this a defiant reply was returned, saying that the prisoners were to be executed that day, and requiring that a man of religion be sent to receive their confession. Wamba, putting on a friar's frock, undertook this mission. Easily admitted, he was soon conducted to the apartment of Cedric and Athelstane, where he persuaded the former to exchange dress with him and leave the castle. With Locksley in charge of the archers, the Black Knight led a detachment of the besiegers against the outer barriers, and when a breach had been made, engaged hand to hand with Front de Bœuf, who received a death wound. The castle was discovered to be in flames, fired by Ulrica, one of its inmates, in revenge for indignities she had suffered. When an entrance had been effected the Black Knight vanquished De Bracy and made him his prisoner; then learning that Ivanhoe was in the castle, carried him to a place of safety. Rowena was rescued by Cedric, and Wamba and Athelstane liberated themselves. The Templar seized Rebecca, and was preparing to escape with his prize, when Athelstane, supposing it was Rowena, fiercely attacked Brian, but fell to the earth under his blow, apparently mortally wounded, and the Templar galloped off with Rebecca toward the Preceptory of Templestowe. Next morning, as the outlaws and their allies met at their trysting-tree in the forest, Cedric and Rowena with Athelstane's funeral car set out for Coningsburgh, the dead Saxon's castle. Locksley presented to the Black Knight a bugle, once worn by an English yeoman, assuring him that if ever hard beset in the forest, winding certain notes upon the horn would bring help and rescue. Isaac, the Jew, having been rescued from the ruins of the castle, journeyed to Templestowe to negotiate for the redemption of his daughter. But he was roughly received, and soon expelled from the Preceptory. The Grand Master, now first aware of Rebecca's presence there, prejudged her case and determined that she must die as a Sorceress. Condemned without evidence of guilt she denied the charge, and demanded the privilege of trial by combat, believing that God would raise up a champion to appear for her. A friend was found willing to deliver her message to Isaac; he, learning his daughter's sad fate, hastened to consult Wilfred of Ivanhoe. Rebecca's gage of battle was given to the Templar. When the Black Knight left the trysting-tree of the outlaws, he went to the neighboring Priory of Saint Botolph, to which, under the guidance of Gurth and Wamba, the wounded Ivanhoe had been removed.

The following morning he set out upon his journey, accompanied by Wamba. In the forest they were attacked by a band of armed men, and were likely to be overcome, when Wamba, who had begged the privilege of wearing the bugle, sounded the notes which soon brought to their aid Locksley and some of his followers. The assailants being vanquished, their

leader, Waldemar Fitzurse, whose attack had been instigated by Prince John, was allowed to depart with his life on condition that within three days he leave England. The Black Knight then revealed himself to the yeoman as King Richard, and learned that Locksley was no other than Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest. They were now joined by Ivanhoe, who, feeling an apprehension of approaching evil, had followed, accompanied by Gûrth, in the track of the Black Knight. Ivanhoe and Richard, with their attendants, then rode to Coningsburgh Castle, where the obsequies of its late owner were being solemnized. Here, through the intercession of Richard, Cedric forgives and receives to the paternal affection his son Ivanhoe. While engaged in this interview all are amazed by the sudden apparition of Athelstane, arrayed in the garments of the grave, who informs his startled friends that he had been only stunned by the blow of the Templar's sword, and that, recovering his senses, he had escaped from the coffin. Learning that the Black Knight was Richard, he tendered his allegiance to the King. He then renounced Rowena in favor of his cousin Wilfred. Turning to address him, Ivanhoe had vanished. It was at length discovered that a Jew had been to seek him, and that, after a brief conference, he had called for Gûrth and his armor and had left the castle. Richard was gone also, having left in company with the Jew. On the day appointed for the combat which was to decide her fate, the unfortunate Rebecca sat at one end of the Templestowe tilt-yard near a pile of faggots arranged about a stake. In the lists, upon his war-horse, clad in bright armor, sat Brian de Bois-Guilbert, not willingly, however, but at the command of his superior officer. Twice since her condemnation he had pressed his suit, exhausting every argument to persuade Rebecca to flee with him ; but had found the Jewess firm in her resolution. As it began to be whispered that it was time to declare the pledge of Rebecca forfeited, Ivanhoe appeared ; and though both knight and horse were wearied and exhausted with the journey, he took his place in the lists. The trumpets sounded and the contestants charged in full career. At the merest touch of Ivanhoe's lance, the Templar reeled in his saddle and fell to the ground, dead. Unscathed by his enemy's lance, it was believed that he had died a victim to the violence of his own contending passions ; and the Grand Master declared it the judgment of God, and pronounced Rebecca free and guiltless.

Cedric soon after gave his consent to the marriage of his ward, Rowena, and his son Wilfred of Ivanhoe. The second morning after the nuptials Rebecca visited Rowena, and presenting her with priceless jewels, expressed her gratitude and bid her farewell. Rebecca's affection for Ivanhoe, hopeless as it was, like a gentle murmur of sweet music, runs through this interview. She and her father were about to leave England that they might

find peace and protection in the dominions of the King of Granada. Rebecca had determined to devote her life to works of kindness, tending the sick, feeding the hungry and relieving the distressed. Ivanhoe lived long and happily with Rowena, and distinguished himself in the service of Richard.

QUOTATIONS.

He that does good having the unlimited power to do evil, deserves praise not only for the good which he performs, but for the evil which he forbears.—*The Black Knight*

Rebecca, perceiving that her attempts at consolation only served to awaken new subjects of complaint, wisely desisted from her unavailing efforts, a prudential line of conduct, and we recommend to all who set up for comforters and advisers to follow it in the like circumstances. Age has no pleasures, wrinkles have no influence, revenge itself dies away in impotent curses. Then comes remorse with all its vipers, mixed with vain regrets for the past and despair for the future. Then when all other strong impulses have ceased, we become like the fiends in hell, who may feel remorse but never repentance.—*Ulrica*.

Good fruit will sometimes grow on a sorry tree ; and evil times are not always productive of evil alone and unmixed.—*Locksley*.

Thou knowest not the heart of woman, or hast only conversed with those who are lost to her best feelings. I tell thee, proud Templar, that not in thy fiercest battles hast thou displayed more of thy vaunted courage than has been shown by a woman when called upon to suffer by affection or duty.—*Rebecca*.

Have you never felt an apprehension of approaching evil, for which you in vain attempted to assign a cause ? Have you never found your mind darkened, like the sunny landscape, by a sudden cloud, which augurs a coming tempest ? And thinkest thou that such impulses are deserving of attention as being the hints of our guardian spirits that danger is impending ?—*Ivanhoe*.

THE ANTIQUARY.

On a fine summer's day, near the end of the eighteenth century, Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck and a young man named Lovel, hitherto strangers, were fellow travelers in the Queensferry Diligence, which carried passengers be-

tween Edinburgh and the Firth of Forth. When they had crossed the Firth, and had arrived at Fairport, their final stopping place, the two men were much interested in each other; and, contrary to Mr. Oldbuck's usual indifference, a cordial invitation to visit Monkbaron was extended to his companion.

Monkbarns, the home of Mr. Oldbuck had at one time been an old monastery, but for many generations past it had formed part of the Oldbuck estate. The family was of German origin, the first Oldbuck having been one of the original printers of that country. The first of the family to settle in Scotland left his native land to escape the persecutions directed against the professors of the Reformed religion. They had now been established for several generations as land-owners, and in most shires of England the Oldbucks would have been accounted a family of some standing. But the district in which they lived was filled with gentlemen of more ancient descent and larger fortune. Besides, the neighboring gentry were almost uniformly Jacobites, while the proprietors of Monkbarns were steady assertors of the Protestant succession. But in spite of the coolness it caused among his neighbors, Jonathan Oldbuck took great pride in his Teutonic genealogy, and was wont to abuse with all his powers of invectives those who boasted of Saxon, Norman, or Celtic origin.

Possessed of good health, an excellent temper, with a slight degree of subacid humor, learning, wit, drollery, and an ample purse, in Mr. Oldbuck at sixty, we find a good representative of an old country bachelor. An insatiate craving for curiosities in the shape of rare coins, gems, vases, pottery, firearms, old volumes, etc., made his study look like some Eastern bazaar, and obtained for Mr. Oldbuck the title of "The Antiquary." Particularly interested in the study of the language and architectural ruins of his own country, Mr. Oldbuck spent much time in deciphering the inscriptions found in the ancient abbeys and castles with which Scotland abounds. Time and weather being busy workers, the Antiquary was often obliged to supply possible words and origins by plausible inferences. The habit thus acquired led him frequently to attach undue importance to insignificant matters, and caused him as a student many a grief.

One day, with all the earnestness of an enthusiast, he explained to Mr. Lovel how by the deepest study and research he had proved, that the section of his estate upon which they then stood had been the camping ground of Agricola, when that noted Roman attacked the vast army of Caledonians who uprose to oppose his progress.

"A stone," said the Antiquary, "which I found third day after I bought these precious grounds bears out my theory. On the stone was rudely carved a sacrificial vessel, and the letters A. D. L. L., which without much violence stands for *Agricola Dicavit Libens Lubens*."

"Nothing," continued the Antiquary, warming with his subject, "can be more clearly traced, a proper *agger* or *vallum* with its corresponding ditch or fossa. Is not here the Decuman gate? And here, were it not for the ravages of the horrid plow, would be the Praetorian."

"Praetorian here — praetorian there — I mind the bigging (building) o't!"

The intruder was an old man with a flowing white beard. The three wallets slung across his shoulders, his large slouch hat, and tall staff marked him a beggar by profession, while his long blue gown, and the pewter badge on his right arm, told that he belonged to that privileged class called the King's Bedesmen, or Blue-gowns. On the King's birthday, every Blue-gown received a new gown and as many shillings as the king was years old. The life of a Scotch beggar in the eighteenth century was really a romantic one; and if he chanced to be a Bluegown, he belonged to the aristocracy of his order, and was a person of great importance. He had the privilege of asking alms through all Scotland, every law against mendicity being suspended in his favor.

In return, the Bedesman was expected to pray for the welfare of the King and State. So, in spite of the difference in their social positions, Edie Ochiltree, the beggar, independently stood before the Laird of Monkbarns and reiterated his statement.

"The — the praetorian, as ye call it, Monkbarns, the mason lads built that just for a bield (shelter) at auld Aiken Drum's bridal! Mair, by token, Monkbarns, if ye just howk up the bourock (mound), ye'll find a stane tha' ane o' the mason callants (lads) cut a ladle on to have a bourd (joke) at the bridegroom. An' he put four letters on it — A. D. L. L. — Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle — for Aiken was a'way fond of his broth."

Poor Monkbarns! his theory shattered to atoms by Edie's explanation, and Lovel turned his gaze from the Antiquary in sheer compassion for his confusion. Seeing the Blue-gown regarding him with a countenance provokingly sly and intelligent, the Antiquary, paying a tribute to Edie's greasy, unlined hat, said:

"Go down to Monkbarns — let them give you some dinner — or — if you go to the Manse, or to Knockwinnock, ye need say nothing about that foolish story of yours."

"Who is this familiar old gentleman?" asked Lovel, when the beggar was out of hearing.

"Who is he? why, he has gone the rôle. Soldier, ballad singer, traveling tinker, and now a beggar. He is a sort of privileged nuisance. One of the last specimens of the old-fashioned Scotch mendicant; keeps his rounds within a particular space, and is the news carrier, the minstrel and the histo-

rian of the district. That rascal knows more of old ballads and traditions than any other man in this and the next four parishes. But I must go and look after him, or he'll be spreading his nonsensical story over half the country. He generally invents some such improbable lie to provoke you. Not that I'll publish my essay on castramentation until I have examined the thing to the bottom."

A short time after Edie Ochiltree had so rudely awakened the Antiquary from his dreams of fame, the Laird of Monkbarns invited Sir Arthur Wardour of Knockwinnock Castle and his daughter to meet Mr. Lovel, for whom the Antiquary cherished the most affectionate feelings.

Mr. Oldbuck received his friends at the old Palmer's port of the monastery.

"Welcome to my symposion, Mr. Lovell," he said. "Let me introduce you to my unlucky and good-for-nothing woman-kind."

Then with many sarcastic asides, he introduced to the amused Lovel "my most discreet sister, Griselda, and my most exquisite niece, Maria, whose mother was sometimes called Molly." While the salutation was exchanging, Sir Arthur and his daughter entered, at sight of whom Lovel blushed deeply, much to the Antiquary's amusement. After dinner, the ladies having withdrawn, Mr. Oldbuck and Sir Arthur, who was also something of an antiquary, became excited over the derivation of the word "Benval."

"It is decidedly Celtic," said the Baronet; "every hill in the highlands begins with *Ben*."

"But what do you say to *Val*, Sir Arthur; is it not decidedly the Saxon, *wall*?"

"It is the Roman *vallum*," said Sir Arthur; "the Picts borrowed that part of the word."

"No such thing; if they borrowed anything, it must have been your *Ben*, which they might have had from the neighboring Britons of Strath Cluyd."

Mr. Oldbuck became fiercely sarcastic and whiggish. They threw out insinuations against each other's ancestry; and finally, quivering with wrath, Sir Arthur flounced from the room, and seeking his daughter, who was in the parlor with the ladies, he tucked her under his arm and left the house. Dismissing the carriage, Sir Arthur and his daughter started to walk down the turnpike road; but discerning Lovel a short distance ahead they determined to go home by the way of the sands.

The tide was not so far out as they had computed, but this gave them no fears, as there were scarcely ten days in the year when it approached near enough to make safe walking an impossibility. They hastened forward. The wind blew furiously, and the dark heavy sky threatened to burst at any

moment. As every advancing wave dashed up, making the narrow path narrower still, Sir Arthur and his daughter, realizing the horrors of their position, silently pressed forward.

"Thank God," ejaculated Sir Arthur suddenly; "we shall get round Halket Head, this person approaching must have passed it!"

The figure advancing proved to be Edie Ochiltree.

"Turn back! turn back! Why did ye not turn when I waved to ye? The tide is running on Halket Head like the Fall of Fyers! We will maybe get back by Bally-burgh Ness Point yet. It is our only chance."

The tide was now so high, they were obliged to abandon the sand and walk upon the rough ledge. Struggling on, they found the crag upon which Ochiltree depended for their safety, completely surrounded by the white billows.

"God have mercy upon us!" solemnly uttered the beggar.

"Good man," said Sir Arthur, "can you think of nothing? of no help? I'll make you rich—I'll give you a farm—I'll—"

"Our riches will soon be equal," said the beggar, looking out upon the strife of the waters, "they are sae already; for I hae nae land, and you would give your barony for a square yard of rock that would be dry for twal hours." Thus calmly the noble old man viewed his fate. Hearing from the lad who had been sent to dismiss the carriage that Sir Arthur and his daughter were walking on the sands, the old Blue-gown knowing their danger, determined to save the lives of those from whom he had received so many favors. And now with all hope of rescue shut off; the relentless billows dashing madly around them; the wind howling furiously in their ears; within sight of no living thing, save his companions and the sea fowl flying about, shrieking with terror—no selfish regret found lodging in the old beggar's grateful heart.

"I hae lived," he said, "to be weary o' life; and here or yonder at the back o' a dyke in a wreath o' snaw or in the wame o' a wave, what signifies how the old gaberlunzie dies? But the lassie! the puir sweet lassie! Wad tha' I could save *her*!"

Suddenly the sharp eye of Edie spied one scaling the rocks from above. Exalting his voice, the old Blue-gown gave such instructions to the daring adventurer, as his knowledge of the crags brought their dangers to mind. Following the beggar's instructions, and by means of a rope, Lovel, for it was he, succeeded in raising them all to the large flat stone, called Bessie's Apron, upon which he stood.

Here, at least, they were beyond the reach of the tide, and where, if the wind did not blow them off, they could wait in safety, until the arrival of more assistance. They were not to wait long, for soon the shout of human

voices and the glare of torches eloquently told that deliverance was at hand.

Foremost in the anxious crowd on the brink of the precipice was Monkbarns.

"I see them," he cried; "low down on the flat stone."

"I see them mysell weel enough," answered Mucklebackit, an old fisherman and smuggler. "I'se hae them up as we used to bouse up the kegs o' brandy lang syne. I'se warrant we'll sune heave them on board, Monkbarns, wad ye but stand out o' the gate?"

Thus uncereemoniously ordered back, Monkbarns stood "out o' the gate," and soon the four prisoners were safe on the firm land. When he reached the top, Lovel, who would not leave Bessie's Apron until the other three were rescued, found that Miss Wardour and her father had already started for home. This seeming indifference to the fate of one who had risked his life for theirs, filled the young man with bitter pain.

Deciding to act in the future as if she gave him no thought, Lovel returned to Monkbarns at the Antiquary's earnest solicitation, and soon, spite of the fact that he occupied the "ghost chamber," was wrapped in deep sleep. Edie Ochiltree went home with Saunders Mucklebackit; saying to the many peasants who offered him shelter, "I can only sleep in ae barn at ance, but, bairns, I'll maybe live to put ilka ane o' ye in mind some ither night, that ye have promised me quarters and my awmous (alms)."

That night Lovel had a strange dream. Mr. Oldbuck's ancestral printer seemed to step from the tapestry hangings on the wall, and, approaching the bed, he opened the volume in his hand. Then with long forefinger he pointed to this sentence: "Kunst macht Gunst," closed the volume and gradually faded from sight. *Skill wins favor* was the translation given to the mysterious words by Oldbuck next morning, as Lovel related his experience of the night.

Although not naturally superstitious, Mr. Lovel was inclined to place great hopes upon this auspicious dream, and so encouraged, he called next day at Knockwinnock Castle with the Antiquary. But the cool reception accorded him somewhat checked his ardor. Then, as if she had not done enough for one day, Miss Wardour, seizing a favorable opportunity, calmly advised Mr. Lovel to restrain his foolish infatuation for her and to return to England. It seems they had met in England a few months before, when Miss Wardour was visiting her aunt in that country.

As they walked back to Monkbarns, Mr. Lovel learned from the Antiquary that Sir Arthur was deeply entangled in financial difficulties, and that it was merely a question of time when the bailee should sell him out. A German adept, named Dousterswivel had convinced Sir Arthur that his

estates were formerly vast gold mines, and under the pretext of discovering the lost vein, he had induced the Baronet to advance him large sums of money for facilitating the work. Fooled and blinded by the plausible promises of Dousterswivel, Sir Arthur had put every pound he possessed, and as many as he could borrow, into the project.

But as nothing tangible was forthcoming from the use of these borrowed pounds, their owners naturally became anxious for Sir Arthur to cancel his indebtedness to them. This he could not do, and the mental anguish occasioned by his inability to make restitution, together with the humiliating failure of the enterprise, ruined his temper and undermined his health.

About a week after their experience on the sands, Sir Arthur invited Mr. Lovel and some others to visit the ruins of St. Ruth's Priory on the Wardour estate, and afterwards to dine, and spend the evening at Knock-winnock Castle. The party was just about to leave the ruins, when Captain M'Intyre, nephew to the Antiquary, and a brother of Marie's, appeared on the scene. For some unexplained reason, from the moment of their introduction, Captain M'Intyre and Mr. Lovel evinced a cordial dislike for each other. The fact that each young man discovered a tendency in the other to pay attention to Miss Wardour was not likely to lessen this feeling.

Learning that Mr. Lovel was a military man, Captain M'Intyre inquired the number of his regiment. Lovel gave it. Now it chanced that Captain M'Intyre knew that regiment well, and was acquainted with every officer on the staff of which Lovel claimed to be a member. Saying in a cutting tone that he could not recollect the name of Lovel, the latter blushed deeply, attracting the attention of the entire party. Soon after, on the pretext of having a severe headache, Mr. Lovel left for his lodgings in Fairport.

He was soon joined by Captain M'Intyre, who, in an insolent manner, said he wished to know the occupation and social position of men whom he found in his sister's company.

"My name, sir, is Lovel, and for the present my address is Fairport. Further questions I decline to answer," returned Lovel in a haughty tone.

Captain M'Intyre was an impulsive, hot-headed young man. Seeing that Mr. Lovel was firm in resenting his questions, he became quite abusive; and finally, after making some most insolent remarks, he excitedly demanded satisfaction.

"I shall be proud to give it to you, Captain M'Intyre, in the way the word is generally understood by gentlemen," said Lovel as he rode on.

As brave as most men, Lovel felt somewhat awe-stricken at the thought of a duel. But M'Intyre's insolent behavior, the injustice and incivility of his demands upon a perfect stranger, as well as his presumptuous attentions

to Miss Wardour, all induced Lovel to shut his eyes to the common-sense view of the subject, and make him determined to meet Captain M'Intyre that evening as arranged. Arriving at the appointed spot, the duellists were surprised to find the old Blue-Gown there before them. Drawing himself up to his full height, his majestic figure and expressive features enhanced by the long white beard that flowed past his waist, the beggar, with all the eloquence and appearance of one of the prophets of old, tried to persuade the young men from staining their hands with each other's blood.

Although much affected, the young men's pride would not allow them to withdraw. The ground was measured off by the seconds. The fatal sign was given. Both men fired. M'Intyre reeled and fell. Raising himself on his arm, "Lovel," he said, "shake hands. I—believe you—to be a gentleman. Forgive my—rudeness; I forgive you—my—death—my poor sister!"

Bewildered, Lovel stood gazing upon his awful deed. "Awa! Awa—if ye would save your young blood from a shameful death. See the men out yonder to drag ye to prison!" So saying the beggar led the stupefied Lovel from the scene to a cave near by, the entrance to which was concealed by the bough of an ancient oak. Inside, the cave was high and roomy. Cut into two sections, these intersecting each other at right angles formed an emblem of the cross.

From one of these branches, a turnpike stair led to the kirk above.

As the air in the cave was somewhat stifling, Edie deemed it better for them to go up into the clearer atmosphere of the kirk. Accordingly, mounting the staircase, they found themselves in a narrow gallery back of the chancel, from which it received light and air through apertures ingeniously hidden amid the ornaments of the Gothic architecture. Keenly awake to Lovel's bitterness of heart, the old beggar, to prevent him relapsing into a despondent mood, kept the unhappy man interested in his accounts of the strange but earnest lives of the monks who formerly inhabited the caves, and built many of those kirks and priories, now crumbling into ruins. Sitting there on the stone bench, both men suddenly became aware that they were not the only occupants of this deserted place. To Edie, the first suggestion was that spirits of the long departed monks had returned to wander about their former haunts. A closer inspection, however, revealed the forms of Dousterswivel and his dupe, Sir Arthur. Lovel and his companion gathered from the remarks they now and then caught that the adept, feeling probably that Sir Arthur was losing faith, had promised that night, by means known only to himself, to compel the spirits to reveal their hidden treasures. He set fire to some chips, prepared with a bituminous substance to make them burn fiercely, and then threw into the flames a handful of pungent

perfumes. The vapor made the German and Sir Arthur sneeze heartily, and, penetrating every crevice in the building, it produced the same effect upon the beggar and Mr. Lovel.

At first Sir Arthur supposed the sound nothing but an echo, but the violent explosion of sneezes Edie could not suppress, accompanied by a grunting half smothered cough, made the two treasure seekers start in terror.

"I was begun to think that dis would be de bestermost done in de daylight. We was bestermost to go away."

The scales dropped from Sir Arthur's eyes. Drawing his sword:

"No, you juggling mountebank, before Heaven, I will this night know what I have trusted to! Go on then! Come fairy, come fiend, you shall show me the treasures, or by the faith of a desperate and ruined man, I'll send you where you shall see spirits enough."

Here Edie, entering into the spirit of the affair, uttered an extraordinary and prolonged howl. Dousterswivel flung himself on his knees.

"Dear Sir Arthur, let us go, or let me go!"

"No, you cheating scoundrel! Monkbarns warned me long ago of your juggling tricks. Now, show this treasure, or I'll run this sword through you, though all the spirits of the dead rise around us!"

Having no alternative, Dousterswivel, although expecting every minute to be seized by an unfriendly spirit, proceeded to a corner of the building, removing with the aid of lever and pick, from under a large, flat stone, an old-fashioned horn filled with coin. The sight restored Sir Arthur's confidence. Promising to raise enough money to repeat the experiment at the next change of the moon, Sir Arthur and the German left the place.

"Saw onybody e'er the like o' that?" said Edie. "The siller was all arranged beforehand; they that hide ken best where to find. I'se be upsides wi' him ae day."

In the early dawn, Edie led Lovel down to the ocean where Lieutenant Taffril's gun-boat awaited him. Bidding good-bye to Edie, who returned the gold pieces dropped into his hand, Lovel stepped into the row-boat with Lieutenant Taffril, who had been his second, and was soon on board.

After the duel Hector M'Intyre had been carried to Monkbarns, and for the next week very little attention was paid to the Laird's wants and whims, much to that gentleman's silent disgust. But as soon as Hector was pronounced out of danger, the Antiquary felt at liberty to indulge in complaints, and was in the middle of a grand tirade one day, when Sir Arthur and his daughter were announced.

Although the Antiquary was somewhat puzzled by the horn of coins, he laughed at the spirits' interference in Sir Arthur's favor. Acting upon his

suggestion, Sir Arthur induced the reluctant Dousterswivel to accompany them to the ruins, that they might see if the charm would work by daylight. On the road they were joined by the old Blue-Gown.

Arriving at the ruins, at Edie's suggestion, they began operations on the grave near which they all stood. A few minutes' work brought to light a large box well filled with valuable silver plate.

Elated with his good fortune Sir Arthur put the precious box into his carriage, sent the laborers down to the tavern, and then with the Antiquary, drove home. The German's chagrin at Sir Arthur's marvelous luck may well be imagined. Remaining after the others, he stood near the grave, muttering aloud :

"Who was it could have thought this? If I had gone but two or three feet deeper down, it had all been mine own."

At this moment raising his eyes, Dousterswivel was horrified to find the keen gaze of Edie Ochiltree fastened upon him. The cunning beggar was planning a joke upon the wily adept. He displayed the cover of Sir Arthur's box, upon which was written : "*Search Number One !*"

Then there must be a number two, argued Edie. They agreed to meet that night and seek the coveted number two. Into the church they stole when twilight had merged into darkness. Edie excused himself from the laborious work of throwing out the dirt, and highly amused, watched the adept avariciously struggling with the earth for the treasures he supposed it to possess. But when Dousterswivel had dug down six feet, and broken his pick on the rocky foundation of the kirk, he saw that he was the victim of a practical joke. Enraged, he would have struck the old man with his pick, but the beggar exclaimed in a stern, firm voice :

"Shame to ye, man ! Do ye think heaven or earth will permit ye to murder an auld man ? Look behind ye."

Turning, the German beheld a tall, dark figure. With one powerful blow, it stretched him flat on the ground. Recovering his senses, Dousterswivel found himself alone in perfect darkness. Swearing vengeance upon the beggar, the adept was groping his way towards the chancel, when suddenly a bright light confronted him. Too terrified to move he gazed with superstitious dread upon the strange scene before him.

Lighted tapers surrounded a coffin, at the head of which stood a priest, who chanted in deep, solemn tones the burial service of the Catholic Church. Through the atmosphere of the room, made hazy and indistinct by the incense, whose fumes filled the apartment, might be seen several groups of people, all kneeling, and each holding a flambeau. Dousterswivel was almost paralyzed with fear. To add to his terror, two of the mourners, observing him, glided from their places and seized him by the arms. Their grip satis-

fied the adept that he was in the hands of mortals, and he would have questioned them, but they motioned him to be silent. Thus they detained him, until a loud Alleluia pealing through the deserted arches of St. Ruth's closed the singular ceremony.

After Edie and his accomplice, Steenie Mucklebackit left the senseless German, they ran to Steenie's home, a cottage on the coast. Although long past midnight, the family were still up, evidently waiting for the cakes a young girl was cooking over the fire. Close by sat a poor withered creature, so old, death seemed to have overlooked her. Edie and Steenie burst into the room, declaring a creature in white on horseback was chasing them.

"Hout, ye daft gowks," said Luckie Mucklebackit, Steenie's mother. "It will have been some o' the riders at the countess's burial."

"What!" said Edie, "is the auld Countess of Glenallan buried the night at St. Ruth's? That wad be the lights that scarr'd us awa." Then, regretting that he had left the German alone in the kirk, the Bedesman was soon asleep in the Mucklebackit barn. Before leaving next morning Edie advanced to take his leave of the ancient crone.

"Did not," said the old lady in a sepulchral voice, "somebody say that Joscelind, Countess of Glenallan, was departed frae life?"

"Yes, cummer," said Edie, "she was buried yestereen by torchlight at St. Ruth's."

"Then I unlade my mind, come o't what will."

Taking from her pocket a curious ring, set with a braid composed of black and light brown hair, she gave it to Edie, bidding him tell the Earl of Glenallan that Elspeth o' the Craigsburnfoot must see him before she could die; and that she sent the ring in token of the business she would speak about.

With much difficulty the Blue-Gown obtained an audience with the Earl, who for years had led the life of a recluse. Visibly affected by the ring, when Edie added that Elspeth of Craigsburnfoot desired to communicate a dread secret to the Earl, his face assumed a yet more ghastly hue, and promising to do as requested, he hastily dismissed the beggar. Edie descended the hill to a little hamlet, where he was soon the centre of a good natured crowd. Presently on the outside of the group began to arise sounds of woe. The sports were stopped; then like a bomb fell the news. Saunders Mucklebackit's boat had been swamped at sea. Three of the men in it had been rescued, but Steenie's body, bruised and torn by the rocks, had been washed ashore, and now lay in his father's cottage. The news came like a knell to Ochiltree.

As he was leaning pensively upon his staff, the old man was seized by the collar. "In the King's name," cried a peace officer, "I arrest you for assault, robbery and murder!"

"Murder ! Wha did I e'er murder ?"

"Mr. German Doustercivil. He had a sair struggle for his life, if a' be true he tells, and ye maun answer for't at the bidding o' the law."

The last sad rites over handsome and genial Steenie Mucklebackit had been performed, and the friends dispersed to their homes, when a loud knock was heard at the cottage door.

"Whatna gait's that to disturbe a sorrowfu' house?" said the afflicted mother.

"God forbid," answered Lord Glenallan, "that I should on light occasion disturb your sorrow ; but my days are numbered, and if I see not your mother-in-law to-day, we may never meet this side the grave."

Entering the house, "In the name of Heaven," cried the Earl, "tell why you sent me this?" The ring his hand held acted like magic upon the palsied frame and brain of the old crone. Her eyes flashed. She stood erect and firm.

"Be ye sure," she cried, "tha' your mother, the Lady Countess is gane hame? Then it shall burden my mind nae langer!"

Then the once accomplished and favorite maid of the Countess of Glenallan told a story, well calculated to make the Earl curse the mother who had brought him so much misery.

Briefly the story was this: On account of some family trouble, Miss Eveline Neville was sent to live with her uncle, the present Earl's father. The countess hated all who bore the name of Neville, except her husband; and, when an attachment sprang up between her son, Lord Geraldin, and his cousin Eveline, she determined that nothing should allow it to terminate in a marriage. Finding that coolness and cruel treatment could not accomplish the desired result, the countess had recourse to falsehoods, and induced her son to believe that Eveline was not a cousin, but his own sister. Eveline and Lord Geraldin had been secretly married some time before this, and horrified at the shocking crime of which he believed himself guilty, the young man tore like one maddened from the house. Miss Neville was put under guard; but the ward slept and the prisoner, escaping through the window, made her way to the sea. Elspeth, at this time in disfavor with her mistress, was married to Mucklebackit, the fisherman. She had gone down to the coast, and while standing there saw a light object dart from the top of the cliff into the sea. Bold, strong, and familiar with the tide, she rushed into the water, rescued, and on her shoulder bore the unfortunate young girl into the cottage. A few hours afterwards, Eveline gave birth to a son, and died in the arms of Elspeth, who had always been her mortal enemy. Word was despatched to the countess, who sent her Spanish maid, Teresa, to watch the corpse and new-born babe, while Elspeth went up to the castle. Here, after

an excited discussion between the countess and her younger and favorite son, the former gave Elspeth a gold bodkin, bidding her blight the spurious blossom that had sprung forth that night to disgrace their noble house. Elspeth returned to the cottage, but Teresa and the child were gone.

"Woman!" cried the unhappy Earl, "you swore upon the gospels to facts different from these!"

"And I wad hae taen a yet mair holy pledge on it, if there had been ane. I wad not hae spared the blood of my body or the guilt of my soul to serve the house of Glenallan. I served her as she required me to serve her. The cause was between God and her conscience—the manner, between God and mine—she is gane to her account, and I maun follow."

"May God forgive thee, wretched woman," muttered the horrified Earl.

In spite of his caustic manner, Monkbarns had as tender a heart as ever beat. In the morning, seeing that the poor father was too distracted with grief to support the head of his beloved dead, as was customary, the Antiquary, saying that he would lay Steenie's head in the grave, took his place in front of the afflicted mourners. No deed could have given him greater favor with the simple fishers than this act of condescension. And now, when Mr. Oldbuck returned to see if the family could be relieved in any way, Saunders Mucklebackit's fierce grief was broken at sight of the tears he saw rolling down the Antiquary's cheeks. At the door of the cottage Monkbarns encountered the Earl of Glenallan, who, feeling the need of sympathetic help, unfolded to the Antiquary all the horrible details of old Elspeth's story. The recital was doubly interesting to Mr. Oldbuck, for he too had been a suitor for the fair Eveline's hand; and after her death had tried his utmost to clear away the mystery and scandal that surrounded her name.

Promising to use every endeavor to ascertain if the Earl's son were still living, the Antiquary, who had learned from Captain M'Intyre that Edie was detained in jail, went to Fairport, and after much parleying induced the magistrate to release the Blue-Gown on bail, the Antiquary himself going security.

Next day the Antiquary, Earl Glenallan and Edie Ochiltree went over to the cottage for further information from old Elspeth, but they could elicit nothing more. In Elspeth was personified that savage loyalty of the Scotch peasantry, who would forfeit happiness here and hereafter rather than betray one to whom they owed allegiance.

Day and night the weight of her horrible secret had embittered the soul of old Elspeth, yet, while the Countess lived, for no power on earth would she seek to deliver her spirit of its awful load. Death she had seemed to

defy. The Countess dead, Elspeth felt her hold on life grow weaker. Even as the Antiquary sought to question her, she sunk back, then fell sidelong to the floor. They raised her, but she was dead.

Meanwhile, Sir Arthur's creditors became pressing, then imperative, and as he had expended all the silver found in the ruins, Knockwinnock Castle was seized by a King's messenger. In spite of all Mr. Oldbuck's efforts to stay proceedings, Sir Arthur was ordered to accompany the officers to jail. As they were leaving the Castle, Edie Ochiltree, who an hour before had implored Miss Wardour to lend him a horse, appeared, flourishing in his hand two letters. He had hurried to Tannonburgh, and acquainted Sir Arthur's son, stationed there with his regiment, of his father's predicament. Reginald Wardour secured papers to defer action. Giving these, and an envelope containing one thousand pounds to the old Blue-Gown, he hurried him back to Knockwinnock.

That night the Antiquary caused all Dousterswivel's machinery to be set on fire. It was mistaken for a beacon, and soon every beacon hill for miles around was ablaze with light. Thinking that the French were about to make an attack on the coast, Fairport prepared for defense. The militia were all called out. Monkbarns was there commanding, so was Sir Arthur; and much to the surprise of all, Lord Glenallan made a splendid showing at the head of a large body of yeomanry.

"Here comes the brave Major Neville," cried the people. The magistrates hastened to receive him, but what was the surprise of all when they became aware that Major Neville was no other than the pacific Lovel. Major Neville, knowing that the alarm was a false one, ordered the troops to disperse.

Lord Glenallan dragged the Antiquary aside.

"Tell me," he whispered hoarsely, "who is that young man so strikingly like the ——"

"Unfortunate Eveline?" answered Mr. Oldbuck. "I have noticed the resemblance myself. It is Major Neville."

"Gracious Heaven!" cried the Earl. "My brother's adopted child, my Eveline's son? The messenger I wrote to sent me the whole story yesterday!" Investigation proved that the Earl was correct, and affecting indeed was the meeting between father and son.

If Sir Arthur objected to Mr. Lovel, he certainly favored Major Neville, and in a short time Isabel Wardour and Major Neville were married. Strange that Mr. Lovel (a name assumed after quarreling with his adopted father), who had come to Fairport on account of a romantic attachment, should there learn the sequel to some of the unpleasant suspicions he knew surrounded his birth.

One day Edie, who now divided his time between Monkbarns, Knock-winnock and Glenallan, told how Mr. Lovel, knowing Sir Arthur's financial difficulties, had entrusted the beggar with the box of silver plate, bidding him put it where Sir Arthur, finding, could lay claim to and use it. Now, thanks to his son, and the assistance of his old friends, Sir Arthur's affairs were put in good shape, and peace was restored to all. "Now," said the Antiquary, "that all the lost sons have been found, and the young folks either pleasantly married or about to be, I'll settle down again to writing essays and collecting curiosities."

EXTRACTS.

Skill or prudence in availing ourselves of our natural talents and advantages will compel favor and patronage, even where it is withheld from prejudice or ignorance.

I quarrel with no man's hobby, if he does not run it a tilt against mine ; and, if he does, let him beware his eyes.

Scandal never failed to stoop upon so acceptable a quarry as the failings of the good man, the decline of the powerful, or the decay of the prosperous.

The stoical exemption which philosophy affects to give us over the pains and vexations of human life, is as imaginary as the state of mystical quietism and perfection aimed at by some crazy enthusiasts.

Dreams ! the deceptions of imagination when reason drops the reins. I know no difference betwixt them and the hallucinations of madness—the unguided horses run away with the carriage in both cases, only in the one the coachman is drunk, and in the other he slumbers.

We silly mortals deceive ourselves, and look out of doors for motives which originated in our own willful will.

Your active exertions are due not only to society, but in humble gratitude to the Being who made you a member of it, with powers to serve yourselves and others.

If you are so true a philosopher as to think you have money enough, you have attained the summit of perfection.

You must have the fear of the public before your eyes in all your undertakings.

He must be a good poet ; he has the real Parnassian abstraction—sel-dom answers a question till it is twice repeated—drinks his tea scalding, and eats without knowing what he is putting in his mouth.

The clergy live by our sins, the medical faculty by our diseases, and the law gentry by our misfortunes.

Let them that scorn the tartan, fear the dirk.

A horse in a passion is no joker.

The wound that is of recent infliction must always smart severely.

How few do you see grow old in the affections of those with whom their early friendships were formed.

They that sell the goods guide the purse—they that guide the purse, rule the house.

The human mind is to be treated like a skein of raveled silk, where you must cautiously secure one free end, before you can make any progress in disentangling it.

Our best resolutions are frail, when opposed to our predominant inclinations.



GEORGE GORDON NOEL, LORD BYRON.

BORN 1788.

ENGLAND.

DIED 1824.

LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

George Gordon Noel Byron, the author of *Childe Harold*, and one of the most brilliant, but ill-starred of English poets, was born in London, on the 22d of January, 1788. He came of a family that traced its lineage back to the Norman conquest. His grandfather was an admiral in the English navy. His great-uncle was Lord Byron of Newstead Abbey, Nottinghamshire. His father, Captain Byron, married Miss Catherine Gordon, a Scottish heiress; but their union was a most unhappy one, and they separated soon after the birth of their son.

Mrs. Byron went to Aberdeen, where her boy was educated at a common school. He was only ten years old when the death of his great-uncle, whose heir he was, brought to him the title and estate of the family.

His mother now took him to London, in the hope of curing the boy's lameness, caused by a deformity of one of his feet. The ablest surgeons failed to cure him, and the defect continued, throughout the poet's life, to be a bitter mortification to his vanity. For two years he attended a private school, kept by a Dr. Glennie, at Dulwich, in the outskirts of London, and then he was sent to Harrow, one of the largest and oldest of the English public schools.

While yet a school-boy, he conceived a romantic passion for Miss Chaworth, whose father, owner of an estate adjoining Newstead, had been killed in a duel by Byron's great-uncle. The young lover was doomed to disappointment, as Miss Chaworth married another.

In 1805 Byron went to Trinity College, Cambridge, and while there issued his first work—a volume of poems, entitled *Hours of Idleness*.

It was severely criticised by the *Edinburgh Review*, and the young poet, who deeply resented this attack, replied to it in a scathing satire, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, which attained a notoriety afterward regretted by its author. In 1809, having left Cambridge without taking a degree, he set out on a long tour through Portugal, Spain, Turkey, and Greece. The story of his travels was told in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, a metrical narrative in two cantos, which he published on his return to England, and with such success that, to quote his own words, he awoke one morning and found himself famous.

He now entered public life, and took his seat in the House of Lords, where he made three speeches, which were received with attention. But he soon wearied of legislative duty, and returned to literature. In 1813 and the two following years, he issued some of his best poems: *The Giaour*, an Oriental romance; *The Bride of Abydos*, a work of similar character; *The Corsair*; *Lara*; *The Siege of Corinth*; and *The Prisoner of Chillon*.

But as his poetic star culminated, Byron's impetuous disposition and irregular life made him an outcast from society, and an exile from his native land. In 1815 he was married to Miss Milbanke; a year later he left England, destined never again to see his country, his wife, or his infant daughter. Passing through Belgium, his first halt was at Geneva, where he added a third canto to *Childe Harold*.

Then he spent six years in Italy, at Venice, Ravenna, Pisa, and Genoa; and another remarkable group of poems was written at one or another of these cities—the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, *Mazeppa*, *Manfred*, *Cain*, *Marino Faliero*, *The Two Foscari*, *Sardanapalus* and *Don Juan*. In 1822 he joined Shelley and Leigh Hunt in the publication of a journal called *The Liberal*; but the death of Shelley and a disagreement with Leigh Hunt soon caused its discontinuance.

While at Genoa in 1823, Byron became deeply interested in the Greeks' struggle for liberty from Turkish oppression. His enthusiasm was so kindled, that he determined to enlist in the cause of Hellenic freedom. To fulfill this purpose he went to the island of Cephalonia, and thence, in January, 1824, to Missolonghi. Soon after his arrival he was seized with fever and rheumatism. Though only thirty-six, his constitution had been utterly worn out by his mode of life, and he succumbed to his disease, expiring on the 19th of April, 1824.

Byron's moral failure may be to a great extent forgiven, when we consider the violent passions he inherited, his faulty bringing up, the temptations consequent upon rank and precocious fame, and the strange fickleness of the public, who gave him at first extravagant adulation, and afterward exaggerated odium. His princely generosity and ever-ready sympathy showed that he possessed some noble traits of character. His poetry is remarkable for its power and its beauty—its strong expression of intense emotions, its deep pathos, its exquisite taste and its musical perfection of diction. The inordinate popularity which his poems enjoyed for two generations has passed away, but the more deliberate verdict of posterity has assigned him a lofty niche in the Temple of Fame, from which he will never be dethroned.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

The poem is dedicated to Ianthe, a poetical name for Lady Charlotte Harley, daughter of the Earl of Oxford, and who was at that time a beautiful little maid, scarcely eleven years old.

CANTO I.

After invoking the muse, Byron begins with a gloomy and exaggerated description of his own follies and vices, shadowing himself forth under the romantic name of *Childe Harold* :

“ Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth,
 Who ne in virtue's ways did take delight;
 But spent his days in riot most uncouth,
 And vex'd with mirth the drowsy ear of Night.

Childe Harold was he hight : but whence his name
 And lineage long, it suits me not to say ;

Suffice it that perchance they were of fame,
 And had been glorious in another day :
 But one sad losel soils a name for aye,
 However mighty in the olden time ;
 Nor all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,
 Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,
 Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime."

Childe Harold was sad and sick at heart,

"For he through Sin's long labyrinth had run,
 Nor made atonement when he did amiss ;
 Had sighed to many, though he loved but one,
 And that loved one, alas ! could ne'er be his."

In the following passage Byron describes his ancestral home, Newstead Abbey :

"The Childe departed from his father's hall :
 It was a vast and venerable pile ;
 So old, it seemed only not to fall,
 Yet strength was pillar'd in each massy aisle."

Childe Harold sailed from England ; and as the sun sank into the sea,

"While flew the vessel on her snowy wing,
 And fleeting shores receded from his sight,
 Thus to the elements he poured his last 'good night.'"

The song which follows is a beautiful and well known one :

"Adieu, adieu ! my native shore
 Fades o'er the waters blue ;
 The night winds sigh, the breakers roar,
 And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
 Yon sun that sets upon the sea
 We follow in his flight ;
 Farewell awhile to him and thee,
 My native Land — Good Night !"

"With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
 Athwart the foaming brine ;
 Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
 So not again to mine.
 Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves !
 And when you fail my sight,
 Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves :
 My native Land — Good Night !"

After a voyage of four days the Portuguese coast was sighted, of whose beauty the poet sings :

" Oh, Christ ! it is a goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land !
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree !
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand ! "

" What beauties doth Lisboa (*Lisbon*) first unfold !
Her image floating on that noble tide
Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold. "

But Lisbon within is dirty and squalid, and as for the Portuguese people,

" Poor paltry slaves ! yet born midst noblest scenes —
Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men ? "

At Lisbon Childe Harold left the ship, and traveled through Portugal, visiting Cintra and Mafra, to the Spanish frontier. Here the poet thinks of the ancient glories of Spain, and cries,

" Awake ye sons of Spain ! awake ! advance !
Lo ! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries ;
Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,
When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore ? "

For the deadly struggle of the Peninsular War has begun and Spain with her British allies has to face the invading hosts of France. Byron gives this splendid description of war :

" Lo, where the Giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deepening in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon ;
Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon
Flashing afar — and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are done ;
For on this morn three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet. "

Passing the battlefields of Talavera and Albuera, and the fortified heights of the Sierra Morena, Childe Harold reached Seville and Cadiz :

" Fair is proud Seville ; let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days ;
But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,
Calls forth a sweeter, though ignoble praise. "

Cadiz is famous for its bull fights, its merry revelry, and its beautiful women, to one of whom the poet addresses the pathetic song,

TO INEZ.

"Nay, smile not at my sullen brow;
 Alas! I cannot smile again:
 Yet Heaven avert that ever thou
 Shouldst weep, and haply weep in vain."
 . . .
 "What exile from himself can flee?
 To zones though more and more remote,
 Still, still pursues, where-e'er I be,
 The blight of life — the demon, Thought."

Saying farewell to Cadiz, the first canto concludes with a lament for John Wingfield, a near friend of the poet's, who mourns him as

. . . "known the earliest, and esteemed the most!
 Dear to a heart where naught was left so dear!"

CANTO II.

The opening of the second canto was written amid the ruins of the Acropolis of Athens, and begins with an address to Athena,

"Goddess of Wisdom! here thy temple was,
 And is, despite of war and wasting fire."

The sad desolation of the Acropolis is pictured in the lines,

"Son of the morning, rise! approach you here!
 Come — but molest not yon defenseless urn;
 Look on this spot — a nation's sepulchre!"
 . . .
 "Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall
 Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:
 Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
 The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul:
 Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
 People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?"

The poet refers, with words that burn, to the vandalism of Lord Elgin, who carried the metopes of the Parthenon to England:

"The ocean queen, the free Britannia, bears
 The last poor plunder from a bleeding land."

“Cold is the heart, fair Greece ! that looks on thee,
 Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved ;
 Dull is the eye that will not weep to see
 Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed
 By British hands.”

Returning to this imaginary hero, Byron tells how he sailed from Cadiz with a fleet of British frigates, passed through the straits of Gibraltar and entered the Mediterranean. Some of Harold's meditations on shipboard are noteworthy :

“To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell.
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
 Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
 And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been,
 To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
 This is not solitude ; 'tis but to hold
 Converse with nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.
 But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
 To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
 And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
 With none who bless us, none whom we can bless ;
 This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude !”

After visiting Calypso's isles of Malta and Gozo, where he met a fascinating beauty whom he calls Florence, Childe Harold sailed to Albania, passing “Leucadia's far projecting rock of woe, the last resort of fruitless love,” where legend tells us that Sappho leaped into the sea. Next he traveled inland, past the beautiful monastery of Zitza, and through Yanina,

“To greet Albania's chief, whose dread command
 Is lawless law ; for with a bloody hand
 He sways a nation turbulent and bold.”

This chief was the celebrated Ali Pasha, whom Harold met at Tepaleen, where he held his court, surrounded by Oriental magnificence. Then, escorted by a band of Suliotes, Harold traversed Acarnania to the white stream of Achelous. Here, camped on the shore, his native followers sang their wild song :

“Tambourgi ! Tambourgi ! thy 'larum afar
 Gives hope to the valiant and promise of war ;
 All the sons of the mountains arise at the note,
 Chimariot, Illyrian and dark Suliote !”

The canto concludes with an address to Greece, a threnody over her fallen greatness :

"Fair Greece ! sad relic of departed worth !
 Immortal, though no more ; though fallen, great !
 Who now shall lead thy scattered children forth,
 And long accustomed bondage uncreate ?
 Not such thy sons who whilome did await,
 The hopeless warriors or a willing doom,
 In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait.
 Oh, who that gallant spirit shall resume,
 Leap from Eurota's banks, and call thee from the tomb ? "

"Spirit of freedom ! when on Phyle's brow
 Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train,
 Could'st thou forbode the dismal hour which now
 Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain ? "

"Hereditary bondsmen ! know ye not
 Who would be free themselves must strike the blow ? "

"When riseth Lacedæmon's hardihood,
 When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,
 When Athens' children are with hearts endued,
 When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,
 Then may'st thou be restored."

This is Byron's famous description of the battle-field of Marathon :

"The flying Mede, his shaftless, broken bow ;
 The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear ;
 Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below ;
 Death in the front, Destruction in the rear !
 Such was the scene — what now remaineth here ?
 What sacred trophy marks the hallow'd ground,
 Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear ?
 The rifled urn, the violated mound,
 The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger ! spurns around."

CANTO III.

The third canto opens with an address to Ada, the poet's infant daughter, whom he was leaving behind him, as he sailed from England, never to return. He takes up again the imagery of Childe Harold, the cup of whose life

... "had been quaff'd too quickly, and he found
 The dregs were wormwood ; but he fill'd again,
 And from a purer fount, on holier ground,
 And deem'd its spring perpetual ; but in vain ! "

"Self-exiled, Harold wanders forth again,"

crosses the channel, and soon

. . . . "stands upon this place of skulls,
The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo!"

Then comes the well-known stanza describing the ball at Brussels on the eve of battle:

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!"

"The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms — the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse — friend, foe — in one red burial blent!"

The poet laments the fate of one of the slain — his friend, Major Frederick Howard —

"There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,
And mine were nothing, had I such to give."

Of the closing at Waterloo of Napoleon's marvelous career, Byron sings:

"Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou!
She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name
Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than now
That thou art nothing, save the jest of Fame."
He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below."

Childe Harold turns his steps to the banks of the majestic Rhine, where he gazes on

"A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,
And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells
From gray but leafy walls, where ruin greenly dwells."

Here the poet addresses to his sister the beautiful song which begins thus :

“ The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o’er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strew’d a scene which I should see
With double joy wert thou with me ! ”

Passing by Coblenz, with its castles of Ehrenbreitstein and the pyramid that marks the grave of Marceau, the traveler enters Switzerland, where

. “ above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnaced in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity.”

It will be noticed that Byron has dropped the mask of Childe Harold, and now writes in the first person. He continues in this strain :

“ Lake Lemman woos me with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect.”

Here at Geneva the poet finds a quiet retreat. He asks :

“ Is it not better then to be alone
And love earth only for its earthly sake ?
By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,
Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake.”

It was at Geneva that Rousseau lived and wrote, and to him Byron pays this tribute :

“ Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,
The apostle of affliction, he who threw
Enchantment over passion, and from woe
Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew
The breath which made him wretched ; yet he knew
How to make madness beautiful, and cast
O’er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue.”

Then we have a description of a thunder-storm on the lake at night :

. "Oh night,
And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!"

The poet now speaks of spots on the shore of Lake Lemman. Clarens, where Rousseau wrote the romance "Héloïse," he apostrophizes thus :

"Clarens, sweet Clarens! birthplace of deep Love!
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought;
Thy trees take root in Love; the snows above
The very glaciers have his colors caught."

He also alludes to Lausanne and Ferney, rendered famous by Voltaire and Gibbon; and then passes on to Italy :

"Italia, too, Italia! looking on thee
Full flashes on the soul the light of ages!"

But he leaves his travels in Italy for the fourth canto, and concludes the third, by again addressing his daughter Ada :

"The child of love,—though born in bitterness
And nurtured in convulsion."
.
.
.
"Fain would I waft such blessing upon thee,
As, with a sigh, I deem thou might'st have been to me!"

CANTO IV.

The scene of this, the last canto, is laid in Italy. It opens in Venice :

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the winged lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!"

The ancient glories of Venice have passed away :

“ In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more
And silent rows the songless gondolier ;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear,”

“ The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord ;
And, annual marriage now no more renewed,
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored
Neglected garment of her widowhood !”

The poet thus sings his love and admiration for Italy :

“ Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields, and Nature can decree ;
E'en in thy desert, what is like to thee ?
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility.”

“ Italia, Oh Italia ! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty !”

Then passing by Arqua, where lie the bones of Petrarch, and Ferrara the home of the house of Este, we reach Florence “ the Etrurian Athens.”

“ Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps
Her corn, and wine, and oil, and Plenty leaps
To laughing life.”

The poet tells us of the art treasures of Florence; of the famous church of Santa Croce, in whose precincts lie

“ Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,
The starry Galileo, with his woes ;
Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose ;”

but three great Etruscans — Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio — are not there. Next we pass by Thrasimene's Lake, by Clitumnus, and the Falls of Terni, to Rome. Byron was deeply stirred at the sight of the imperial city, and he exclaims —

“ Oh Rome ! my country ! city of the soul !
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires.”

“ The Niobe of nations ! there she stands,
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe ;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago,”

" Alas, the lofty city : and alas,
The trebly hundred triumphs ! and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass,
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away ! "

None since have reared the supremacy of ancient Rome, save Napoleon ; and in considering his downfall, the poet asks :

" Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,
And Freedom find no champion and no child
Such as Columbia saw arise when she
Sprung forth a Pallas, arm'd and undefiled ?
Or must such minds be nourished in the wild,
Deep in the unpruned forest 'midst the roar
Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled
On infant Washington ? "

Byron describes the brazen image of the she wolf, the tomb of Cæcilia Metella, the column of Trajan, and other Roman antiquities ; and then

" Arches on arches ! as it were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Coliseum stands."

Here of old were held the gladiatorial combats alluded to by Byron in the following passage, which is one of the most famous gems of his works :

" I see before me the Gladiator lie ;
He leans upon his hand — his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low —
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now
The arena swims around him — he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

" He heard it, but he heeded not — his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away :
He recked not of the life he lost nor pride,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother — he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday —
All this rushed with his blood — Shall he expire
And unavenged ? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire ! "

The Pantheon, the mole of Hadrian, the great cathedral of St. Peter, the Vatican, with its famous statue of Laocoon — all these are mentioned, and then the poet turns aside to mourn the death of Princess Charlotte :

“ In the dust
The fair-haired Daughter of the Isles is laid,
The love of millions !”

The poem concludes with a beautiful address to the sea, which Byron views from the Alban Mount :

“ There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.”

“ Roll on thou deep and dark-blue ocean, roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore.”

“ Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow —
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.”

“ My task is done — my song has ceased — my theme
Has died into an echo !”

GENERAL REMARKS.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, is a narrative of Byron's own travels, and an unreserved setting forth of the thoughts and passions suggested by the scenes through which he passed. The first canto describes his first departure from England in 1809, sketches his character with tints that are even exaggerated in their darkness, and conducts him through Portugal and Spain to Cadiz. The second takes him eastward on the Mediterranean, through Albania, and to Constantinople. The other two cantos were added some years later. The third begins with his travels in 1816, after his unfortunate marriage, when he left his native country, never to revisit it, passed by Waterloo and the Rhine to Geneva. The scene of the fourth is laid in Italy, at Venice, Florence and Rome.

Childe Harold is a typical and probably the best specimen of Byron's work. Its force of diction and many beauties of expression ; the fervor of its passionate and poetical eloquence ; the splendor of its imagery, its tragic

pomp, and the power of its declamation, brought it a popularity that had never before fallen to the production of so young a writer. The faults of Byron—his sameness, his egotism, his constant dwelling upon his own gloomy character—do not offend in this, which is confessedly an autobiography, as they do in his dramas and romances.

To understand the dark cynicism of the poem, the reader need only turn to Byron's career. The metre of *Childe Harold* is the nine-lined Spenserian stanza, specimens of which have been quoted in the epitome of the poem. Its diction, also, in imitation of the *Faerie Queene*, is often cast in an archaic mold.



THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

BORN 1785.

ENGLAND.

DIED 1859.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

Thomas De Quincey was born near Manchester, England, on the 15th of August, 1785. His father was a wealthy merchant, who died at the age of thirty-nine, leaving a widow possessed of rare intellectual abilities, who secured for her children excellent social and educational advantages.

Thomas was almost from infancy a student, a philosopher, and a dreamer. His proficiency at school was the wonder of his masters. He wrote Greek at thirteen, and at fifteen could converse fluently in Greek, so that one of his masters said of him, "That boy could harangue an Athenian mob better than you or I could address an English one." At the age of seventeen, his guardian having refused consent to his immediate transfer from the public school to Oxford, he borrowed ten guineas from a friend, and fled at night, making his way first to North Wales, and not long thereafter to London.

Very soon his slender resources were exhausted, and for some months he "suffered the physical anguish of hunger, in various degrees of intensity." He was finally discovered by friends and restored to his family, and not long after entered upon his university career. He spent five years at Oxford, and in 1812, he settled to the life of a student, in a charming cottage on the borders of Grasmere, making that beautiful country his home, enjoying the society and friendship of Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey, until about 1820, when he removed to London, and subsequently to Edinburgh, where he died December 8, 1859.

His opium experiences are told by himself, and are in substance as follows :

CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM EATER.

THE PLEASURES OF OPIUM.

In the autumn of 1804, while visiting in London for the first time since my entrance at college, I was attacked with excruciating rheumatic pains of the head and face. After twenty days of intense suffering, a college acquaintance recommended opium — opium, a word of little meaning to me then, but now, what solemn chords does it strike upon my heart ! It was a wet and cheerless Sunday afternoon when I made my first purchase of the celestial drug. Hurrying to my lodgings, I swallowed the prescribed quantity, and what a revulsion ! It was but a step from torment to Elysium. The pain was gone, and in its place, the most complete peace of mind and

self-satisfaction prevailed. Here, thought I, is the secret of happiness ; a balm for human woes, corked up in a small bottle, and yielding ecstatic joys to its fortunate owner.

As to its physical effects, opium does not and cannot intoxicate. It produces no state of body resembling that which results from alcohol. For the pleasure given by wine is always mounting and tending to a crisis, from which it gradually declines, while the delight that opium gives is stationary for eight or ten hours. While one is a flame, the other is a steady and equable glow. Wine disorders the mental faculties ; opium produces the most exquisite order, legislation and harmony. Wine unsettles and clouds the judgment ; opium brings serenity and a judicial calm to all the faculties. The one leads to absurdity and extravagance ; the other to composure of thought and action, and, as it seems to me, while an inebriate man is controlled by the brutal part of his nature, the opium eater feels that his divine nature is paramount ; the moral affections are in a state of cloudless serenity, and over all is the great light of the majestic intellect.

And further, I found that the elevation of spirits produced by opium was not followed, as is so often supposed, by a corresponding depression, but on the contrary, the day after I allowed myself this luxury was always a day of good spirits. The torpor supposed to accompany or immediately follow opium eating had no existence, in my case, at least.

During the period between 1804 and 1812 it was my custom, after taking my usual quantity of opium, to attend the opera, and I experienced the most delightful sensations from the beautiful music ; the intellect, being in a state of abnormal activity, was enabled to construct out of organic sound the most elaborate and ennobling pleasure.

I also took great delight in visiting the markets on Saturday evenings, and mingling with the laboring people as they strolled about making their small purchases, and in family groups discussed ways and means and small economies. The pleasures of the poor, their cheerfulness and their consolation under trial, are always a delight to me, and my mind gave to their simple joys full sympathy ; for opium (like the bee, that extracts its materials indiscriminately from roses and from the soot of chimneys) can overrule all feelings in compliance with the master key. But in candor I must add, that silence and solitude are more conducive to the opium eater's full enjoyment, for they are the needed adjuncts of those trances, or profound reveries, which are the consummation of his happiness. But at the time of which I speak, it was my disease to meditate too much and to observe too little, and the remedies I presented for myself were society and continual activity in scientific research. In after years, when in better mental health, I yielded to my natural inclination to solitude, and more than once have I

sat from sunset to sunrise motionless in a room which overlooked the sea and the great town of L——, each about a mile distant. The scene was typical to me, for the city represented the earth and earthly things, not wholly out of sight, nor out of memory, but too far away to annoy or distress ; and the ocean personating with its solemn calm my mind and the mood which then surged it ; a feeling of separation from the uproar and the strife, and of a Sabbath of repose, a tranquillity of soul, born out of inertia, but of complete equipoise, infinite activity, perfect rest. And, in another mood, the subtle enchanter builded for me mighty temples and mighty cities, beyond the art of Phidias and Praxiteles, and beyond the splendors of Babylon and Hekatompylos, and then swiftly the vision changed and showed to me the smiles and beauty of my dear loved ones, bringing their sweet faces back “cleansed from the dishonors of the grave.”

O, mighty Sorcerer, thou only, high and mighty Opium, can open the gates of Paradise to man !

THE PAINS OF OPIUM.

The year 1812 found me living in a cottage among the mountains of Westmoreland, reading principally German metaphysics and eating opium. During the summer of that year I suffered much in health in consequence of a very melancholy event, which produced serious bodily illness, and this illness was followed in 1813 by a most appalling irritation of the stomach, similar in all respects to the disease which afflicted me in youth, accompanied by a revival of all the old tormenting dreams. After a severe mental struggle, I yielded to the apparent necessity, and to alleviate severe bodily anguish, increased the quantity of the seductive drug. I made no serious attempt to diminish my daily allowance, inasmuch as I found my bodily and mental health both excellent, and as I look back upon the years from 1813 to 1817, they seem the happiest of my life, but about the middle of the latter year a sad change came over my life ; and I was summoned to take a long farewell to happiness, to smiles and laughter, to peace of mind, to hope and tranquil dreams. From this period I date the pains and penalties of opium.

I became incapable of study, or of any sustained mental or physical exertion. Mathematics, intellectual philosophy, all analytical studies which had been my delight, were now insupportable to me. The labor of my life, to which I had devoted my intellect, with all its blossoms and fruits, had been the construction of a work which I had entitled *De Emendatione Humani Intellectus*. This was now lying locked up as by frost, and was likely to be handed down to my children as a memorial of great undertaking and no result. After laboring a long time under this almost paralysis of the intellect, I undertook, in a temporary revival of my powers, a work on

Political Economy ; but in the midst of the final preparation for publication the old inertia came back, and I sank into the same passive state. My prevailing mood was a sense of incapacity and feebleness, coupled with remorse for duties unfulfilled. I lost none of my moral sensibilities or aspirations ; with a semi-consciousness of what might be, and ought to be, I was under the weight of incubus and nightmare. And then began that series of weird visions, which haunted my sleep and even my waking hours. A theatre seemed to be opened and lighted up in my brain, and on its stage spectacles of more than earthly splendor were nightly enacted. I was distressed night after night, as I lay awake in bed, by seeing vast processions pass along in mournful pomp ; friezes of never ending stories, that to my feelings were as sad and solemn as if drawn from times before Troy, or Tyre, or Memphis. Whatsoever I happened to call up in my mind by a voluntary act, was speedily transferred to my dreams, and drawn out into insufferable splendor. Terrifying scenes from Roman history ; Roman legions making the earth quake with their tread, sweeping by under the leadership of that marvelous incarnation of military power, *Consul Romanus* ; the scene swiftly changing to a ball-room, where beautiful ladies danced and smiled, and I seemed to hear it said, "These are English ladies of the times of Charles the First," and though I knew even in my dream while gazing upon them that they had been dead for nearly two centuries, yet in that dream-land all seemed in accord with reason.

All these shifting scenes, whether brilliant or sombre, were accompanied by deep seated anxiety and gloomy melancholy, impossible to describe. I seemed literally to descend into sunless abysses, from which I could not hope to reascend. The sense of space and of time were powerfully affected. Vast buildings and landscapes, perceptibly amplified to enormous proportions, rose before my vision, and one hundred or a thousand years seemed to be passed in one single night.

Childish memories, and long forgotten incidents of latter years were often revived, and appeared before me with perfect distinctness, often followed by distorted images which seemed to caricature and mock the companions and friends of the old days.

In the early stage of my malady, the splendors that haunted my brain were mainly architectural, and such pomp of palaces and cities was never yet beheld by the waking eye, unless in the clouds. When the "cloud-capped towers" and "gorgeous palaces" dissolved, there succeeded dreams of silvery lakes smiling in the sunlight ; these, in their turn, swelling into seas and oceans, and upon their rocking billows appeared innumerable human faces, imploring, wrathful, despairing. They surged up by thousands, by myraids, by generations, by centuries.

Visions of Oriental life followed. I lived and moved among the Chinese, and by strange association of ideas, I brought into combination all creatures, beasts, birds, reptiles, all trees and plants that are found in the tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan.

My astonishment at this monstrous scenery was mingled with hatred and abomination for all I saw. I lived long centuries with the crocodile. The hideous reptile so haunted my dreams, that my waking hours were filled with a nameless horror of his loathsomeness.

Another dream, far different in character, came to me in 1820. It opened with slow and solemn music — the music of a march, as if of the tread of innumerable armies. It was the morning of a mighty day, a day of conflict, fraught with infinite results to human nature, though I seemed perplexed as to its cause or its issue. I seemed to have the power and not the will to decide it. The interest deepened; then sudden alarms, a panic and a flight. And then, by turns, darkness and light, tempest and human forces, and at last, the moment of my separation, my everlasting farewell to those who were dearer than all the world beside, and with a sigh which seemed to reverberate through all space, the words were uttered—everlasting farewells ! I awoke in struggles and cried aloud, “I will sleep no more.”

And even now the memory of these terrible visitations lingers in my heart. Though I have overcome the tyrant Opium, who came to me as a pleasant friend, and who developed into a gloomy tyrant, still the dread swell and agitation of the storm have not wholly subsided ; my sleep is tumultuous, and dreadful faces peer at me under cover of the darkness.

SUSPIRIA DE PROFUNDIS.

BEING A SEQUEL TO

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM EATER.

In affixing an account of a passage in my childhood to this record of a dreadful visitation from opium, I feel justified by the fact that it is in harmony with that record, and in some degree the origin of the storms which raged about my soul, and which opium greatly intensified, but did not wholly cause.

The first great sorrow of my life was the death of my sister Elizabeth, at the age of eight years, I being two years her junior. My attachment to

her was all-absorbing. She seemed to my infant soul all the world contained of beauty of intellect.

On the day after her death I secretly stole up to the door of the room where she was laid, and entered, in order to look once again upon her sweet face. The bed had been removed, and at first I saw nothing but an open window, through which a midsummer sun was pouring torrents of splendor. The blue sky and the gorgeous light spoke only of life and the glory of life. Turning away from the sunlight, I saw the sweet childish figure of my loved sister, and her angel face, but the frozen eyelids, the marble lips, kept me back from kissing her, a feeling of awe fell upon me, and as I stood a solemn wind began to blow, the most mournful that ear ever heard. It was the wind that had swept the field of mortality for one hundred generations.

Instantly, as my ear caught this vast æolian intonation, my eye filled with the pomp and glory of the heavens, and the golden fullness of the earth, and then I turned to look upon the frost upon my sister's face. I fell into a trance. A vault seemed to open in the sky. I seemed to rise on billows up into that vast vault, and the billows seemed to pursue the throne of God, and that seemed constantly to rise and flee from me. The flight and pursuit seemed to go on for ever and ever. It was a flight of the solitary child to the solitary God. A day or two after came the funeral. I felt as if alone and in darkness, hearing little consciously except some strains from the sublime chapter of St. Paul, which in England is always read at burials.

My deep grief led me to seek comfort in solitude, and thus was fostered the tendency to dream, and form out of common objects infinite images of things that no eye could see, but an exuberant fancy could create. Merely shadows, or a gleam of brightness, could furnish sufficient basis for this creative faculty. I recall one instance of this. On Sunday mornings I was always taken to church, an ancient and venerable pile, of majestic proportions. While the congregation knelt through the long litany, as often as the prayer was read on behalf of "all sick persons and young children," and that God would "show His pity upon all prisoners and captives," I wept in secret, and raising my tear-stained eyes to the galleries, I saw white fleecy clouds sailing over the blue sky, and immediately a fragment of such a cloud grew into visions of beds, wherein lay sick, dying children, and as they prayed for deliverance, the beds seemed slowly to rise through the clouds into the chambers of the air, and the arms of God descended to lift them up into His presence. These visions were self-sustained. They needed not that any voice should speak of them. Long years afterwards the sorrows and consolations of those days came back to me, and I lived over again all the heart-breaking experiences of my early childhood.

The human brain is but a mighty palimpsest. Everlasting layers of ideas, images and feelings have fallen upon your brain. Each succession seeming to bury all that went before, but by the hour of death, by fever or by the searchings of opium, all these can revive in strength. They are not dead but sleeping.

Twice I mastered the tyranny of opium, but sank again the third time under its power, and endeavored for the third time to retrace my steps, but soon became profoundly aware that this was impossible. In the imagery of my dreams I looked through vast avenues of gloom. Those towering gates of ingress, hitherto wide open, were now barred against my retreat and hung with funeral crape. Upon seeing the insuperable barriers raised, one profound sigh ascended from my heart, and I was silent for days.

LEVANA AND OUR LADIES OF SORROW.

Oftentimes at Oxford I saw Levana in my dreams. She was the Roman goddess whose mission it was to lift up from the ground the new-born child and point it to the skies. She is the lady whose duty it is to care for the education of children, not by the ordinary methods of schools and textbooks, but by the central forces hidden in the deep bosom of human life, by strife and passion and temptation. And how profoundly must she reverence the agencies of grief. These agencies ; who are they ? They are the Sorrows, all three of whom I know.

Let us learn more of them. They are three sisters. The eldest is named *Mater Lachrymarum*, Our Lady of Tears. She it is that moans night and day, calling for vanished forces. She carries keys, more than papal, at her girdle, and she can enter every cottage and every palace. It is by the power of her keys that she glides, a ghostly intruder, into the chambers of sleepless men and sleepless women everywhere. Let us call her "Madonna."

The second sister is called *Mater Suspiriorum*, Our Lady of Sighs. She weeps not, but sighs inaudibly at intervals. She may murmur, but it is in her sleep. She visits the Pariah, the slave, the criminal exiled from his native land and forgotten, and not only the humble and abased, but even the lofty and great of this world have received her mark upon their foreheads.

But the third sister ! She is the defier of God, the mother of lunacies and the suggestress of suicides, and her awful name is *Mater Tenebrarum*, Our Lady of Darkness.

These were the sublime goddesses, the *Eumenides* of my Oxford dreams ; and these were the words which Madonna spake in signs, which no man can read except in dreams :

"Lo ! here is he whom in childhood I dedicated to my altars. This is he that once I made my darling. Him I led astray. Him I beguiled, and from Heaven, I stole his young heart away to mine.

"Through me did he become idolatrous ; and through me it was, by languishing desires, that he worshiped the worm, and prayed to the wrong grave. Holy was the grave to him ; lovely was its darkness ; saintly its corruption. Him, this young idolater, I have seasoned for thee, dear Sister of Sighs ! Do thou take him now to *thy* heart and season him for our dreadful sister ; and thou "—turning to *Mater Tenebrarum*—"wicked sister, that temptest and hatest, do thou take him from *her*. See that thy scepter lie heavy on his head. Suffer not woman and her tenderness to sit near him in his darkness. Banish the frailties of hope, wither the relents of love, scorn the fountains of tears, curse him as only thou canst curse. So shall he be accomplished in the furnace ; so shall he see the things that ought not to be seen, sights that are abominable, and secrets that are unutterable. So shall he read elder truths, sad truths, grand truths, fearful truths. So shall he rise again *before* he dies. And so shall our commission be accomplished which from God we had—to plague his heart until we had unfolded the capacities of his spirit."

THE APPARITION OF THE BROCKEN.

It is a dawn of bridal June, and on such a morning, reaching the summit of the forest mountain about sunrise, we shall have a chance of seeing the famous Specter of the Brocken. Who and what is he ? He is a solitary apparition, and so fond of solitude as sometimes to resent intrusion.

Make the sign of the cross and see if he repeats it—look ! he does repeat it, but the mists obscure him so that his action appears reluctant or evasive.

Pluck an anemone, and bend the knee as if offering it upon that stone which simulates an altar, and lo, the apparition does likewise.

Veil your head, after the example of Judea sitting under her palm tree to weep, and immediately the specter veils *his* head after the model of Judea.

It is evident that the apparition is but a reflex of yourself, and in uttering your secret feelings to *him*, you make him a mirror for reflection to the daylight, of your thoughts and feelings.

Such a relation does the Dark Interpreter, who has been an intruder into my dreams, bear to my own mind. He is originally a mere reflex of my inner nature, but, like the Specter of the Brocken, when disturbed by storms, or during showers, he swerves out of my orbit and mixes a little with alien

natures. What he says, generally, is but what I have said in daylight, and in meditation deep enough to sculpture it on my heart. Generally I believe him to be a faithful representation of myself.

His leading function is to recall me to my own lurking thoughts, to place before me such commentaries as point the moral, justifying Providence or mitigating the fierceness of anguish.

And in the midst of mysterious manifestations of God's wrath, the Dark Interpreter points out the mitigations, the consolations. Hear him !

God works by earthquake. He works by grief, but upon a night of earthquake he builds a thousand years of pleasant habitations for man.

Upon the sorrows of an infant, He raises oftentimes, for human intellects, glorious vintages that could not else have been. Less than these fierce ploughshares would not have stirred the stubborn soil. The one is needed for Earth, our planet, but the other is needed yet oftener, for God's mightiest instrument, for the mysterious children of the earth.



WASHINGTON IRVING.

BORN 1783.

AMERICA.

DIED 1859.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

As the sight of a tree, loaded with rosy-cheeked apples, turned temptingly toward the sun, stirs the heart of a country-bred worldling with tender recollections of bucolic delights, so the name of Washington Irving thrills the student of American literature with a nameless longing for an incomparable style of authorship which belongs to the happy past. Washington Irving was the first American writer to obtain recognition in the Old World merely as a man of letters. His distinctive style won for him a reputation among the literary men of his day in Europe that reflected luster on his native country. He was born in the City of New York, on the 3d day of April, 1783. Both his parents were immigrants from Great Britain, his father having come from the Orkneys and his mother from Falmouth. He was named after the Father of his Country, and biographical gossip has it that he was once in a shop with his nurse when Washington came in and patted the little fellow on the head. What effect this magical contact with the great General had on the latent talents of his biographer must be left to surmise and the studies of the hypnotically inclined.

As a child, he feasted on travels and tales, and showed a particular aversion to arithmetic. His health was not good, and his parents sent him on a voyage up the Hudson. While on this journey he put up at an inn, which failed to satisfy his fastidious inclinations, and on leaving he decorated the wall over the mantelpiece with the following tribute :

" Here Sovereign Dirt erects her sable throne,
The house, the host, the hostess all her own."

Irving's father intended him for the bar, but his studies were so interfered with by his delicate state of health that, in 1804, he was obliged to forego further close application, and sailed for Europe. He visited Rome and London, observing and appreciating wherever he went, and, after five years spent in wandering about, interspersed with desultory attempts at composition, he returned to New York in 1809. He was then admitted to the bar, but the seeds of a literary life were already sown in Irving's mental garden, and firmly refused to be overgrown by the hardy products of legal planting, consequently he relinquished the profession chosen for him by his parents, and gave himself up to letters. His first venture of any importance, a satirical miscellany, entitled *Salmagundi*, gave ample proof of his talents as a humorist, which were still more conspicuously displayed in his next attempt, *Knickerbocker's History of New York*. The next few years of his life were unproductive.

Upon the death of his father, Irving became a sleeping partner in his brother's commercial house, a branch of which was established at Liverpool. His connection with this concern was the cause of his again visiting England in 1815, when he found the stability of the firm seriously compromised. Its eventual bankruptcy compelled Irving to resume his pen as a means of subsistence. He found England peculiarly congenial. He liked English ways, he adored English ruins, and he revered English traditions. His reputation as an American author had preceded him, and procured him admission into the highest literary circles. Campbell, Jeffrey, Moore and Scott were counted among his friends. This period of Irving's career, during which he produced most of his best efforts, must be a source of gratification

to all his American admirers, as it must have been to the genial "Geoffrey Crayon" himself. An English critic and biographer, describing his life at this time, writes: "He delighted in old Rogers, at whose famous breakfasts he met the author of *Waverley*, obliging enough to tell him that he was like Swift and Sterne; Jeffrey, that critical swashbuckler; that Leo Fulvus, who for his good friend Irving would hide his fierce claw, and 'roar as gentle as a sucking dove,' over 'Knickerbocker' in the *Edinburgh Review*; Tom Moore, who patted him on the back, laughed at him for shutting up in mixed company, and said he was 'not strong as a lion, but delightful as a domestic animal;' Mrs. Siddons, who read his works with emotion, and remarked twice when she met him, and each time with her grand tragedy air, 'Mr. Irving, you made me cry!'" One of Irving's countrymen, who achieved some reputation as a contributor to polite literature, and who obtained an *entrée* into the society of literary London, Nathaniel Parker Willis, describing an evening spent in the *salon* of the charming Lady Blessington, bears witness in the following to the universal popularity of Irving among the great literary lights of that time: "I fell into conversation after a while with Smith. . . . Among other things he talked a great deal of America, and asked me if I knew our distinguished countryman, Washington Irving. I had never been so fortunate as to meet him. 'You have lost a great deal,' he said, 'for never was so delightful a fellow.' . . . The rest of the company had turned their attention to Smith as he began his story, and there was a universal inquiry after Mr. Irving. Indeed, the first question on the lips of every one to whom I am introduced as an American, is of him and Cooper." When it is understood that the company present on this occasion included Lady Blessington, the queen of literary London, Smith, the author of *Rejected Addresses*, Henry Bulwer, the brother of the novelist, Fonblanque, the famous editor of the *Examiner*, a German prince, the splendid Count D'Orsay, and many other distinguished personages, the full force of the tribute to Irving may be appreciated. In 1826, at the age of forty-three, Irving traveled to Spain, a country he loved. There some of his best work was done. In 1829 he was Secretary of Legation at the Court of St. James; in 1831 *Chargé d'Affaires*. In 1832 he returned to America, and was received with open arms. In 1834 he made a tour of the prairies of the Great West, and ended by settling down, at fifty-three years of age, at Sunnyside, his country home on the banks of the beautiful Hudson, with his sister and her children. In 1842 he was appointed Ambassador to Spain. His stay at Madrid is marked more by delightful letters than any great strokes of diplomatic genius.

In 1846 he left the Spanish capital and returned, full of honor and fame, to his native land. "His public life was virtually at an end, and a life of more variety and less exciting incident can scarcely be imagined," writes the Rev. H. R. Haweis in a little brochure entitled *American Humorists*. Continuing, he says, referring to the close of Irving's career: "He was familiar with Paris and London; Scotland, Germany, Switzerland, and Spain he had traveled through in turn. Everywhere he had been received by the *élite coteries* of fashion, of literature, politics, art, and science. He was on terms of more than diplomatic intimacy with crowned heads, but he delighted most in many humbler associations. He knew the theater and the counting-house, the rural life of England, the delights of Alpine adventures, the prairies and happy hunting fields of wild Arkansas. He had mingled in civic *fêtes* and popular celebrations. He was regretted in London, Paris, and Madrid, and beloved in New York and Boston; yet, amidst all these varied scenes and tempting situations, he remained unspoiled. Simply the kind brother, the idolized uncle, the quiet, literary gentleman longing for his Roost at Sunnyside by the Tappan Zee."

The closing years of Irving's life were peaceful and happy. Amid surroundings that satisfied his dearest wishes, he worked or rested, as the mood was upon him. To most people

the actors in the tragedies, comedies, or melodramas that are presented at the homes of the sock and buskin, are a source of curiosity as to their appearance and manners when off "the boards." The same curiosity is felt as to noted authors, who are only known to the majority of their readers through the pages of their works. The following abstract from a pen-picture of Washington Irving in 1858, by that charming Southern novelist, John Esten Cooke, gives one a far clearer glimpse of "Geoffrey Crayon," as he "lived, and moved, and had his being," than any dry biographical data culled from the most approved sources.

"Among the most pleasant of all my recollections is a day which I spent with Washington Irving, at Sunnyside, in the summer of 1858. . . . It was a bright day in June, I think, when we left the cars at Tarrytown, near at hand, and a short walk brought us to the grounds, which were one mass of flowers, grass, and foliage. Embowered in this foliage, and margined by flowers, rose before us, on a gentle acclivity, the queer, *outré* picturesque, delightfully Dutch house of Irving. I was looking curiously at the original structure, when my eyes fell upon the figure of a man standing upon a knoll to the left of the house, his face turned studiously away from us. My friend turned his steps in that direction. I followed, and 'How do you do, Mr. Irving?' caused the figure to wheel round, walking-stick in hand. It was that of a short, rather 'dumpy' person, dressed in black, and very plainly. There was absolutely nothing to indicate taste or character in the costume, nor was there much, at first sight, in the face. A plain, elderly gentleman, taking a walk in his grounds, and enjoying the sunshine—such was the face and figure of Irving. But over this calm face there passed all at once a smile which seemed to change its whole character. He advanced quickly, and greeted us with the greatest cordiality, inquiring with the most affectionate solicitude after his friends in Virginia. A shy smile then flitted over his face, and, with a short laugh, he said to D—: 'I saw you coming, but I thought you were some of those people from New York. They are always coming up to see me—entire strangers—and annoy me. They come at all hours, without ceremony, people whom I never saw or heard of. Mr. Smith of Texas walks in, sends up his compliments, and when I shake hands I find myself gazed at like a show. Mr. Smith of Texas evidently expects me to say something brilliant, and when I don't, considers himself defrauded.' A friend, one day in a book-store, was accosted by a stranger, who took up a volume of Irving's works, and said: 'A great author, sir, a very great author! I consider him national property, and being near Sunnyside lately, *I called to get my dividend!*' We spent the whole day with Irving, and it would be impossible to imagine anything more charming than the conversation. It was not 'brilliant,' or 'striking,' or any other commonplace adjective, but perfectly natural, original, and pleasant. The first impression produced by the individual was not promising. You would have said that a plain, rather dull farmer stood before you, with no ideas beyond the price of wheat, and no ambition greater than to raise the most gigantic pumpkins. But this theory of the man soon disappeared from the mind. It was evidently a 'scholar, and a ripe one,' who was walking beside you, with his pleasant voice, his sweet smile, his queer little figure, the very sight of which put you in good humor. . . . His talk was an April day—drifting clouds and sunshine, but the sunshine predominant. His short, shy laugh was the perfection of quiet enjoyment; and there was a charm in the sad, memorial tones of his voice as he spoke of Scott and others, which can not easily be described. . . . Here was evidently a thoroughly *good and true* man—one who scorned falsehood, hated meanness, loved his fellows, and had a kind and charitable word for all men. His humor attracted attention more than all his other traits; but this humor was only the lightning which flickered over the broad ocean of his humanity and love of his fellow-creatures. God had given to this eminent personage a temper so sweet, a heart so loving and kind, that I for one forgot all about Irving,

the author, and saw before me only Irving, the gentleman, the smiling, winning, warm-hearted friend and companion. As the cordial smiling gentleman strolled through his little domain, I could not help thinking, as I looked at him, of the sweet and pathetic romance I had heard in connection with his youth. In his early manhood he had loved and been engaged to a young lady of New York, but his marriage was prevented by her death. He remained faithful, however, to her memory; never married; and when he died, the bible which she had given him was found upon the table by his bed, with his name on the fly-leaf in the delicate hand of the woman he loved. To the last day of his life he shed tears easily. Anything sweet or pathetic thus affected him — the song of a girl, as once at an evening party in Virginia; the voices of children; or the services of the church of which he was a member. Was it remarkable that an unknown stranger, admiring him always as one of the greatest of humorists, should have loved him too, after looking upon the kindly face over which so many tears had chased each other?"

In the autumn of 1859, as the ripened leaves fell upon the withered grass of the lawns about Sunnyside, and the hills of the blue Hudson took on the sombre tints of coming winter, the shadows began to gather about the cheery spirit of Washington Irving. Yet his quaint humor never forsook him. "Getting ready to go, shutting up doors and windows," he wrote. In reply to an inquiry from his niece as to how he felt one morning, he said: "I am apt to be rather fatigued, my dear, with my night's rest." His malady, asthma, made rapid inroads upon him as the cold weather approached. On the evening of November 28th his favorite niece, Sarah, came in as was her wont, to smooth his pillow before leaving him for the night, and to minister to his comfort in the countless ways love alone can. "When will this end?" he exclaimed, half aloud. She turned suddenly to look at him. But the "end" had already come. He fell forward with his hand pressed upon his heart, and in another moment Washington Irving, the accomplished writer, the genial humorist, the illustrious citizen, had ceased to breathe.

The pecuniary reward of Washington Irving's genius was not great, though comfortable. As ambassador to Spain he received a liberal salary. His English copyrights alone paid him \$12,217, and his other literary earnings about \$24,500, making in all a literary life-work which cannot have netted less than \$36,717. The principal works of Washington Irving, in the order of their appearance, are: *Salmagundi*, *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, *Geoffrey Crayon's Sketch Book*, *Bracebridge Hall*, *Tales of a Traveler*, *Life and Voyages of Columbus*, *The Companions of Columbus*, *The Conquest of Granada*, *The Alhambra*, *Astoria*, *Captain Bonneville*, *Life of Oliver Goldsmith*, *The Lives of Mahomet and His Successors*, *Life of Washington*. The following, from the *Sketch Book*, is probably the most popular and best-known of all Irving's productions, and exhibits in every line the characteristic style and genial humor of the Great American author.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer sky.

—*Castle of Indolence.*

In the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail, and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given it, we are told, in former days, by the good house-wives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Not far from this village, perhaps about three miles, there is a little valley or rather lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to allow one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity. From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of Sleepy Hollow, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the night-mare, with her whole nine fold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols. The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be the commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball in some nameless battle during the Revolutionary War, and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind.

In this by-place of nature there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane, who sojourned, or, as he expressed it "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a State which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weather-cock perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew.

His school-house was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of copy books. The school-house stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch tree growing at one end of it. When school hours were over, Ichabod was the companion and play-mate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers noted for the comforts of the cupboard. He was, according to the country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers, whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time, thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief. In addition to his other vocations, he was singing-master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. Thus, by divers little makeshifts, in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of headwork, to have a wonderful easy life of it. He was an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvelous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spell-bound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover bordering the little brook that whimpered by his school-house, and there pore over Old Cotton Mather's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way, by

swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farm house where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination ; the moan of the whip-poor-will from the hill-side ; the boding cry of the tree-toad ; that harbinger of storm ; the dreary hooting of the screech-owl ; or the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. In spite, however, of these terrors of the night, these phantoms of the mind, he would have passed a pleasant life of it if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together ; and that was — a woman.

Among the musical disciples who assembled one evening in each week to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen ; plump as a partridge ; ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart towards the sex ; and it is not to be wondered at that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes, more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks, in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. Hard by the farm-house was a vast barn, that might have served for a church ; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm. Sleek, unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, from whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of suckling pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond ; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farm-yard, and guinea fowls fretting about it like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish, discontented cry. The pedagogue's mouth watered as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. As the enraptured Ichabod rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchards burdened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains. From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had many difficulties to overcome. He had to win his

way to the heart of a country coquette, beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices, which were forever presenting new difficulties and impediments, and he had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers, who beset every portal to her heart ; keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

Among these, the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roistering blade, of the name of Abraham, or according to the Dutch abbreviation Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rung with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed with short curly black hair, and a bluff, but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his Herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nick-name of Brom Bones, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar. He was foremost at all races and cock fights, and with the ascendancy which bodily strength always acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone that admitted of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic ; had more mischief than ill will in his composition ; and with all his overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of waggish good humor about him. This rantipole hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries and though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes.

Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and, considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature ; he was in form and spirit like a supple-jack — yielding but tough ; though he bent, he never broke ; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressures, yet, the moment it was away — jerk ! — he was as erect, and carried his head as high as ever. To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been madness ; for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours, any more than that stormy lover, Achilles. Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gently insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing-master, he made frequent visits at the farm-house ; and while the busy dame bustled about the house, or plied her spinning wheel at one end of the piazza, and while Katrina's father would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, Ichabod carried on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm, or sauntering along in the twilight, that hour

so favorable to the lover's eloquence. Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare with his more pacific rival, and settled their pretensions to the lady, according to the mode of those most concise and simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore — by single combat ; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him. This left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggery in his disposition, and to play off boorish practical jokes upon his rival.

In this way matters went on for some time, without producing any material effect on the relative situations of the contending powers until, one fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod became the recipient of an invitation to attend a merry-making, or "quilting-frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's. The scholars were hurried through their lessons, without stopping at trifles ; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy had a smart application now and then, in the rear, to quicken their speed, or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves ; ink-stands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time. The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best and indeed only suit of rusty black, and arranging his locks by a bit of broken looking-glass that hung up in the school-house. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman, of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and thus gallantly mounted, issued forth like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should in the true spirit of romantic story give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plow-horse, that had out-lived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shaggy, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer ; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burrs ; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral, but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and metal in his day, if we judge from his name, which was Gunpowder. Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle ; his sharp elbows stuck out like grass-hoppers' ; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a sceptre, and as the horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called, and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail.

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Herr Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country. Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favorite steed Daredevil, a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage.

Ichabod was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer, and whose spirits rose with eating as some men's do with drink. He did full justice to the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea-table in the sumptuous time of autumn. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendor. Then, he thought, how soon he'd turn his back upon the old school-house; snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper and every other niggardly patron, and kick any itinerant pedagogue out of doors that should dare to call him comrade! When Ichabod had filled himself to repletion with the good things provided by the generous host, and had tired himself out clattering about the room, his loosely hung frame in full motion, in the merry mazes of the dance, he joined a knot of the sager folks, who, with old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and doling out their wild and wonderful legends of Sleepy Hollow. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major André was taken, and which stood in the neighborhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country; and, it is said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the church yard.

The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll, surrounded by locust trees and lofty elms, from which its decent whitewashed walls shined modestly forth, like Christian purity, beaming through the shades of retirement. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it and the bridge itself were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it, even in the daytime; but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. Such was one of the

favorite haunts of the headless horseman, and the place where he was most frequently encountered.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads, and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains, and their light hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter until they gradually died away. And the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a tête-à-tête with the heiress, truly convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for, in fact, I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chapfallen.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crest-fallen, pursued his travel homewards, along the sides of the lofty hill which rises about Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. In the dead hush of midnight he could hear the barking of the watch-dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound, far, far off, from some farm-house away among the hills — but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip-tree; its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate Major André, and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grape vines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and it has ever since been considered a haunted stream. As Ichabod approached the stream his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the

ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge ; but instead of starting forward the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. The school-master now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forwards snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand close by the bridge. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black and towering. The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose on his head with terror. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange, midnight companion, now quickened his speed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveler in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in the cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless ! But his horror was still more increased, on observing that the head which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of his saddle ! Away dashed Ichabod, his flimsy garments fluttering in the air, as he stretched his long, lank body over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight. Just as he got half through a sandy hollow, and before reaching the green knoll on which stands the white-washed church, the girths of his saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain ; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer — Hans Van Ripper's Sunday saddle ! An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him ; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprung upon the bridge ; he thundered over the resounding planks ; he gained the opposite side, and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone.

Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash—he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed on like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate—but Ichabod was nowhere to be found. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church, was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and, evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The mysterious event caused much speculation among the residents of Sleepy Hollow. The stories of the vicinity were all shudderingly recalled, and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the galloping Hessian. It is true, an old farmer, who had been down to New York on a visit several years after, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school; studied law, been admitted to the bar; turned politician; electioneered; written for the newspapers; and, finally, had been made a Justice of the Ten Pound Court. Brom Bones, too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin, which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.



JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

BORN 1789.

AMERICA.

DIED 1851.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

James Fenimore Cooper was born in Burlington, N. J., September 15, 1789. His father, Judge William Cooper, removed the following year to Otsego Lake, and became the founder of Cooperstown. The characteristics of this early home in the wilderness made a deep impression upon the lad's nature. At the age of thirteen he entered Yale College, remaining three years. In 1806 he went to sea, and from his experience gained material for his sea novels. He entered the navy, but closed his naval career on his marriage in 1811 to Miss Delancey. When about thirty years of age he read to his wife a story descriptive of English life, and playfully declared that he could write a better novel himself. The result was his first volume, *Precaution*. Urging him to renewed literary effort, his friends advised him to represent scenes and characters with which he was familiar. Love of country was a passion with Cooper, and he naturally sought his subject among the scenes of the Revolution. John Jay's account of a spy who was in his service during the war, led him to write *The Spy*. By this novel he became known. It was translated into several of the languages of Europe. In 1823 appeared *The Pioneers*, itself the pioneer of the Leather Stocking tales. In it he described the manners and customs of his native land; and laying the scene about Otsego Lake, he was able to make use of the impressions and memories of his boyhood. *The Pilot*, the first of his sea tales, was made vivid by the scenes and characters drawn from his own experience, and attained great popularity. In 1825, taking an excursion with a party of Englishmen to Lake George, the caverns at Glenn's Falls were examined with interest, and he promised Lord Derby that he would write a romance in which they should be introduced. In *The Last of the Mohicans*, 1826, that promise was fulfilled. His delineations of Indian life established the reputation already gained by *The Spy*. Treating of a new country and a new race, the novelty of its scenes and characters caused the book to be widely read in Europe. In 1826 Cooper went abroad and spent six years in literary labor. *The Prairie* was finished in Paris. In a newspaper controversy he defended his country against foreign criticism. He published *The Red Rover*, *Wept of Wish-ton-Wish*, *The Water Witch*. Returning to this country and replying to the censure which his course in Europe had elicited, he became engaged in a newspaper war. His *Sketches of Switzerland*, *Gleanings in Europe*, and *History of the Navy of the United States*, were followed by *The Pathfinder* and *The Deerslayer*. In 1845 he published a series of tales denouncing the doctrines of the Anti-renters. In his last book, *The Ways of the Hour*, he attacked trial by jury. Cooper died in Cooperstown, September 14, 1851. His wife followed him four months later. In the beautiful cemetery overlooking Otsego Lake there stands a monument to the memory of Cooper, surmounted by a life-size figure of Leather Stocking with his faithful dog lying at his feet.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.

That part of the country lying between the head waters of the Hudson and lakes Champlain and George was the scene of many fierce conflicts during the colonial wars of North America. Over the high plain, connecting the lakes with the Hudson, extended a portage between two English forts. At its northern terminus on Lake George was Fort William Henry, defended by the Scotch veteran, Colonel Munro, with one regiment of regulars and a few provincials. Fort Edward on the Hudson was held by General Webb with five thousand men. One evening during the third year of the war waged by France and England for the possession of the country, an Indian runner brought to General Webb an earnest request for speedy reinforcement, since Montcalm with a large French force was moving up the Champlain. Next morning a chosen detachment of fifteen hundred men was sent to the relief of Munro. Soon after their departure a private party composed of an English officer Major Heyward, and Cora and Alice, two daughters of General Munro, set out on horseback. They were led by the Indian runner, who had volunteered to guide them, by a path little known to Fort William Henry, and more speedily than if they followed the column. They had just left the highway and had entered the forest when they were joined by a person of ungainly proportions and singular attire, mounted on a gaunt horse. He proved to be David Gamut, a singing master of simple mind, and at his earnest request he was allowed to attach himself to the party. About night-fall, as Heyward had begun to suspect treachery on the part of his guide, they came upon three men lingering on the banks of a river. One was Hawkeye the white scout, armed with a long rifle. The other two were Mohican warriors. Chingachgook the elder was in the vigor of his days, the youthful Uncas, his son, was an Indian of noble proportions, with dark fearless eye, and proud determined features. A conference with the scout confirmed Heyward's suspicions that their guide had wilfully misled them. An effort to seize him by stealth was thwarted by the crafty Le Renard Subtil, who suspected their design and escaped into the forest. On the appeal of Heyward, Hawkeye and the Mohicans promised to protect and guide the party, as they were in the country of the Hurons, the bitter enemies of the English. Securing their horses, they all embarked in a birch canoe, and after a perilous ride came to Glenn's Falls, where in the much prized secret of the place, a rocky island in which were two caverns, they found their refuge. But the horses were attacked by wolves, and their cries of terror brought to the spot a band of Hurons, who soon discovered that a party was in hiding

on the island. At break of day fire was opened up on them from the opposite shore. Four Hurons swam down the current to the head of the island, but all were laid low by their rifles or overcome in a hand to hand fight. At last it was discovered that a Huron had reached the island unobserved, secured the canoe in which they had left the big powder-horn, and was swiftly moving down the stream with his prize. Unable longer to use their rifles, Hawkeye and the Mohicans dropped into the water at the foot of the island and were carried down the current. Cora had urged them to escape, and had suggested that they might secure help from her father.

Left alone, Heyward and his party concealed themselves in one of the caverns, where they were discovered by Le Renard Subtil and the whole band of Hurons. Crossing to the south bank of the river, their horses were brought, the band divided, and the prisoners were left in the care of six savages, Le Renard Subtil commanding. To Heyward's offer of gold, and his promise of rewards most tempting to an Indian if he would conduct them to Munro, Le Renard (who was called Magua as a term of reproach) returned an evasive reply. Taking a southward course they came to a level spot thickly covered with trees, on the summit of a hill resembling an artificial mound. Here Magua sought an interview with Cora, in which he mentioned his grievance against her father, who had caused him to be publicly whipped for an offense committed while under the influence of fire-water furnished by the whites. He asked Cora to live in his wigwam, but she replied with indignation. He then addressed the savages, rousing them to fury. The prisoners were bound, and preparations made for horrible tortures. Renewing his suit, Magua promised to send Alice and Heyward to Munro if Cora would be his wife. Cora left the decision with them, and when both refused the alternative with horror, Magua infuriated, hurled his tomahawk at Cora, but without injury. Heyward, maddened at this indignity, burst the withes that bound him, and grappled with an Indian who was about to repeat the blow. He was likely to be overcome, when the crack of a rifle was heard, and his antagonist fell dead. This attack was made by Hawkeye, Uncas and Chingachgook, who had determined not to go to Fort William Henry, but had watched and followed Magua and his captives. The Hurons had carelessly stacked their weapons at the foot of the hill, and among them Hawkeye found his own rifle which he had been compelled to leave on the rocky island. After a desperate encounter all the Hurons were overcome except Magua, who was engaged in a death struggle with Chingachgook. At a thrust of the Mohican's knife Magua suddenly feigned death, and the forest rang with shouts of triumph. But as Hawkeye was about to take his scalp, Magua rolled swiftly over, regained his feet, and bounded into the thicket. Arming his party with the rifles of the Hurons, Hawkeye

again assumed the leadership. Near a spring on the present site of Ballston they halted to prepare food, and then set out toward the north. Taking refuge in an old block house surrounded by low green hillocks, Hawkeye recalled a skirmish fought here years before between the Mohicans and Mohawks, in which the latter were all killed. He had fought with the Mohicans, and had assisted Chingachgook to bury the bodies of their slain enemies. He added that Chingachgook and Uncas were all that were left of the Mohican race. While he spoke approaching footsteps were heard, and the voices of many Hurons. But the Indian's natural respect for the dead saved the lives of Hawkeye's party ; for, as the foremost Hurons stooped to examine the hillocks, and discovered that they were burial places, they turned about and the whole band retreated.

Leaving the block house the party traveled for a time in the bed of a rivulet, that they might leave no trail. They then entered a gorge of the mountains, and began to climb in the darkness a steep and rugged ascent. In the early morning light they stood on the summit of the mountain at whose base was Lake George, and could look down upon Fort William Henry and the encampment of Montcalm. Hastening to descend, they were at last but half a mile distant from the fort, when they were suddenly challenged by a French sentinel, whom a dense fog which enveloped the plain had hidden from their view. A lively skirmish followed and the little party was in imminent danger of capture. Then suddenly above them was heard the voice of a commander, ordering his men to fire. Alice recognized it as her father's voice, and called to him from out the midst to save his daughters. The order to fire was countermanded ; Colonel Munro sent his men to the rescue ; the French pursuers were routed, and Cora and Alice were soon in their father's embrace. Amid the dangers and privations of the siege five days had passed. Hawkeye had been sent to Webb with an appeal for help, but on his return had been captured by the French ; and thus Webb's reply fell into the hands of Montcalm. He retained the letter, but sent Hawkeye to Munro requesting a personal interview. At this interview Montcalm gave Munro the intercepted letter, which contained Webb's utter refusal to send help, and then made proposals of surrender at once generous and honorable. Munro consented to the terms proposed, and next morning left the fort at the head of his troops, attended by Heyward. At the last moment it was discovered that Munro, broken-hearted by the desertion of Webb which had necessitated a surrender, had neglected to provide an escort for his daughters. Heyward therefore placed them temporarily in care of the simple-minded Gamut. No sooner had they left the protecting mounds of the fort than the Indian allies, headed by Magua, fell upon the retiring army. Montcalm was powerless to restrain the fury of the savages and a terrible

slaughter ensued. The sisters found flight impossible ; Alice fainted, and Cora sank beside her. Gamut, who would not desert his trust, raised his voice to its highest tones, thinking to try the potency of music. Magua was thus led to the group. Uttering a yell of pleasure, he seized the senseless form of Alice and moved swiftly towards the forest, followed by Cora, and the faithful Gamut, who was still singing. Magua conducted his captives to the mountain-top where they had before been led by Hawkeye.

As Munro and Heyward with Hawkeye and the two Mohicans searched the deserted battle-field three days after the capitulation of the fort, Uncas discovered indications that the sisters were captives, and in the hands of Magua. Setting out in pursuit, they discovered, on the second day, the trail which made sure the route he had taken. On the margin of a little lake, where a colony of beavers had erected their dwellings, they came upon Gamut, who reported that Alice was with the Hurons on a table-land two miles distant, while Cora had been conveyed to a neighboring people farther on. Heyward determined to visit the Huron encampment in company with Gamut, and to attempt the rescue of Alice. Disguised with paint he hoped by his knowledge of French to pass himself off as a conjurer from Ticonderoga. The scout left Munro in care of Chingachgook in the beaver lodges, protected by the veneration of the Indian for the beaver. Hawkeye and Uncas were to learn something of the people to whom Cora had been sent, and whom they believed to be Delawares. Gamut's three days' sojourn had made him familiar with the Hurons. On account of the reverence of the Indians for one of simple mind he had been allowed to go and come at pleasure. Heyward was conducted to an Indian lodge, where he conversed with an aged warrior, announcing himself as a medicine man, sent by the Great Father to heal any sick among them, and explaining his paint as a compliment to the tribe. Their conversation was interrupted by the return of a successful war party leading captive two men ; the one stood firm and erect with an admirably proportioned frame, the other dejected, as if palsied with terror or shame. Piles of brush were lighted. Warriors drew their knives and arranged themselves in two lines, forming a lane from the war party to the lodges. Even squaws and children armed themselves with any available weapon. At the signal the younger captive set out upon a hazardous race for life down the lane with the swiftness of a deer. He merely entered the lines ; then before a blow could be given turned suddenly and gained the safer side of the formidable array. By this artifice he turned the order of the multitude into confusion, and all blows aimed at him were given at random. Darting like an arrow through the crowd, he had more than once almost gained his liberty, but was turned back. Balked in his desperate efforts, he at last sought refuge by leaning against a small

painted post before the principal lodge. Here by immemorial usage he was safe until the council had determined his fate. As Heyward drew near he recognized Uncas. In the council lodge the young Mohican was calm and collected, and gained the admiration of all. He attributed his capture to the fact that he had followed a flying coward, pointing to the Huron brought with him by the war party. It was determined that the cowardly Huron must die; and an aged chief thrust a knife into his heart. As the trial proceeded Magua entered the lodge. Recognizing the captive he pronounced the name universally given Uncas by his enemies, "*Le Cerf Agile*," and raising his arm said, "Mohican, you die." Then, addressing his people with that dangerous eloquence for which as a Huron orator he was famed, he roused them to frenzy. A ferocious warrior threw his tomahawk, but its aim was diverted by Magua, who dismissed Uncas to await death in the morning.

Heyward in his assumed character of medicine man was conducted by an elderly warrior to a cave in an adjacent mountain, where lay his sick daughter, a supposed victim of supernatural power. Approaching the bedside to exorcise the evil spirit, he found Gamut, from whom he had become separated, who was attempting to work a miracle by song, and who was interrupted by the Indians out of respect to his imagined infirmity. On their way to the cavern they had been followed by a bear; and at the close of Gamut's song it reappeared, uttering low growls. The singing master precipitately left the cavern, with the words, "She expects you." Heyward then prepared to perform his incantations, but was three times interrupted by the growling of the bear. Receiving this as an indication that the "cunning ones" were jealous, the chief departed, leaving Heyward alone with the sick woman and the bear; whereupon the bear-skin was thrown off and Hawkeye stood revealed. He informed Heyward that after the capture of Uncas he had overpowered an Indian conjurer and appropriated his mask of bear-skin, hoping in this guise to effect the rescue of the Mohican. Hasty search disclosed Alice concealed in another apartment of the cavern. Heyward, overjoyed, was declaring his love, when, startled by a light tap on his shoulder, he turned and saw Magua. Promising tortures, Magua was about to leave the cavern, but was hindered by the bear with threatening growls. Then the fierce brute enfolded him in a desperate hug, and pinioned his arms. With the assistance of Heyward, he was gagged, and bound hand and foot. Concealing Alice in Indian cloths, Heyward took her in his arms and left the cavern, assuring the Indian warrior who was waiting at the entrance that he was taking his child to a distance where she would be safe from further attacks of the evil spirit. Hawkeye, with his bear-skin disguise, after showing Heyward the path that led to the Delaware encampment,

found Gamut, and with him proceeded to the place where Uncas was confined. By strategy the Hurons who were guarding him were persuaded to withdraw from the lodge, when an exchange of character was quickly effected. Uncas assumed the bear-skin and Hawkeye the role of singing-master, leaving Gamut to play the part of Uncas ; thus the supposed Gamut and the bear easily escaped. When the deceit was discovered, Gamut saved himself from the vengeance of the angry Hurons by raising his voice in song, thus reminding them of his imaginary infirmity. As the warriors assembled for the pursuit they called for Magua. After a long search he was found in the cavern chafing with rage, and was released from his bonds. Next morning at daybreak Magua with a chosen band of twenty warriors set out, their revenge being directed chiefly against Hawkeye, who was known among the Hurons, because of the deadly effects of his rifle, as "*La Longue Carabine*." Passing the beaver village they stopped, and one of the warriors addressed the beavers as cousins, promising them protection from the hunters, and asking them to give him some of their wisdom for this expedition.

This band of Delawares had been allied with Montcalm, but for some reason had declined to fight at the siege of Fort William Henry. Magua made skillful use of this fact in his interview with their chief orator; artfully insinuating that they were in reproach among their French allies, and that their future actions would be regarded with distrust because of their late defection. When he told them they were harboring *La Longue Carabine*, the whole encampment became profoundly agitated, and a formal assemblage of the nation was called. At this council the aged patriarch Tamenund, who was held in great veneration, and was famed as so wise and just that he had been allowed to hold secret communication with the Great Spirit, presided. All the fugitives save Uncas were brought into the circle, and Magua, being permitted to speak, declared the object of his visit. Cora appealed to Tamenund for mercy, and then asked that Uncas be brought before the nation. In response to an inquiry Uncas declared himself a Delaware. Supposing him to be a traitor who had deserted his tribe, they condemned him to torture by fire. A chief tore his shirt from his body, and was amazed as he saw the figure of a tortoise tattooed in light blue on Uncas' breast. The young Mohican then advanced with the dignity of a king and declared himself to be Uncas, the son of Chingachgook. Tamenund recognized him, with joy, as a descendant of his friend, the eldest son of the Lenape who, four generations before, was the wisest Sagamore of the Mohicans. Uncas then led Hawkeye to the patriarch, calling him a just man and a friend of the Delawares. Magua, asserting a conqueror's right to Cora, refused to leave without her ; and Tamenund was forced to admit the justice of his claim. So after an affecting parting scene he was

allowed to lead his captive away, protected by the inviolable laws of Indian hospitality. But when the sun had reached the point which marked the end of the truce with Magua, a large band of Delawares, led by Uncas and Hawkeye, set out in pursuit. They had not proceeded far when Gamut appeared, reporting that a large force of Hurons lay in the neighboring forest, and that Magua was at their head, having placed Cora in the cavern. Reinforced by Colonel Munro and Chingachgook from the beaver lodges, the Delawares, after severe contests, put the Hurons to flight. Pursuers and pursued entered the village of the Hurons where a desperate encounter took place around a council lodge.

Magua at last fled with his only two surviving warriors to the cavern. Through its dark and gloomy passages the pursuers followed the retreating forms of the Hurons. They could see that Cora was carried between two warriors, and held so as to shield them from fire. Issuing from the cavern, on the side of the mountain, the route lay up a most hazardous ascent. At last Cora refused to go farther, and one of Magua's assistants sheathed his knife in her bosom. Uncas, who had leaped over rocks and precipices, and gained a point above them, seeing the danger of Cora, leaped from a fearful height ; and as his form lay prostrate on the ledge, Magua buried his weapon in the back of the Mohican. But a moment later the contents of Hawkeye's rifle sent Magua over a precipice to the rocks below. The next morning found the Lenape a nation of mourners. They had avenged their wrongs by the destruction of the Hurons ; but there were no songs of triumph. The lodges were deserted, and the nation was assembled at one spot of common interest. Six Delaware girls stood apart and strewed flowers on a litter of fragrant plants that supported the body of Cora. On the opposite space of the same area appeared Uncas, seated as in life, arrayed in the most gorgeous ornaments. After a long silence the venerable Tamenund arose and said : " Men of the Lenape, the face of the Manitou is behind a cloud." Another deep stillness, and then the women began a low, wailing chant in honor of the dead. A girl of high rank spoke in glowing terms of the qualities of the deceased warrior. Another sang of the stranger maiden who had left the earth at a time so near his own departure as to render the will of the Great Spirit manifest. Others spoke to the maiden herself in the low, soft language of tenderness and love ; pronouncing Uncas noble, manly and generous, all that became a warrior, and all that maiden could ask in lover, betraying by their language that they had discovered the truant disposition of the Mohican, in whose eyes the Delaware girls found no favor. One by one each of the gifted men of the nation spoke his tribute of praise to the memory of the departed warrior. Then the young girls raised Cora's bier, bore it slowly to a little knoll shaded by young pines, placed the body

in a shell of birch bark, and lowered it to its final resting-place. After the burial of Uncas, Tamenund dismissed his people with these words : "The pale-faces are masters of the earth, and the time of the red-men has not yet come again. My day has been too long. In the morning I saw the sons of Unamis happy and strong ; and yet, before the night has come, I have lived to see the last warrior of the wise race of the Mohicans." Munro and his daughter Alice with Heyward and Gamut then left the Delaware encampment, and set out on their homeward journey. Through the medium of the Scout, who served for years as a link between these dwellers in the woods and civilized life, the Delawares learned in answer to their inquiries, that Colonel Munro was speedily gathered to his fathers, and that Major Heyward had conveyed his surviving daughter to a home far into the settlements of the "pale-faces."



THOMAS CARLYLE.

BORN 1795.

SCOTLAND.

DIED 1881.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Thomas Carlyle, the most distinguished British essayist and philosopher of the last generation, was born at Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, on the 4th of December, 1795. At the age of fifteen he went to Edinburgh University, where he remained for seven years, and won considerable distinction, his favorite studies being mathematics and the language and literature of Germany. It was his studies of and translations from the German writers that first brought him into public notice as an author. After some magazine work, his first published book was a *Life of Schiller*, in 1824; his next, a translation of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, begun in the same year. In these early works he shows the same peculiar, rugged style, and the same brilliance of thought that distinguishes his maturer efforts. In 1826 he married a Scotch lady, Miss Welsh, and settled in a country home near his native town. For several years following, he devoted himself principally to articles which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, *Fraser's Magazine*, and other periodicals, and which dealt mainly with criticisms on biographical subjects. In 1834 he published the volume which first established his wide reputation, although it was originally issued anonymously in the columns of *Fraser's Magazine*. It bore the title of *Sartor Resartus* (The Tailor Stitched), and professed to be a translation of a German treatise on the philosophy of clothes, by one Professor Teufelsdröckh of Weissnichtwo. The book speedily achieved a great popularity.

In the same year Mr. Carlyle went to London, establishing himself in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, which was at that time a suburban village. Here the last forty years of the life of the Sage of Chelsea, as he came to be called, were spent. In 1837 he published the *History of the French Revolution* in three volumes. This work was greeted with general approbation, not unmixed, however, with some severe criticism. The reviewer of *Blackwood's Magazine* remarked that "never before was history written in so mad a vein. Turn which way you will — to philosophy, to politics, to religion — you will find Mr. Carlyle objecting, denouncing, scoffing, rending all to pieces in his bold, ironical manner, but teaching nothing." But other critics, and the best judges of contemporary literature, rank the *French Revolution* as a very remarkable historical prose-poem. In 1839 Mr. Carlyle wrote *Chartism*, an essay on the social and political condition of England. The following year he delivered in London a series of lectures on *Heroes and Hero Worship*, which were afterwards published.

The men whom Carlyle selects as the typical heroes of history are Burns, Cromwell, Dante, Johnson, Knox, Luther, Mahomet, Napoleon and Shakespeare. Carlyle was himself an enthusiastic hero-worshiper and a great admirer of successful power, his favorite characters being such men as Cromwell and Napoleon.

In 1839 a large number of his essays contributed to various periodicals were reprinted under the title of *Miscellanies*. Then came *Past and Present* (1843), a volume advocating social and political reforms; *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches* (1845), *Latter Day Pamphlets* (1850), *Life of John Sterling* (1851), and an extended *Life of Frederick the Great* (1858 to 1864). The reactionary ideas that were strangely mingled with his theories of social reformation were illustrated in *Shooting Niagara*, in which he attacked the great reform bill

then before Parliament, and deplored the rapid advance of democracy. He was also a supporter of the institution of slavery.

Mr. Carlyle's last works were the *Early Kings of Norway* (1875), and an *Essay on the Portraits of John Knox*. After a long, active and distinguished literary career, he died at Chelsea on the 5th of February, 1881, in his eighty-sixth year.

Carlyle was a great admirer of German literature, and did much to promote a knowledge of it in England. His own literary temperament in many ways shared the characteristics of the Germans rather than those of his fellow-countrymen. His writings are marked by the depth and originality of his philosophy, the frequent flashes of new and striking thought, and the quaint peculiarity of his style. This last, indeed, often becomes rough, obscure and clumsy, especially in his later works. As a philosopher, too, he is not always logical and free from prejudice, and his admiration for successful power is carried to an extreme. But, all in all, Thomas Carlyle has added many gems to the diadem of English literature, and has exerted an influence upon the current of contemporary thought such as scarcely any other author of the nineteenth century can claim to have possessed.

SARTOR RESARTUS.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.—PRELIMINARY.

Considering our present advanced state of culture, and how the Torch of Science has been brandished about for five thousand years and upwards, till hardly the smallest cranny or dog-hole in Nature or Art can remain unilluminated, it is surprising to the reflective mind that so little, whether in the way of Philosophy or History, has been written on the subject of Clothes. Strange it is, that this grand Tissue of all Tissues, the vestural Tissue, in which man's faculties work and his Self is enwrapped, should have been overlooked—that philosophers should figure man as a Clothed Animal, whereas he is by nature a Naked Animal; and should regard clothes as a property, not as an accident. Only in Germany—learned, deep-thinking Germany—has this subject been treated in a volume, entitled *Die Kleider, ihr Werden und Wirken* (Clothes, their Origin and Influence) by Professor Diogenes Teufelsdröckh of Weissnichtwo.

CHAPTER II.—EDITORIAL DIFFICULTIES.

The author having received a copy of this volume from his old friend, Professor Teufelsdröckh, desires to spread a knowledge of it among English speaking peoples. He was in doubt whether to effect this by publishing articles upon it in various critical journals, or in some other way,

when, unexpectedly, there arrived a letter from Herr Hofrath Heuschrecke of Weissnichtwo, offering to furnish the requisite documents for a complete biography of Teufelsdröckh.

The author, who adopts the *nom de plume* of Oliver Yorke, determines to issue his treatise on the Philosophy of Clothes in the shape of a volume on the Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh.

CHAPTER III.—REMINISCENCES.

Professor Teufelsdröckh, when the author knew him, lived at Weissnichtwo, having been appointed *Professor der Allerley-Wissenschaft*, or Professor of Things in General, in the local university. This was, however, only a Name, the professorship having no endowment and no duties. Except by his nightly appearances at the tavern of the *Grüne Gans*, the city saw little of him; and so little was known of his birthplace, parentage, prospects, or pursuits, that he was sometimes termed the *Ewige Jude* (Wandering Jew). He dwelt on the attic floor of the highest house in the Wahngasse, which commanded a view over the whole city in all four directions. He overlooked all its life, going "from Eternity, onwards to Eternity," as he expressed it, with all its infinite variety of phases. His apartment, full of books and tattered papers, united in a common element of dust, was invaded once a month by his servant, old Lieschen, with broom and duster. None else came there save the author—then an enthusiastic young English student—and the ungainly but gentle and kindly Heuschrecke, the Hofrath, or Court councillor, who was a devoted admirer of Teufelsdröckh's work on clothes. He is too plain in his treatment of the refinements of society to gain a paramount popularity in England. His learning is of the widest range, but his style is very uneven—now full of strength and grace, now weak and dull. Now he is full of love and sympathy; then again he is cynical and sardonic. His look was grave, but the author recalls with pleasure that he once laughed loudly, long and uncontrollably at a fantasy of Jean Paul Richter's of a "cast metal king." His worst fault as an author is an almost total want of arrangement, but we shall endeavor to bring order out of the chaos of his work.

CHAPTER V.—THE WORLD IN CLOTHES.

The Professor observes that as Montesquieu wrote a "Spirit of Laws" he intends to write a "Spirit of Clothes." There is as little that is accidental in tailoring as in legislating. Clothes are full of meaning; their cut betokens Intellect and Talent, their color Temper and Heart. Cause and effect are at work throughout. The first chapter of Teufelsdröckh's book deals with Paradise and Figleaves; then with vast erudition he considers

primeval man, whose first want, when he had satisfied his hunger, was clothes, not for warmth, but for decoration. Thus clothes began; they soon gave increased security and pleasurable heat; then modesty, individuality, distinctions, social polity; clothes have made men of us; they are threatening to become the most important part of our being, and make us mere clothes screens.

CHAPTER VI.—APRONS.

Teufelsdröckh, the author opines, treats this subject—which has played a not unimportant part in history—in a satirical and unsatisfactory tone. Aprons, says the Professor, are Defenses—for cleanliness, safety, modesty, and sometimes roguery. The Military and Police are the Apron of Society. But of all Aprons, the most puzzling to Teufelsdröckh is the Episcopal apron, or Cassock. Wherein, he asks, consists its usefulness?

CHAPTER VII.—MISCELLANEOUS — HISTORICAL.

The middle ages in Europe, and the period down to the end of the Seventeenth Century, were the era of extravagance in costume. Here the antiquary and student of modes finds his richest harvest. Teufelsdröckh describes the silver girdle, hung with bells, the peaked caps and shoes, the seatless breeches and long round doublets of the mediæval gentlemen; the scolloped gowns or train gowns and ruff mantles of the women. Strange was the incident of the courtier who happened to sit upon a chair with a nail on it, and then, rising, emitted several pecks of dry wheat dust—the stuffing of his clothes. The simplest costume of history was the uniform of Bolivar's cavalry, in South America—a blanket, with a hole for the head in the center.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE WORLD OUT OF CLOTHES.

Thus far Teufelsdröckh has dealt with the Origin of Clothes; he now speaks of their influence. He begins with that unanswerable question, "Who am I—the thing that can say 'I'—What is this ME?"

The answer lies around, written in all colors and motions, in thousand-figured, thousand-voiced, harmonious Nature; but where is the cunning ear and eye that can interpret it? In such speculations, says the Professor, I first came upon the question of clothes—how I despise myself for my dependence upon this strange, extraneous, brutish tissue!

CHAPTER IX.—ADAMITISM.

But consider, oh Teufelsdröckh, the advantage of clothes! When thou wast an infant—then again when thou first receivedst breeches, and thy long

clothes became short? Again, wert not thou at one period of life a Buck, or a Dandy, or by whatever name such a thing is distinguished? No, Teufelsdröckh is a Sansculottist, but no Adamite. Society, he says, is founded upon clothes. Imagine, if you can, a naked court ceremony, or a naked House of Lords — what a terrible idea? What would be left of the grandees and great statesmen? Each would be merely “a forked radish with a head fantastically carved!”

CHAPTER X.—PURE REASON.

How utterly, speculates our radical Professor, would all social distinctions vanish were clothes abolished! And without them could we possess the master organ, the soul's seat, the true pineal gland of the body social — the Purse? Yet while he thus degrades man, Teufelsdröckh also exalts him. To the eye of logic, man is an Omniverous Biped that wears breeches. To the eye of pure Reason, he is a Soul, a Spirit, a Divine apparition. Our only reasonable temperament is one of Reverence and Wonder, before the deep mysteries of nature.

CHAPTER XI.—PROSPECTIVE.

Teufelsdröckh illustrates the doctrine that nature is not an aggregate, but a whole — that there is no such thing as separation — by the smithy fire on the Black Forest moor — kindled by the sun, fed by the air, and blending the Force of Iron, the Force of Coal, and the stranger Force of Man — an intergal part of the great universe. And all things shall change — all existing things are clothing, put on for a season, and to be laid off. The essence of all science lies in the Philosophy of Clothes.

The authors plan to write a biography of Teufelsdröckh depended on the material promised by Herr Heuschrecke. When these arrived, they proved to be six bags of miscellaneous manuscript written by the professor, and treating of every imaginable subject. From this chaos the author will endeavor to evolve as much order and method as he can.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.—GENESIS.

In every phenomenon the beginning remains always the most notable moment; so must we begin our Life of Teufelsdröckh with his first appearance on the earthly stage. He was brought as a baby, by a mysterious stranger of reverend aspect, into the house of Andreas Futteral and his wife Gretchen, in the village of Entepfuhl. By these worthy peasants he was adopted; his parentage he has never been able to trace.

CHAPTER II.—IDYLLIC.

Next we have Teufelsdröckh's picture of his happy peasant childhood. Diogenes, or Gneschen as he was called, gradually learned those things whereby he was in aftertime to read the grand volume of the world.

CHAPTER III.—PEDAGOGY.

After passing through the common school of Entepfuhl, where the teachers pronounced him a genius, Diogenes went to the Gymnasium (or classical school) at the neighboring town of Hinterschlag. His experience here was not very pleasant or profitable. His schoolfellows persecuted him, his teachers were hide-bound pedants, who fed Teufelsdröckh's mind with innumerable dead vocables, instead of the mental food he craved. During his third year at the gymnasium, Andreas Futteral died, and the young student learned that he had only had a foster father, not a parent, in the Prussian sergeant. Next he attempted a university, the name of which he does not give, but which was no less distasteful. Its system, which he compares to a square wall around eleven hundred striplings and a library, he denounces as an imposture. There he met a young Englishman named Towgood, in whom he found a friend of some sympathy and appreciativeness—or, as Teufeldröckh says, he “was even near experiencing the now obsolete sentiment of Friendship,”—and who introduced him to the Count of Zähdarm.

CHAPTER IV.—GETTING UNDER WAY.

Thus was Teufelsdröckh launched upon the world, endowed with the grand, miracle working art of Thought. The path through the world that lay before him, was not a rose-strewn one. He felt the great motive force of Hunger—for he was now alone. He passed the law examinations and became an auscultator, or licensed attorney, but found little or no employment, and that distasteful. How he subsisted is more or less of a mystery. His friendship with the noble Zähdarm family had been ended by the death of the Count, for whom he wrote a not very complimentary epitaph, which was never engraved.

CHAPTER V.—ROMANCE.

Teufelsdröckh determines to abandon his auscultatorship, and strike off upon a course of his own. His first adventure is a love romance. She was young, beautiful, highborn—some one's Cousin—but dependant and moneyless. He met her at the Castle of Waldschloss, we do not know how; he calls her Blumine, the flower goddess—perhaps her real name was Flora. They met, conversed and loved; they met again in town, then her Cousin interfered; she told him he must not see her again. Their lips met in one long kiss, and they parted forever.

CHAPTER VI.—SORROWS OF TEUFELSDRÖCKH.

In his despair, Teufelsdröckh neither goes mad, nor begins writing Satanic poetry, nor blows out his brains. He takes up his pilgrim staff, and sets forth to wander around the world. He seeks a lonely mountain region. While meditating there on a highway, there passes a carriage—a wedding party. The bridegroom is his former friend Towgood, the bride is Blumine! Teufelsdröckh wanders blindly away—through cities and deserts, civilized and savage lands—only kept from suicide by the hunger that forced him to seek a living. Thus were the sorrows of Teufelsdröckh written by his foot-prints all over the earth.

CHAPTER VII.—THE EVERLASTING NO.

These years of wandering were with Teufelsdröckh a period of transition, of fermentation. He was losing all hope; doubt was darkening into unbelief, and shade after shade was growing dimly over his soul. Is there no duty, no virtue, no conscience, he began to ask himself wildly? And no answer came, till one sultry dog-day, while he was toiling along a dirty purlieu of Paris, all at once there came a mental crisis. The Everlasting No seemed to say "Behold, thou art fatherless, outcast, and the Universe is the Devil's;" and Teufelsdröckh's whole ME rose up in protest. "I am not thine, but free!"

CHAPTER VIII.—CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE.

After this, which Teufelsdröckh called his "Baphometic Fire-baptism," he was restless, but no longer hopeless. He ceased to "eat his own heart," and turned to the Not-Me—the outer world—for wholesomer food. He traveled still, and observed with interest the products of the past—cities, with their governments; tilled fields, and roads and bridges, and most of all, books. He saw the battle-field of Wagram, and mused on the horror of war; met Napoleon; encountered a Russian smuggler on a June midnight at the North Cape. He visited nearly all libraries and colleges, the great Wall of China, and innumerable other places. Meanwhile, his mind is being healed by experience, the great spiritual doctor. Wretchedness was still wretched; but he could now partly see through it and despise it.

CHAPTER IX.—THE EVERLASTING YEA.

After his sojourn in the Centre of Indifference, Teufelsdröckh began to awake to a new heaven and a new earth. From some mountain retreat where he dwelt he used to overlook the towns below; he began to love and pity his fellow man. Man's unhappiness, he reflected, comes from the ele-

ment of the infinite within him. There is something higher than love of happiness ; man can do without happiness, and find blessedness. Love, not pleasure, love to God — this is the Everlasting Yea. Conviction is worthless without conduct ; the great rule for the doubter is “Do the duty which lies nearest thee.” After chaos comes creation, and Teufelsdröckh says to himself, “Up ! Work while it is called to-day !”

CHAPTER X.—PAUSE.

Teufelsdröckh has now an aim in life, and has found that his ideal workshop is this same actual workshop of the world. He became a writer, and says that his work fell, perhaps not altogether void, into the mighty seed-field of opinion. He speaks of the Society for the Conservation of Property as one originating from his suggestion—but what is this society ? The editor begins to suspect that this whole biography of Teufelsdröckh may after all be not literally true, but symbolical. At any rate, it exhibits a man as it were pre-appointed to create the philosophy of clothes.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.—INCIDENT IN MODERN HISTORY.

The first passage of Professor Teufelsdröckh's great work selected by the editor for notice is a disquisition on, perhaps the most remarkable incident in Modern History — namely, George Fox's making to himself a suit of leather. He, the first of the Quakers ; was a prophet, and smote against Vanity's workhouse and Ragfair. But would Teufelsdröckh have us all wear leather. The old distinctions of fashion would soon be re-established.

CHAPTER II.—CHURCH-CLOTHES.

Church-clothes, the vestures in which men have represented the Religious Principle, are the most important of human garnitures. They are the outward religion, originated by society, while society is made possible by religion. Government is the skin of the body politic, social organizations are the muscular tissues, Religion is the inmost life giving tissue. But in our times these Church-clothes are wofully out at elbows !

CHAPTER III.—SYMBOLS.

The philosophy of clothes teaches us the value of concealment — of silence and secrecy. Shame, for example, is the root of virtue ; and what are the printing press and its newspapers to clothes and the tailor's goose ? The

universe is ruled by symbols, and our great faculty is not the logical or mensurative, but the imaginative. It is in and through symbols—such as a flag or a crown—that man lives, works and has his being; and indeed, what else are Art and—highest of all—Religion?

CHAPTER IV.—HELOTAGE.

The editor turns to a tract of Hofrath Heuschrecke's, which has copious marginal notes in Teufelsdröckh's handwriting. It is termed an "Institute for the Repression of Population," a subject on which Heuschrecke holds extreme Malthusian views. Teufelsdröckh remarks, that there are two men he honors; he who toils with his hands, and he who toils for spiritual advancement. Must we do as the Spartans did with their Helots, and kill off our superfluous population? It is strange that a horse should be worth from twenty to two hundred *Friedrichs d'or*, but a man should be worth less than nothing! No, the earth cannot be overcrowded yet.

CHAPTER V.—THE PHŒNIX.

Teufelsdröckh considers Modern Society to be dead. There is no social idea, he says; the Church is speechless, the State has shrunk into a mere police office. Utilitarianism is overwhelming most existing institutions, most of all in England. And yet Society is not wholly dead; let her mortal coil be burned, and from the embers of her funeral pyre a new Society, Phœnix-like, will arise. Verily, Teufelsdröckh is a radical and an enthusiast!

CHAPTER VI.—OLD CLOTHES.

Respect, says Teufelsdröckh, is due to all men alike. Whether thou be a scepter or a sledge hammer, art thou not Alive? And reverence should be felt for that outer husk of the body, a suit of empty or cast clothes. When the Professor sojourned in London, he used to pass with an awe-struck heart through Monmouth Street, the great old clothes market; and it may have been there, the editor speculates, that he first conceived the idea of the Philosophy of Clothes.

CHAPTER VII.—ORGANIC FILAMENTS.

The burning of the Social Phœnix may not take place for two centuries, but the creation of a new society will not be instantaneous, but gradual. There are Organic Filaments that hold past, present, and future together. Generations are the days of toilsome mankind, and each generation is linked to the rest by the bonds of life and thought. Here Teufelsdröckh diverges to remark on the fact that most titles of honor are derived from prowess in war. *König* or King (Kenning or cunning) is an exception.

CHAPTER VIII.—NATURAL SUPERNATURALISM.

In this section the Professor deals with the question, what is a miracle? It is a violation of the laws of nature, do you say? But how do we know what the laws of nature are? We know only an insignificant corner of the vast infinitude of nature. Custom makes dotards of us when she persuades as that the miraculous, by simple repetition, ceases to be miraculous. We are perplexed and bewildered by those phantoms, Space and Time. The fabled hat of Fortunatus annihilated space; had we a time-annihilating hat we could understand immortality, and know that with God it is a universal Here and an everlasting Now

CHAPTER IX.—CIRCUMSPECTIVE.

The discerning reader has now perhaps begun to grasp the great Philosophy of Clothes. He has learned that all symbols are properly clothes; the law, and all other authority are a venture; and the articles of faith are the wearing apparel of the religious idea. It is time to look at the architectural or constructive side of the subject.

CHAPTER X.—THE DANDIACAL BODY.

A Dandy is a man whose trade, office, and existence consists in the wearing of clothes. Anxious to study the Dandy of England, where this class most flourishes, Teufelsdröckh sent for some fashionable novels. He found them utterly unintelligible, but from a magazine he gathered their rules for dress. The class opposite to the Dandies in Great Britain is the Drudge or Poor-Slave class, whose customs and mode of life are quite different from the Dandies. These two classes are likely to spread till they include the whole population; then they will crush against each other with a mighty shock.

CHAPTER XI.—TAILORS.

It will only be after a long and desperate struggle that the wrongs of Tailors can be righted. Too long has the name tailor been used as a reproach, and rated as the ninth part of a man. In reality the Tailor is not only a man, but something of a Creator or Divinity. He will one day be the world's Hierophant and Heirarch, or even God.

CHAPTER XII.—FAREWELL.

Here we bid adieu to Teufelsdröckh, with his strange, entangled style of philosophy. Was his work a literary experiment? Did he wish to proselytize? We cannot tell, and a letter from Herr Heuschrecke brings

the strange news that Teufelsdröckh has disappeared from Weissnichtwo, during a sedition of the tailors in which he was believed to be interested.

GENERAL REMARKS ON SARTOR RESARTUS.

In its style, outline, and method of treatment, *Sartor Resartus* is one of the most curious and whimsical of volumes. It is cast in the shape of a lengthy review of an imaginary German book on *Clothes, their Origin and Influence*, written by an imaginary Professor Teufelsdröckh of Weissnichtwo (Don't-know-where.) The sketch of the life and mental development of Teufelsdröckh is interesting, and is no doubt partially based on the author's own experiences. He describes the periods of growth, entanglement, unbelief, almost reprobation, followed by conversion and clearer enlightenment. The so-called Philosophy of Clothes is merely an excuse for the stringing together of a number of disjointed and somewhat bizarre, but original and striking, reflections on society and the world in general. These are strongly tinged with the cynical and radical philosophy of Carlyle, his contempt of forms, and his great depth of insight. "The volume," says a writer in the *North American Review*, "contains, under a quaint and singular form, a great deal of deep thought, sound principle and fine writing. The style is a sort of Babylonish dialect, not destitute, it is true, of richness, vigor, and at times a sort of felicity of expression, but very strongly tinged throughout with the peculiar idiom of the German language."

QUOTATIONS.

The following are some of the best known and most striking passages of *Sartor Resartus* :

"How much lies in laughter ; the cipher key, whereby we decipher the whole man !"

"To the eye of vulgar logic, what is man ? An omnivorous biped that wears breeches. To the eye of pure reason what is he ? A soul, a spirit, a divine apparition."

"Thought without reverence, is barren, perhaps poisonous."

"What is the use of health, or of life, if not to do some work therewith ?"

"Would'st thou rather be a peasant's son that knew, were it never so rudely, there was a God in heaven and in man ; or a duke's son that only knew there were two-and-thirty quarters on the family coach ?"

"Gullible, by fit apparatus, all publics are ; and, gulled, with the most surprising profit."

"The grand thaumaturgic art of thought — thaumaturgic I name it, for all miracles have been wrought thereby."

"Never till this hour had he known Nature, that she was One, that she was his Mother, and divine."

"What in these dull, unimaginative days, are the terrors of conscience to the diseases of the liver?"

"The fearful unbelief is unbelief in yourself."

"Man's unhappiness comes of his greatness; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which, with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the Finite."

"We must all toil or steal (however we name our stealing)."

"That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for Knowledge, this I call a tragedy."

"It is a mathematical fact that the casting of this pebble from my hand alters the center of gravity of the Universe."



RT. HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

BORN 1805.

ENGLAND.

DIED 1861.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

Benjamin Disraeli, novelist and statesman, was born in London, December 21, 1805. It is curious that one who in later life was the popular idol of that insular patriotism stigmatized as Jingoism should have been in name, features, and descent so typically Hebrew. His father, Isaac Disraeli, was a man of moderate fortune and literary tastes, and is remembered as the author of *Curiosities of Literature*. Young Disraeli was a precocious genius. He was only twenty when his first novel captivated the critics and took society by storm. It was *Vivian Grey*, and the fact that this still stands as his most famous work will show the early culmination of his literary powers. After two years spent mainly in Oriental travel, Disraeli followed up his first success with *The Young Duke* (1830) and *Contarina Fleming* (1832). But from this point he subordinated literature to his political ambition. Most of those who have risen to eminence in English public life commenced their career under the sheltering wing of some hereditary magnate, as did, for instance, William E. Gladstone. Disraeli was young and comparatively inexperienced, with little money and few influential friends. Seeking election to parliament, he was twice defeated at the polls. When he appeared as a candidate for the third time it was on a platform so modified that his opponents denounced him as an unprincipled adventurer. He was elected, however, by the votes of the Tory or Conservative party, and entered the House of Commons as member for Maidstone in 1837, the year of Queen Victoria's accession. Then came the famous episode of his maiden speech. It was a total failure, but its last sentence has become memorable: "I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." Nor was it long before these bold words were realized. Though never comparable as an orator to his great rival Gladstone, his powers in debate were more than considerable. Of his keen shafts of sarcasm, his description of Gladstone as "intoxicated by the exuberance of his own verbosity" may be taken as the best known, though not the best example. A notable epoch in Disraeli's life was his marriage in 1839 to the wealthy widow of Wyndham Lewis. This lady not only was the most devoted of wives, but aided and inspired his career with the wisdom of an Egeria. When he had been four years in Parliament he was the foremost spirit of the "Young England" party, an element corresponding to the so-called Tory Democrats of to-day. His attitude towards the Tory leaders was always very independent, and he was one of the strongest opponents of the free trade policy established by Sir Robert Peel. In 1852 he first held a Cabinet office as Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Derby's short lived ministry. During the succeeding decade the great question of the time was the extension of the suffrage. It was Disraeli who, by educating his adherents up to a wider measure of electoral reform than that proposed by their liberal opponents, founded the Conservative party as it has since existed in English politics. Having become Prime Minister in 1868, he passed a reform bill which for the first time placed a vote in the hands of every householder. The general election that followed returned an adverse majority, and, in accordance with British usage, he resigned, being succeeded by Gladstone. During the five years following, Disraeli led the opposition in the House of Commons, finding literary recreation in writing *Lothair*, a political novel, which he published

in 1870. He suffered an irreparable loss in 1872 by the death of his wife. At the next elections, those of 1874, the Conservatives were returned to power by a "tidal wave," and Disraeli again became Prime Minister. His administration was marked by what was termed "a spirited foreign policy," by its supporters; "Jingoism," by its detractors. At the Berlin Conference, which rearranged the map of south-eastern Europe after the Russo-Turkish war, and which he attended in person, he won a decided success by diplomacy at a time when war between England and Russia seemed imminent. "I bring peace with honor" were his words on his return to London. In 1876 his increasing years and declining strength led him to accept the title of Earl of Beaconsfield, thereby changing the turbulent arena of the House of Commons for the serener atmosphere of the House of Lords. In 1880 Parliament, having lasted nearly to the statutory limit of seven years, was dissolved, and the ensuing elections according to the customary see-saw of British politics were carried by the Liberals. Lord Beaconsfield once more resigned, taking a final adieu of public life, for the 19th of April, 1881, he died. His place as leader of the Conservative party has since been occupied, but hardly filled, by his former Foreign Secretary, the Marquis of Salisbury. The day of his death, known, from his favorite flower, as Primrose Day, is still observed with a respect that rises above partisanship.

VIVIAN GREY.

Vivian Grey is the son of an English gentleman of literary tastes and independent income. He is educated at Dr. Flummery's private school, and with the Rev. Everard Dallas, a country clergyman. Vivian's brilliant abilities make him a recognized leader among Mr. Dallas's pupils, but he loses his popularity by the failure of an attempt, which he had organized, to give private theatricals in violation of rules; and a second fracas results in his expulsion. Vivian, now seventeen, studies with increased earnestness at home. He is especially attracted to the ancient classics, but his father's sound advice broadens his views, and prepares him to enter into politics and society. Ambition is born within him, and he resolves to win power by the study of mankind.

At a dinner party at the house of the elder Grey there was among the guests the Marquess of Carabas, a nobleman, who held a high honorary office in the government. Vivian adroitly gains Carabas's favor by assisting him in an after-dinner argument, and inspires him with the idea of forming a political party of his own. In pursuance of this idea the Marquess invites Vivian to spend the summer at his magnificent country seat, Chateau Desir. Here are assembled a number of guests, of whom a series of graphic character-sketches is given; Mrs. Million, the enormously wealthy widow, and her toadies, Sir Christopher Mowbray, the old-school country gentleman; Stapylton Toad, the self-made lawyer and member of Parliament; Julia

Manvers, the Marquess's pretty niece, who is so friendly with Vivian that her aristocratic and watchful mother hurries her away ; Mrs. Felix Lorraine, the German wife of the Marquess's younger brother, who holds some office in a distant colony.

The new Carabas party is inaugurated at a formal dinner, when Vivian undertakes to bring over to it, to be its leader in the House of Commons, the brilliant Frederick Cleveland. Cleveland had retired from public life four years before, after a violent quarrel with the ministry of which Carabas was a member. Vivian visits him in his country retreat, gains his confidence, and induces him to come to Chateau Desir and join the new movement. Mrs. Felix Lorraine intrigues both with him and with young Grey, and shows desperate jealousy and malice ; so much so, that she even attempts to poison Vivian. All is prepared for the launching of the new party as soon as Parliament assembles, when letters arrive from Lords Beaconsfield and Courtown, his two chief supporters, announcing their detection, and a third letter which conveys to Carabas his dismissal from office, Courtown being named as his successor. Mrs. Lorraine's strategy has conquered Vivian's. Furious with anger, the Marquess bids him depart, but before leaving the mansion he has an interview with Mrs. Lorraine, and, to gain revenge, by telling her that her schemes have failed, and that he has suppressed letters sent to her by Cleveland, whom she loves, he causes her to burst a blood vessel.

On his meeting Cleveland at a club, the latter, indignant at the ruin brought on him, strikes Vivian, and the result is a duel ; Grey, slightly wounded by his adversary's first fire, fires in the air. Cleveland insists on a second shot, when Vivian, firing without taking aim, shoots him through the heart.

After a long illness, Vivian leaves England, and travels in the Rhine land, spending several months at Heidelberg, and then journeying on to Frankfort. Here he meets Baron Julius von Konigstein and his friend the Chevalier de Boeffleurs, and agrees to spend the summer with them at the baths of Ems. Before leaving Frankfort, at a fair held in that city's streets, he renders timely assistance to a wandering conjuror, who had come into conflict with two Austrian soldiers. "When your highness is in distress," the grateful fellow replies, "you shall not want the aid of Essper George." They separate, but meet again at an inn at Coblenz, on the way to Ems, and on reaching that watering-place, Vivian finds that Essper George is there. Essper repeatedly proffers Vivian his services, and at length Grey accepts him as the companion of his travels. At Ems, Konigstein introduces Vivian to a party of English visitors, among whom are Lady Madeleine Trevor, her brother, Albert St. George, and her cousin, Miss Violet Fane.

Lady Madeleine warns Vivian against the Baron, who had years before been the cause of the ruin and suicide of her husband's ward, the brother of Violet Fane. Both of the cousins confide to Vivian their anxiety about young St. George, who does not fully believe in Konigstein's guilt, and who has been indulging in high play with him and others. Next evening the Baron invites Vivian, St. George and De Boeffleurs to dine with him in his rooms. After dinner they play rouge-et-noir, and Vivian and St. George, who play together against the other two, lose heavily. Having been warned beforehand by Essper George, who has obtained a pack of Konigstein's cards from his servant, Vivian seizes the cards and cries that they are marked. De Boeffleurs attempts to brazen it out, but Konigstein confesses that the Chevalier had incited him to the fraud in hopes of retrieving his previous heavy losses. The baron makes a strong appeal to Vivian, which so touches him, that he gives the wretched man an opportunity to leave Ems without public disgrace. This service to St. George wins for Vivian the gratitude of his friends, and the yet more tender regard of Violet Fane. On the occasion of an excursion to the old castle of Nassau, Vivian and Violet became separated from the rest on the way homeward. He passionately declares his love. Her emotion is so strong that she swoons and falls lifeless.

Some time elapses, and Vivian and his faithful retainer, Essper George, find themselves riding at nightfall through a wild forest in southern Germany. Wandering blindly on, they arrive at and are admitted to a mansion wherein they find a strange party assembled. Eight grotesque figures are seated at a banqueting table, quaffing huge draughts of the wines of the Rhine. They tell Vivian that this is the Palace of the Wines, and each of them calls himself by the name of some famous brand. The stranger's health is drunk with repeated libations, and his request for a little solid food is quieted with roars of scorn. An immense drinking-cup is passed around till at last Vivian, unable longer to stand the ordeal, seeks refuge in flight. After being chased around the hall of the mansion by the revelers, both of the travelers escape.

Next day, continuing his journey through the forest, Vivian brings timely aid to a huntsman beset by a wild boar. He turns out to be the Prince of Little Lilliput, a mediatized German ruler — that is, one who has lost his dominion; Little Lilliput having been merged into the more powerful Duchy of Reisenberg. The Prince, however, still keeps up royal state at his castle, Turripava, to which he invites Vivian. Here the latter learns from Mr. Sievers, the tutor of the Prince's ten-year-old son Maximilian, the rather complicated situation of this diminutive court. The author of the aggrandizement of Reisenberg at the expense of Lilliput is not the Grand Duke of Reisenberg, who is a man of literary taste and little practical ability, mor-

ganatically married to Madame Carolina, a Parisian bluestocking, but Beckendorff, his prime minister, who has intrigued successively with France and Austria. The Prince of Little Lilliput, who is, of course, not very well disposed toward Reisenberg, has been promoting a movement to secure popular reforms in the government of which he is now a subject. Soon after Vivian's arrival at Turripava, Beckendorff invites the Prince to a private conference, the Prince to come to the minister's house incognito, and with only one attendant. The Prince, who assumes the name of Von Philipson, induces Vivian to be his companion at the conference. On reaching Beckendorff's country house, the visitors are much puzzled by the extraordinary conduct of their host. He plays whist with them, shows them his pet birds, but will not speak a word on the subject which they expected to discuss. His personality, too, is a most eccentric one; for instance, he takes but one meal a day, and never goes to bed. The Prince is so much annoyed at Beckendorff's failure to come to the point, that it is only Vivian's persuasion that prevents him from leaving in disgust. On the third day of the visit, Essper George rushes into the house, having followed Vivian thither. Beckendorff insists that he must be dismissed, so Vivian goes with him to the city of Reisenberg.

After Vivian's departure, Beckendorff makes an agreement with the Prince of Little Lilliput, the previous delay having been for the purpose of securing the approval of the Grand Duke. It is settled that the Prince is to become Grand Marshal at Reisenberg, and shall, in return, abandon his disaffected attitude. Vivian is now presented to the Reisenberg court, and becomes quite a lion among the society of this minor capital. Madame Carolina, the Grand Duke's morganatic wife, is especially gracious to him. She sends for him to give her a lesson in English conversation, and shows him the manuscript of *Haroun al Raschid*, an historical romance which she is about to publish; and when he is indisposed she sends her physician, Dr. Von Spittergen, to treat him. The eccentric doctor tells Vivian that gloves are the great source of disease, and prescribes a pint of port twice a day. Then he sends his daughter Melinda to ride with the patient, who is amazed to see the fair equestrienne leap a tall hedge and ford a deep stream, on the way to her father's house, which Vivian visits. On that evening, the new Grand Marshal gives a fete, which is attended by Beckendorff. He brings with him an unknown and very attractive girl, who is introduced simply as "the baroness," Vivian dances with her, and a friendship springs up between them. They meet again at the opera, where the stranger is visibly affected by a passage in which the heroine deploras that she is bound to one she does not love. A few days later there is a court fancy dress ball, at which all the characters are chosen from the period of the Emperor Charles V. Vivian,

who appears as the poet Clement Marot, and the baroness, who is costumed as Margaret of Austria, stray to a leafy recess in the palace grounds. Here Vivian speaks words of love, but the girl, with deep emotion, tells him that there is an insuperable bar between them. Vivian visits the palace again next evening, but has no opportunity of speaking with the baroness. She drops her glove, however, and on picking it up he finds in it a note signed "Sibylla," inviting him to a meeting in Beckendorff's house during the minister's absence. Vivian makes his way thither, and she is in his arms when Beckendorff rushes in and would have stabbed him had not the baroness ordered him back. She leaves the room, and Beckendorff informs the thunderstruck youth that she is none other than an Austrian archduchess, a princess of the imperial house, and the pledged wife of the Crown Prince of Reisenberg. Vivian leaves Reisenberg at once, and travels towards Vienna in a carriage, with Essper George, who gives him a farewell letter committed to the faithful follower by the archduchess Sibylla during Vivian's interview with Beckendorff. The carriage is broken in crossing a stream, and the travelers journey forward on horseback. While passing through wooded mountains a terrible storm bursts upon them, and they are in imminent danger of being swept away in its furious rush of waters when the story closes abruptly.

SUMMARY.

"Vivian Grey" is the story of a brilliant failure. The young hero's ambition on entering life is to possess power over men. Instead of toiling by slow degrees up the steps of the Temple of Fame, he attempts to fly through the entrance with a single bold spring. His plans advance, the final *coup* is almost delivered, when in an instant his whole design is swept away by the malicious counterplot of a disappointed traitor, and she a woman. Together with the ruin of Vivian's hopes come the downfall of the chief figure in his scheme, and the tragic death of his friend, killed by Vivian's own hand, in a duel forced upon him by the victim. Seeking rest and recreation in travel Vivian finds himself drawn into the magic realm of love. But love, like ambition, has nothing for him but gall and wormwood, and its choicest flower even as he grasps it turns to ashes. In new scenes, and among new faces, Vivian becomes again the chief actor in a tragedy. His first love had been foiled by death; his reawakened passion is as surely frustrated by remorseless circumstances, and the conclusion of the book leaves him an aimless, heart-broken wanderer.

As Dickens interwove his own character and experiences in *David Copperfield*, so did Disraeli shadow forth his own personality in the hero of *Vivian Grey*. The elder Grey is a sketch of Isaac Disraeli. In Vivian, the

ambitious aspirant, conscious of his own genius and prematurely athirst for power, an interesting light is thrown upon the mind and feelings of the young author, whose successful career, however, signally belied the ill-omened augury of Vivian's tragic failures.

QUOTATIONS FROM "VIVIAN GREY."

"In England, personal distinction is the only passport to the society of the great. Whether this distinction arises from fortune, family, or talent is immaterial; but certain it is, to enter into high society a man must either have blood, a million, or a genius."

"To rule men, we must be men."

"A smile for a friend, and a sneer for the world, is the way to govern mankind."

"National prejudices revive as national prosperity decreases."

"The science of political gastronomy has never been sufficiently studied."

"A noble poet has called this the Age of Bronze; why didn't he call it the Age of Slang?"

"A man never feels so proud or so sanguine as when he is bounding on the back of a fine horse. Cares fly with the first curvet; and the very sight of a spur is enough to prevent one committing suicide."

"The Emperor Augustus had a habit, whenever he was on the point of falling into a passion, of repeating his alphabet. It was then the fashion for emperors to be somewhat more erudite than they are at present."

"The first great duty of a monarch is to know how to bow skillfully; nothing is more difficult, and nothing more important."

"His highness was one of those true North German patriots who think their own country a very garden of Eden, and verily believe that original sin is to be finally put an end to in a large sandy plain between Berlin and Hanover."

"To be loved by any woman is flattering to the feelings of every man, no matter how deeply he may have quaffed the bitter goblet of worldly knowledge."



HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

BORN 1799.

FRANCE.

DIED 1850.

HONORE DE BALZAC.

Honore de Balzac, the human camera of the post-Revolutionary period of French literature, was born at Tours in the year 1799. His early education was obtained at the college of Vendôme, but failing health compelled his return home before completing his course at that institution. After this came a period of study at the Sorbonne and attendance on law lectures. But, fortunately for literature, Balzac refused to be "inclined" in any other direction than that in which the twig was "bent." The life of a Parisian *avoué* was not the life for the author of *La Comédie Humaine*. After years of poverty and toil, years of striving to attain ideals amid surroundings that would have daunted a less sanguine genius than Balzac, success came. These ten years of living from hand to mouth, of studying the night side of Paris for hours together, gave to Balzac that knowledge of the purlieus of human nature which is so strikingly displayed in his romances. A dominant characteristic of this literary light, a characteristic peculiar to many of his ilk, was a prodigality that kept him continually under the harrow of debt. His vivid imagination gave rise to cravings for all that was luxurious in life, and the gratification of these cravings was the cause of countless periods of torment when the importunate creditor broke in upon his flights of fancy with demands that could not be met. At the culmination of Balzac's fame he contracted a marriage with a Russian lady, which brought with it the wealth that wiped out all the harrassing debts, built the castle that had haunted his waking dreams, and filled it with the pictures, porcelains and bric-à-brac that he, the connoisseur and lover of the beautiful, knew so well how to select, but nature was not to be bribed. Just as the rosy tints of dawning happiness were beginning to spread themselves over Balzac's future, the most implacable creditor he had yet known knocked at the gates of the castle, and the master's spirit went forth to balance the great account. The leading characteristic of Balzac's work is his extraordinary knowledge of human nature and his microscopic delineation of character. He runs the gamut of human passions. He portrays the charnel houses of the mind, and rises to the heights of Heavenly hopes and aspirations. In the *Contes Drolatiques*, a modern classic, he reproduces the style of Rabelais coupled with his own inimitable genius. This work stands alone; a grim and powerful monument to his talent; a literary masterpiece of the nineteenth century. In a few years he wrote forty stories under the assumed names of "Viellerglé," "Lord R'hoone" and "Horace Saint-Aubin." An edition of La Fontaine and Molière in one volume, the publication of which he essayed himself, proved a disastrous venture which drove him to the periodicals. In 1827 he contributed to "La Mode," edited by M. Emile de Girardin, *The Last Chouan* and *El Verdugo* (the executioner.) Balzac's fecundity was something marvellous. His principal works of fiction number 138, although some thirty of these grew to no greater proportions than their titles. Among those written while he was yet a young man are: *Louis Lambert*, *Facino Cane*, *Peau de Chagrin*, *César Bروتтеau*, *The Interdict*, *Henrietta of England* (a tragedy), *The Philosophy of Marriage*, *The Physiology of Marriage*, *Bal de Sceaux*, *Gobsec*, *A Double Family*, *Eugenie Grandet*, and *le Père Goriot*. Balzac left behind him an interesting classification of his works, which he styled "Catalogue of works to be contained in the human comedy." His analysis of them was as follows: 1st, Studies of Manners (a) Scenes of Private Life, (b) Scenes of Provincial Life, (c) Scenes of Parisian Life, (d) Scenes of Political Life, (e) Scenes of Military Life, (f) Scenes of Country Life; 2d, Philosophical Studies; 3d, Analytical Studies. He died at Paris in August, 1850.

COUSIN PONS.

In the year 1844, M. Sylvain Pons was a unique figure in the gay life of the French capital. He was a "glorious relic of the Empire" which the revolution had failed to divest of his pre-revolutionary attributes. He exhibited in certain details of his apparel a quixotic fidelity to the fashions of 1806, without being a positive caricature of the imperial era. As to his features, he had a sheepish, comical face, such as you may see upon the shoulders of a Chinese squab, and nowhere else. His vast visage resembled a Roman mask dug out of the earth, and violated every rule of anatomy. But the settled melancholy that looked out upon the world from the poor fellow's faded eyes froze the smile of derision that would otherwise have greeted his grotesque appearance, and appealed to the heart of every Frenchman, who saw in it only the greatest deprivation that could come to any man,—the lack of power to win a woman's favor.

Pons was a musician, and an artist. Under the Empire he had flourished with the arts; and now that the Empire was no more, he languished, as the arts themselves languished. He had been a winner of *Le Grand Prix de Rome*; the composer of certain romances which our mothers used to warble. Now he was the conductor of an orchestra in a boulevard theater; and, by grace of his unattractive visage, a music-master in several boarding-schools for young ladies.

But, although Pons was forbidden by nature to impress the gentler sex, he had a mistress—a mistress to whom he had devoted all of his best energies, all the money that remained from his income after deducting his modest expenses, and to whom he gave a love and adoration which no woman could ever have inspired. His mistress was *bric-à-brac*. He was the possessor of a complete collection of masterpieces, the catalogue of which reached the fabulous figure 1907.

Pons, who was the very incarnation of delicacy, had yet a foible that was ultimately the cause of all his tribulations, and in the end, of his death. He was the slave of that sin which, of all the seven deadly sins, God will surely punish with the least severity: Pons was a gourmand. What woman is to others, good cheer and *bric-à-brac* were to Pons.

During his experience as a music-master, Pons had met, at one of the institutions where his services were employed, a German pianoforte teacher, *Herr Schmucke*. Between Pons and *Schmucke* a love and friendship had grown up as firm and binding as the ties which held *Damon* and *Pythias* together.

They were both musicians, both as simple as children in their tastes and inclinations, and both alone in the world. The outcome of their attachment was that they dwelt together in a modest suite of apartments and became merged in glory, just as some persons are drowned in their own baths. Schmucke lived in Paris as a nightingale dwells in its forest, and his sweetest songs were sung for Pons.

When not engaged in giving lessons, or in haunting the shops of the second-hand dealers in search of prizes for his beloved museum, Pons spent all his spare time in visiting the homes of such of his gay friends in Paris as could be depended on to invite him to remain to dine. But gradually his pertinacity grew tiresome, and his picturesque appearance and quaint style of conversation palled upon the dinner givers, and Pons found himself limited to a circle of three or four distant relatives who still tolerated him for the sake of consanguinity. Among them was M. Camusot, President de Marville, a cousin once removed. Madame Camusot, his hostess, was aged rather than old; she assumed all the harshness and dryness of a *brusqu* with a view to extorting, through the fear which she inspired, all that the world was inclined to withhold. This devil in petticoats had gathered around her a circle of old female pietists among whom she was the high priestess. Yet, for the sake of gratifying his sin of gastronomy, would Pons submit to all the slights and insults which this amiable cousin by marriage saw fit to inflict upon him as payment for *quail au gratin*.

Madame Camusot was blessed with a daughter of uncertain age, and brilliant auburn hair, coupled with the sharpness of feature which belonged to her maternal relative. This blossom of the house of Camusot was called Cecile, but was always addressed by her mother as "my little Lili." All mothers who have daughters of 23 address them as little daughters. Madame Camusot was devoured by a desire to see her "little Lili" married to a desirable *parti*. This desire she confided to Pons on every possible occasion, and the aged pensioner was soon impressed with the necessity of hastening on this consummation of the mother's hopes if he expected to continue to tickle his palate at the table of his cousin.

Schmucke soon became the repository of his friend's ambition with respect to the charming Cecile. Among Schmucke's acquaintances was a rich young German, who had come to Paris to invest a large fortune accumulated in the provinces. To make the investment a success a wife seemed a necessary adjunct. The man and the opportunity arriving at the same time, Pons and Schmucke laid their heads together. The result was the introduction of Schmucke's friend, whose name was Brunnar, to the "little Lili." But the wily young German soon discovered that the blushing daughter of Madame Camusot was a bundle of selfishness, and, as a consequence,

retired in a dignified manner from the matrimonial contest, leaving Camusot *mère* in a state of rage and chagrin more easily imagined than described, as she had announced to all the "female pietists" the approaching nuptials of her daughter. The result of this contretemps recoiled upon the head of the faithful Pons, who was driven from the house of the Camusots with a torrent of abuse that sent the poor fellow home in the depths of despair, and brought on an attack of jaundice that laid him low. At this point the tragedy of Pons's life began.

Pons and Schmucke dwelt in a mansion in the Rue de Normandie, presided over by one Madame Cibot. This portress, who saw and appreciated the loneliness of the two friends, and who had a gnawing ambition to be remembered in the will of Pons, had adopted the "two nut-crackers," as they were styled in the quarter, and always referred to them as "her two gentlemen." Madame Cibot was once famous as a pretty oyster-girl of the Cadran-Bleu; though time had somewhat mellowed her charms, yet she retained a masculine style of beauty which her rivals sought to disparage, calling her a great fat lollop. Madame Cibot had now arrived at that time of life when women of her type are obliged to — shave. But this proved no drawback to her obtaining a situation, as a portress with a moustache is one of the strongest guarantees for order and security that a landlord can possibly have. Her integrity was of the negative kind: such persons are upright until they have an opportunity of becoming rich. A chance remark which she had overheard as to the fabulous value of Pons's collection awoke all the cupidity in her nature, and from that time forth she plotted to obtain possession of a large slice of the old collector's estate, either by devise, gift — or otherwise. In her pious endeavors she was assisted by a coterie of as villainous harpies as have ever been depicted in romance.

Pons's condition of health demanded the most absolute quiet. Schmucke attended him with the faithfulness of wife and friend. His devotion was canine, for that exquisite sense of smell which distinguishes the dog belongs — in things moral — to the genuine friend; he scents from afar the sorrows of his friend. But the web was tightening around poor Pons. By constant daily annoyances from Madame Cibot he was gradually reduced to a condition of extremity. His museum was the one source of anxiety that consumed him. He guarded it with the jealousy of a Turk for his mistress. In Paris there was a Jew, one Elie Magus, who was Pons's only rival. Into the Pons museum he had never penetrated. It was the desire of his life. One day the fiendish Cibot brought the Jew to Pons's apartments, by a pre-conceived arrangement, and admitted him into the sanctum sanctorum. When he left he carried with him some of the choicest masterpieces the collection contained. It is needless to say that Madame Cibot received a

liberal reward for her treachery. But Pons scented danger in the air. Struggling from his bed, by a mighty effort he penetrated into the room where his beloved treasures were kept. He discovered his loss. It was his death blow.

But the "two nut-crackers" were to outwit the "pretty oyster-girl." With the candle of life almost burned out, while the flame flickered and sputtered in the draft from the open gates of the Hereafter, Pons and Schmucke secured the services of an honest notary in the vicinity, and a will was drawn, in which all of Pons's earthly possessions were left to the faithful Schmucke. With this last act of generosity to light his pathway across the dark waters, Cousin Pons left forever behind him the treasures that his staring eyes could no longer devour.

Simple-minded Schmucke became the envied possessor, for a little time, of the invaluable Pons museum. But fate was to prove stronger than justice, and the machinations of those whom Madame Cibot had let into her plot soon robbed him of his legacy, and he very quickly followed his beloved companion : mourned only by a waif that he had befriended ; with no monument save the fragrance of his memory.

In due time Pons's succession was opened, and a distant cousin, with money and influence, became the beneficiary.

ANALYSIS.

In the story of "Cousin Pons" Balzac has written a hand-book of bric-à-brac. Aside from its value as a romance, it must appeal to the heart of every enthusiastic collector. From the standpoint of a novel, it portrays the beauty of true, disinterested friendship ; the possibilities of unrestrained cupidity ; the cruelty of selfishness ; the irony of fate. The characters of Pons, Schmucke, Madame Cibot, Madame Camusot, Fraasier, the unscrupulous notary who assisted Madame Cibot in her nefarious plans and finally threw the succession into the hands of the powerful cousin Popinot, are all drawn with a minuteness and grimness that suggests the dissecting table. Scattered through the work are gems of cynicism and philosophy of which the following strike the reader with a force that compels a ready affirmation :

"Many a suicide has paused on the very threshold of death, at the thought of the *café* to which he resorts for his nightly game of dominoes."

"He doesn't make any noise when he blows his nose now," as illustrative of a waning interest in life.

"The only costly things she did not love were women," speaking of the extravagances of one of the fair sex.

"How seldom does a judge ascend the stream of crime and misery, in order to discover who held the urn whence the first trickling tributary flowed."

"The Russians always fancy themselves in Russia."

"So they kissed the rod and blamed the servants."

"In fact, the wife is the exclusive representative of the fortune which formerly the bachelor represented alone."

"I do believe that it is only the good God Himself who has the right to do good ; and that is why all those who meddle with what is His business only are so cruelly punished for their conduct."

"A Jew in the midst of three millions of money will ever be one of the finest spectacles in the repertory of humanity."



SAMUEL WARREN.

BORN 1807.

ENGLAND.

DIED 1877.

SAMUEL WARREN.

In 1830, there appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, a serial by an unknown author, entitled *Passages from the Diary of a Late Physician*.

So full of deep and varied experience and knowledge of life was it, that Mr. Blackwood supposed the author must have been a person of mature years. Imagine then his surprise when a young man of twenty-three called upon him, and introduced himself as Samuel Warren, the author of the *Diary*. "Why," said Mr. Blackwood, "I thought your hair must be as gray as my own."

This knowledge of life, and the power of portraying it, was what made Samuel Warren's novels popular when they first appeared, and earned for him a reputation as a novelist, rather than as a lawyer.

He was born in Denbighshire, England, in 1807. His father was a Wesleyan minister, who afterward took orders in the Church of England. He studied medicine at Edinburgh, and law at the Inner Temple, and was called to the bar in 1837.

While a student at college he obtained prizes for poetry, and for an essay on *Comparative Jurisprudence*, and in 1835 published a work entitled *A Popular and Practical Introduction to Law Studies*.

The first chapters of *Ten Thousand a Year* appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1839, and at once excited a powerful interest. It was published at a time when no novel except one of intrinsic merit could have held its grounds. The public were not slow to find many faults with it; some caviled at the characters, many at the political bias, a good many at the plot; but all were impressed, and all were interested, and the hold which it then took upon the public has never relaxed.

Mr. Warren's law books, one of which, *Blackstone Systematized and Abridged*, was published in 1857 and met with fair success, showed that amid the greater attractions of fiction his professional duties were not being neglected. His poetical talent showed itself in a curious unrhymed poem, on the Great Exhibition of 1851, called *The Lily and the Bee*.

In 1847 appeared *Now and Then*, and in 1854 *The Intellectual and Moral Development of the Age*, in the pages of which, as indeed in all his literary works, morality and social order are amiably reflected. His faithful allegiance to the Conservative party gained him the Recordership of Hull in 1852. He entered Parliament in 1856, and in 1859 was appointed Master in Lunacy. He died July 29, 1877.

Of his position as a writer of fiction Sir Archibald Alison writes: "Mr. Warren has taken a lasting place among the imaginative writers of this period of English history. He possesses in a remarkable manner the tenderness of heart and vividness of feeling, as well as power of description, which are essential to the delineation of the pathetic, and which, when existing in the degree in which he enjoys them, fill his pages with scenes which can never be forgotten.

A collection of Samuel Warren's works has been published in England; as also an edition in German, by Tauchnitz.

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

Tittlebat Titmouse arose at a fashionable hour, one Sunday morning, lighted his fire, and placing his bit of a kettle on top of it, returned to bed, where he lay with his eyes fixed on the fire, watching the crackling blaze. The current of thoughts passing through his mind was something like the following :

"Heighho ! Lud, Lud ! Dull as ditch water ! This is my own holiday, yet I don't seem to enjoy it ! Here am I in my eight-and-twentieth year, slaving from half-past seven o'clock in the morning till nine at night, at Tag-rag & Co.'s, and all for a salary of £35 a year and my board. Curse me, say I, if this life is worth having !

"Everybody laughs when they see me, and know that I'm only a tallow-faced counter-jumper. Oh, Lord ! What's the use of being good-looking, as some chaps say I am ?" Here he instinctively passed his left hand through a profusion of sandy-colored hair, and cast an eye toward the bit of fractured looking glass that hung against the wall, and which, whenever he chose to appeal to it, had afforded him more enjoyment than any other object in the world, in years. "Ah, by jove ! many's the fine girl I've done my best to attract the notice of ; but somehow the gals don't take ! Now just for the fun of it, only suppose luck was to befall *me* ! say that somebody was to leave me lots of cash ; I'd buy a title to set off with—for what won't money buy ? Lord, only think how it would sound !

'SIR TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE, BARONET ;'

"That lady, for instance, the other day in the park. I should like to see her cut me as she did, with ten thousand a year in my pocket !"

Crash went all his castle-building, at the sound of his tea-kettle, hissing and sputtering, in the agonies of boiling over. Having taken it off and placed it upon the hob, he began to make preparations for shaving, by pouring some of the hot water into an old tea-cup, which was presently to serve for the purposes of breakfast. Then he drew his solitary, well-worn razor, several times across the palm of his left hand ; dipped his brush, worn within a third of an inch to the stump, into the hot water ; presently passed it over so much of his face as he intended to shave ; then rubbed on the damp surface a bit of yellow soap, and in less than five minutes, Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse was a shaved man. This operation over, he rubbed some pomatum vigorously into his stubborn hair and whiskers. Then he drew forth from his trunk a calico shirt, and put it on, and carefully insinuated his legs into a pair of white trousers ; then he put on a queer kind of underwaistcoat, and

having proceeded thus far with his toilet, he sat down to his breakfast of dry bread and coffee.

Having breakfasted, he donned a blue surtout, a pair of sky-colored kid gloves and his Sunday hat, and lastly, he took down a thin black cane, with a gilt head, from a peg behind the door, and having completed his elaborate toilet, he sauntered forth, an Oxford Street Adonis, conquering and to conquer ; petty finery without, a pinched and stinted stomach within.

Mr. Titmouse walked along with leisurely step, scrutinizing the face and figure of each "pretty gal" as she passed. No one could have judged from his dressy appearance and his confident air, how very miserable that poor little dandy was, owing to the impossibility he felt of his ever being able to indulge in his propensities for finery and display. What a crowd of elegant women he encountered as he slowly sauntered on, all of them attended by brilliant beaus. Poor Titmouse felt a withering consciousness of his utter insignificance, and became more and more convinced of a great practical truth, that the only real distinction between mankind was that effected by money. Want of money alone had placed him in his present abject position as shop-man at Tag-rag & Co.'s, at a salary of £35 a year and his board. "Why," thought he, "am I thus spited by fortune? The only thing she's given me is — nothing."

That evening, in reading a copy of the *Sunday Flash*, his eye caught the following advertisement: "The next of kin of Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse, who died in London, may hear of something of the greatest possible importance by communicating with Messrs. Quirk, Gammon & Snap, Solicitors, Saffron Hill." In answer to this advertisement, Titmouse called upon these gentlemen, who, after some questioning, told him that he was likely to be one of the luckiest men of his day. "We may be mistaken," said Mr. Quirk, "but it appears to us, that your right is clear to the immediate enjoyment of an estate in Yorkshire, worth some £10,000 a year, at the least." This news so excited Titmouse, that it was some time before Mr. Gammon could impress upon him the absolute necessity of secrecy in the matter, if he wished it to be successful. Elated by his prospects, the next few weeks behind the counter at Tag-rag's were particularly trying. He was not aware that all this while he occupied almost exclusively the thoughts of Messrs. Quirk, Gammon & Snap, who had an intense desire to share in his anticipated fortune. After talking the matter over, the partners agreed to give Mr. Gammon the entire management of the case.

A better man for the work than Oily Gammon could not have been selected. He was of the most gentlemanly person and bearing—and at once acute, cautious and insinuating—with a certain something about the eye, which made Titmouse feel uneasy on looking at him.

The partners agreed that Titmouse must be kept at Tag-rag's, and that they must insist on his signing an undertaking to act implicitly according to their directions in everything. This Mr. Gammon accomplished by calling on Mr. Tag-rag and notifying that gentleman of the change in Mr. Titmouse's condition, and inviting Mr. Titmouse to dine with him at his lodgings. On this occasion he stated his plans to Titmouse, who, under the influence of wine and a promise of what money he might want for personal use, was influenced to sign a bond for the payment of £10,000 for lawyer's fees, and bound himself to conform to Mr. Gammon's wishes in everything, on pain of his instantly throwing up the whole affair.

TITMOUSE VISITS AT TAG-RAG'S.

The effect of Mr. Gammon's disclosure upon Tag-rag was to change completely that gentleman's behavior towards Titmouse. He now treated him with the utmost consideration, and invited him to dine at his house and meet his wife and daughter under the impression that a young man with a prospective income of £10,000 would be a fine match for the latter.

It was Sunday and Miss Tag-rag had been before the glass ever since her return from chapel; an hour and a half at least had she bestowed on her hair, disposing it in little corkscrew and somewhat scanty curls that quite glistened in bear's grease, hanging on each side of a pair of lean and hollow cheeks. For the last ten minutes she had been standing at the parlor window, in anxious expectation of Titmouse's arrival. At length Miss Tag-rag's little heart fluttered violently, for Titmouse was coming; and for the first time in his life he entered the domain of Mr. Tag-rag.

Mr. Titmouse, to start the conversation, said, modestly addressing Mrs. Tag-rag: "Seen the 'Sunday Flash,' mem?"

"I—I—that is—not to-day," she replied, coloring.

"Been to church, mem, this morning, mem?" timidly inquired Titmouse of Miss Tag-rag.

"Yes, sir," she replied, faintly coloring.

"We always go to chapel, sir," said Mrs. Tag-rag; "We sit under Mr. Horror—a heavenly preacher! You've heard of Mr. Horror?"

"Yes, mem! Oh, yes! Capital preacher!" replied Titmouse, and then, dinner being announced, he proffered his arm to the timid Miss Tag-rag, who scarcely touched it with the tip of her finger as she walked beside him to dinner. During the meal she never once spoke, except in hurried answers to her papa and mamma, and sitting exactly opposite Titmouse, was continually coloring whenever their eyes happened to encounter one another.

Titmouse remained to tea, and after the tea things had been removed, Tag-rag asked him whether he liked music. Titmouse, with great eager-

ness, hoped Miss T. would give them some music ; and she, after holding out a long and vigorous siege, at length asked her papa what it should be.

"The Battle of Prague," said her papa.

"Before Jehovah's Awful Throne," hastily interposed her mamma.

"The Battle," sternly repeated her papa.

"It's Sunday night, Mr. T.," meekly rejoined his wife.

"Which will you have, Mr. Titmouse !" inquired Tag-rag, with the Battle of Prague written on every feature of his face.

"A little of both, sir, if you please."

"Well," replied Tag-rag slightly relaxing, "that will do. Split the difference—eh? Come Tab, down with you. Titmouse, will you turn over the music for her?"

The performance commenced with "Before Jehovah's Awful Throne," but mercy upon us ! At what a rate she rattled over that pious air ! The heart of the lovely performer, was in "The Battle of Prague," to which she presently did most ample justice. So absorbed was she, that she was not at all disturbed by the bursting of a string in the middle of the cannonading ; and when she had finished, Titmouse vowed that he had never heard such splendid music. Shortly after nine, spirits, wine, and hot and cold water, were brought in, and later, Titmouse was ejected from the house, in a maudlin condition.

The estate of Yatton, to which Titmouse apparently was entitled, as a direct descendant of Stephen Dreddlington, had been for twelve years in the possession of the Aubreys, a Yorkshire family—the younger branch of the ancient and noble family of the Dreddlingtons. Mr. Aubrey is a man of superior intelligence, and a capital scholar ; a man of perfect simplicity and purity of character. His piety is the real source of that happy and consistent dignity and firmness which have earned him the respect of all who know him, and will bear him through whatever may befall him. His family consists of his mother, wife, two children, and his sister Kate. Kate is a girl of decided character, of strong sense, and of high principle ; all of which are irradiated, not overborn, by her sparkling vivacity of temperament.

One evening soon after the Christmas holidays, Mr. Aubrey and Kate were sitting together playing chess, when Mr. Aubrey was called into the library, to meet two gentlemen, who had sent in word that they had called on business of importance ; on entering the library, he found his attorney, Mr. Parkinson, and a stranger, whom Mr. Parkinson introduced as his London agent, Mr. Runnington.

"Why, Mr. Parkinson, you look very serious—both of you. What is the matter?" inquired Mr. Aubrey, surprisedly.

"I am no stranger to your firmness of character, sir," said Mr. Runnington; "but I fear I shall have to tax it to its uttermost. To come at once to the point—I have here a Declaration in Ejectment, served on you by Messrs. Quirk, Gammon & Snap of London, which they told me might be settled, if you would consent to give up immediate possession of the whole Yatton estate, and account for the mesne profits to their client, the right heir—as they contend—a Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse."

Mr. Aubrey leaned back in his chair, overcome for an instant by this astounding intelligence; when he could speak, he said: "It comes to this, then, that in all probability I and my family are at this moment trespassers at Yatton!"

"That, Mr. Aubrey," said Mr. Parkinson earnestly, "remains to be proved." "We must remember," said Mr. Runnington, "that possession is nine tenths of the law; your adversary must first establish in himself a clear and independent title."

"What disastrous intelligence to break to my family," exclaimed Mr. Aubrey, tremulously; "but something, I suppose, must be done immediately;" and having made arrangements for the examination of his title deeds, the bearers of the direful news took their departure.

Mr. Aubrey made a powerful effort to control his feelings before his family, until the result of a few days' investigation made further concealment impossible. Mrs. Aubrey and Kate bore the news with commendable fortitude, but Mr. Aubrey's mother, on hearing the news, became paralyzed, and died from the effect of the shock within a few days.

About the time Messrs. Quirk, Gammon & Snap had presented the Declaration of Ejectment, Titmouse went to Yatton with Mr. Snap to look the ground over. The manner in which they conducted themselves may be evinced by an incident, which I will relate briefly.

One evening Kate Aubrey had been to visit a poor consumptive girl, who lived about a mile from the Hall, and was returning with Margaret, her waiting-maid, but otherwise unattended. It was growing dark, and snowing, and she and Margaret walked side by side at a quick pace, talking together about poor Phoebe, when they heard a voice exclaim in a low but most offensive tone, "Ah, my lovely gals! alone? How uncommon." Miss Aubrey for a moment seemed thunderstruck; then she hurried on with a beating heart, whispering to Margaret to keep close to her, and not to be alarmed. The speaker, however, kept pace with them.

"Lovely gals!" said he, "wish I'd an umbrella, my angels! Take my arm?—Ah! pretty gals!"

"Who are you, sir?" at length exclaimed Kate spiritedly.

"Who am I? Ah, ha! Lovely gals! one that loves the pretty gals."

"Wretch! ruffian! How dare you insult a lady in this manner! Do you know who I am? My name, sir, is Aubrey — I am Miss Aubrey of the Hall! Do you think ——"

On hearing her name, Titmouse (for it was he) felt as if he were on the point of dropping down dead with amazement and terror; and when Miss Aubrey's servant screamed out at the top of her voice, "Help—help, there!" Titmouse, without uttering a syllable more, took to his heels.

The ancient city of York, exhibited on the commission day of the Spring Assizes for the year 18—, the usual scene of animation and excitement. Soon after the sitting of the court, Monday week was agreed upon for the trial of the cause of "Doe, on the demise of Titmouse v. Jolter." To make it not altogether unintelligible, let us suppose the state of the Dreddlington pedigree to be something like this:

(DREDDLINGTON.)

(Harry D.)

(Charles D.)

(Stephen D.)

(Geoffry D.)

A female descendant marries Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse, through whom Tittlebat Titmouse claims.

A female descendant marries Charles Aubrey, Esq., father of the present possessor.

Now Harry Dreddlington, during his lifetime, had executed a deed of mortgage, which was afterwards assigned to Geoffry Dreddlington; this, if valid, would clothe Mr. Aubrey with an indefeasible title at law; but unless Harry survived his father the deed would have been mere waste parchment. It was clear that old Dreddlington, the common ancestor, died on the 7th of August, 1742. The question therefore arose, whether the death of his eldest son (Harry) took place prior or subsequent to that period. Mr. Gammon and Mr. Quirk were discussing this question, when it occurred to them that an old tombstone would be just the thing to prove that Harry died before his father; so Mr. Gammon started at once for Yatton, to look through the graveyard, and his search was rewarded by finding just such a stone as he expected, making their success apparently assured. In the meantime Mr. Parkinson, in looking over some papers, discovered an old deed, which bore an endorsement of the name of Dreddlington. In a word, it was a deed of conformation by Harry's father of the conveyance of the latter to Geoffry Dreddlington, who, by paying off money borrowed by his deceased uncle, had got an assignment of that conveyance to himself. The discovery of this deed at such an opportune time seemed to Mr. Aubrey almost providential, and he entered the court room very hopeful of proving his right to the estate.

From what apparently trifling and inadequate causes often flow great results! When Mr. Subtle, counsel for the plaintiff, gave place to the Attorney-General, it seemed as if there was nothing left for him to say for the defendant; when, however, he called upon Mr. Parkinson to produce the deed between Dreddlington, the elder, and Geoffry Dreddlington, Mr. Subtle and Mr. Gammon were visibly affected; Mr. Subtle examined it carefully, and objected to its being received in evidence, on account of the insufficiency of the stamp; but was overruled. "Now, then, we propose to put in and read this deed," said the Attorney-General, with a smile of suppressed triumph.

"Not quite so fast, Mr. Attorney-General, if you please," said Mr. Subtle, with a little elation of manner—"I have another, and I apprehend a clearly fatal objection to the admissibility of this deed till my learned friend shall have accounted for an erasure."

This objection was sustained, as the attorney was unable to account for it, and the evidence was ruled out. The simple facts of the case, however, were that the attorney's clerk, in copying out the deed, had written four or five words by mistake, and having erased them, over the erasure wrote the correct ones. The jury then withdrew, and after an hour and a half's absence, brought in a verdict for the plaintiff. Gammon was the first to congratulate Titmouse on his splendid success, and the next was old Quirk, then Snap, and the four made a night of it; Snap and Titmouse ending up in the cage; but of course, as soon as the Lord Mayor had become aware who they were, he dismissed them with a lecture and a fine of five shillings.

The trial at an end, Mr. Aubrey decided upon his course. He notified Messrs. Quirk, Gammon & Snap that he did not intend to resist the claim, and that they would be at liberty, on behalf of Mr. Titmouse, to take possession of all the property at Yatton on the 17th of the next month. When Quirk read this letter, he exclaimed, "By next quarter-day Titmouse will have £5,000 in hard cash—Lord, what have we done for him!" "We've put an ape into possession of Paradise—that's all," said Gammon absently and half aloud, and bitterly, and contemptuously.

Augustus, fifth Earl of Dreddlington, had an only daughter, Cecilia. As he belonged to the titled, and Mr. Aubrey to the moneyed branch of the family, he had, before Mr. Aubrey's marriage, dreamed of a union of the two branches of the family. In this, Mr. Aubrey had disappointed him, and, now that a new claimant to the estate of Yatton had arisen, he hastened to make the acquaintance of Tittlebat Titmouse, by sending him an invitation to dine with him, and meet Lady Cecilia.

Titmouse, of course, accepted; but when Lord Dreddlington caught sight of him, as he entered the drawing-room, he stood rooted to the spot. If

his servants had turned an ape into the drawing-room, the Earl could scarcely have felt greater amazement than he experienced for a moment ; but the thought that the poor young man had not been accustomed to society, and that he was the lawful owner of Yatton, of *Ten Thousand a Year*, gradually modified his disgust, and Titmouse became a welcome guest at the Earl's house.

The sun that was rising upon Titmouse, was setting upon the Aubreys. They had moved from Yatton, and engaged a small but comfortable house in Vivian Street, London. Mr. Aubrey resolved to live in strict privacy, and as the bar was the profession to which his tastes inclined, he began to study in the office of Mr. Weasel, and, as he was a man of superior intellect, soon became very proficient in his chosen calling. — One trouble, however hung over him like a pall ; besides losing Yatton, Messrs. Quirk, Gammon & Snap were urging upon him the payment of the mesne profits, amounting in all to over £60,000. What was to keep him from imprisonment for debt ? Nothing but to borrow ; and to this strait he was reduced, to meet immediate payments. The two-sided Mr. Gammon assured him that he need not worry, as he would do all in his power to mollify his partners, whom he blamed for pressing matters, whereas it was himself who was bringing pressure to bear upon Mr. Aubrey, for purposes of his own, which will appear later.

The occasion of Tittlebat Titmouse's arrival, as proprietor of Yatton, was a scene long to be remembered. A terrible thunderstorm, which somewhat dampened the ardour of the out-door demonstration, was the only drawback to the success of the festivities. Never before had such a scene been witnessed within the decorous, the dignified and venerable precincts of Yatton. Champagne, burgundy and claret flowed like water, and after the banquet, speech-making and dancing filled up the time till day-break. It need not be said, that such a reception, together with money freely expended, gained for Tittlebat Titmouse, Esq., a seat in Parliament at the next election. In this high office he made himself famous, by his perfect imitations of crowing cocks, cat calls, etc., delivered with great effect at opportune moments during debates.

Soon after Titmouse had taken possession of Yatton, he invited the Earl of Dreddlington, with his daughter, to spend the season at the Hall. Mr. Gammon having given Titmouse to understand that on his being able to affect an alliance with the Lady Cecilia absolutely depended his continuance in, or expulsion from, the possession of the whole Yatton property, he set about attaining that object. His advances were not very cordially received by Lady Cecilia, but she, like many another, had something else in mind besides love, and to Titmouse's " 'Pon my life — I'm quite distracted

—do you love me, Lady Cicely? Only say the word,” a faint, a very faint sound issued from her lips—’twas “Yes.” Oh, poor Lady Cecilia! Oh, fatal, fatal falsehood! During the wedding ceremony, when Titmouse affixed the ring upon her finger, she trembled and shed tears—and looked, indeed, the picture of misery; and afterwards, when the more odious points of Titmouse’s character and habits were forced upon her notice by daily intercourse, the reflection that such must be the case for the remainder of their lives became hourly more intolerable, and roused into existence feelings of active hatred and disgust. But why should I defile my paper, by specifying his gross misdeeds, or dwelling upon their sickening effects on the mind and feelings of the weak woman who could suffer herself to be betrayed into such a union.

Lady Cecilia’s real feelings are shown in the following extracts from a letter she wrote to one of her confidential friends, some time after the wedding :

Dear Blanche:—Fate should have something pleasant in store for me, since it has made me most unhappy now; for really, dear Blanche, you cannot think what a creature he is. He is always smoking cigars, and at meals he communicates the odious smell to my clothes, and he has very nasty habits besides; namely, picking his teeth, eating with his knife, etc., etc., and he always takes too much wine. I do believe he has been guilty of some impudence to Annette, but of course, I cannot ask her. And he is such a horrid liar, there is no believing a word he says. If he will but leave me here when he goes up to town, you will surely pay me your promised visit, and I will tell you many more miserable things. Be sure you burn this when you have read it, and believe me, your unhappy

CECILIA.

Some time after the marriage, Mr. Titmouse received a call from Gammon, who began the conversation by saying: “May I venture to hope, my dear Titmouse, that I have established my claim to be considered, in some measure, the sole architect of your extraordinary fortunes—your earliest—your most constant friend?” Well, I am prepared to make a communication, which you will never forget to the day of your death. Are you prepared to receive it?”

“Oh, yes! Never so wide awake in my life! Oh, Lord! fire away,” replied Titmouse.

“Well, my dear Titmouse, you are really no more entitled to be what you seem, or to possess what you at present possess, than the little wretch that last swept your chimneys here.” Titmouse sat staring at Gammon in blank dismay.

“No one on earth knows the what and why of this matter but myself,” said Gammon, “and if I choose, no one ever shall; nay, I will take care, if you come this morning to my terms, to deprive even myself of all means of proving what I can now prove, at any moment I choose.”

"What's to be the figure?" faltered Titmouse presently.

"If you mean, what are my terms, I will at once tell you: I require first, to sit in Parliament for Yatton, at the next election, and secondly, that you immediately grant me an annuity for my life, of two thousand pounds a year."

Titmouse sprung from the sofa, and uttered a frightful imprecation. "It's all a swindle! a d—d swindle!" and almost grinning defiance at Gammon, he exclaimed vehemently, "You're a swindler!"

"Possibly," said Mr. Gammon; "but you, sir, are a bastard."

"By the living Jove!" exclaimed Titmouse, starting up with a sort of recklessness, and pouring out and tossing off a large glass of brandy. "It can't be true—it's all a dream! I—I a'n't—I can't be a bas—perhaps you're all this while the true heir, Mr. Gammon?"

"No, sir, I am not," replied Gammon, calmly; "but let me tell you, I know where he is to be found, Mr. Titmouse."

"You'll excuse me, sir," quoth Titmouse presently; "but will you, if all this isn't a bottle of smoke, tell me how you can prove it all?"

In reply to this Mr. Gammon drew from his pocket and read two small bits of paper, which Titmouse suddenly grabbed, tore into fragments, and flung out of the window. Gammon was taken by surprise, but appeared cool and collected, yet must it not have cost him a prodigious effort? Though he told Titmouse they were only copies he had destroyed, and that the originals were safe in his strong box, they were nevertheless the originals, and Gammon recognized that all he had henceforth to trust to was his mastery over the fears of a fool. This power he now exercised over Titmouse, and secured his signature to a deed, granting him a rent charge on the estate of Yatton of £2,000 per annum.

The object which Gammon had originally proposed to himself was his own permanent establishment in the upper spheres of society; but even above this, there was one dazzling object of his hopes and wishes, which, unattained, on several accounts, rendered all others comparatively valueless—a union with Miss Aubrey.

It was to this purpose, that while he constantly sent documents threatening legal procedure to Mr. Aubrey, he represented to him, that he was his friend, and striving to do all he could to prevent his partners from pressing their claims. A favorable opportunity presenting itself, when no one but Miss Aubrey was at home, he proposed to her, but, of course, was peremptorily rejected, even though he gave her to understand that it lay in his power to restore to her brother all that he had lost.

It is, indeed, mysterious, how Providence, for its own awful and wise purposes, sees fit to accumulate troubles and sorrows upon the virtuous.

Twice was Mr. Aubrey arrested, and imprisoned for debt ; but each time was released by his friends. His prospects certainly looked very discouraging ; and just at this time occurred the death of Lady Stratton, an old friend and relative of the Aubreys, who up to two years before considered them her next of kin ; but, though she had always intended to leave a large share of her personal property to Kate Aubrey, she died intestate, and, as a consequence, all her property, including poor Mr. Aubrey's bond for £2,000, which she had intended to destroy, would go to — Tittlebat Titmouse.

Now, the astounding avowal concerning the Yatton property, which Miss Aubrey represented Mr. Gammon as having made to her, in his insane attempt to prevail upon her to entertain his addresses, had made a profound impression on the mind of Mr. Runnington. He resolved to consult with Sir Charles Wolstenholme about the best use to make of a caveat, which he had lodged, in reference to the settlement of the estate of Lady Stratton. After giving the matter a little thought, Sir Charles Wolstenholme suggested, that when Mr. Runnington was called upon to support his caveat, he do so, on the ground that Mr. Aubrey was nearer of kin to Lady Stratton than Titmouse ; "for," said he, "that will make it necessary for Titmouse to set forth his pedigree with the greatest minuteness, and, by Jove ! if there's a flaw, you'll hit it." Upon this suggestion Mr. Runnington immediately began to act.

While Mr. Titmouse's pedigree is being subjected to the gloomy, silent, and mysterious inquisition of the ecclesiastical court, let us turn for a moment, to contemplate a pitiable figure — a victim of the infernal machinations of Mr. Gammon ; I mean, the poor old Earl of Dreddlington. Never had one man obtained over another a more complete mastery than had Mr. Oily Gammon over the Earl of Dreddlington, at whose table he was a frequent guest, and his confidential adviser in matters of business. The slender faculties of Lord Dreddlington had been for months in a state of novel and grateful excitement, through the occupation afforded them by his connection with the fashionable modes of commercial enterprise, joint stock companies ; the fortunate members of which got rich they scarcely knew how ; and in these enterprises his movements were skillfully guided by Gammon.

Though he could not but be aware of the risk attendant upon such ventures, he was not at all prepared for the announcement he saw in the paper one morning, of the sudden evaporation, so to speak, of the "Artificial Rain Company," in which he was a large stockholder.

As soon as the Earl had recovered from his agitation, he ordered his carriage, and drove to Mr. Gammon's chambers in Thaives' Inn ; not finding Mr. Gammon there, he went into his room to wait for him. As he

entered, his eye caught sight of a legal document lying on the table ; in fact, the grant of rent charges, given by Titmouse to Mr. Gammon. He had not more than read the inscription before Gammon entered, and, taking the deed from the Earl, accused him of ungentlemanly conduct, in reading his private papers. This led to some words between them, and a final revelation of Titmouse's illegitimacy. The news so shocked the Earl, that he fell to the floor unconscious, from a stroke of apoplexy, from which he never fully recovered, and died within two months. Lady Cecilia, on hearing the news, was seized with illness, which, in her critical state of health, resulted in her death, after giving birth to a son, still-born.

On the death of Lady Cecilia and the Earl, Titmouse became heir to the Barony of Drelincourt ; but a wealthy and profligate fool is by no means the enviable person he may appear to silly lookers-on. Mr. Gammon was growing to be more and more stern and gloomy ; at Yatton, Titmouse was fifty times more miserable than at London, and he earnestly besought Mr. Gammon to allow him to spend a few months on the Continent ; but this Mr. Gammon refused, till he should have been furnished with some clue to the course which the pending investigation was taking.

The reader may possibly remember that Mr. Titmouse had established his right to the Yatton property, by making out to the satisfaction of the jury that he was descended from an elder branch of the Aubrey family, through the female line of Stephen Dreddlington. Now the proof of the trial had been simply the marriage of Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse, by bans, to Janet Johnson, spinster. The investigation now made, however, showed that her maiden name had been Gubbins ; that she had married a rope maker, named Oakley, but had separated from him, and married Gabriel Tittlebat Titmouse under the name of "Johnson," her husband being alive at the time. Two years afterward this exemplary female died, leaving an only child, Tittlebat Titmouse.

Such, then, was the damning discovery effected by the ecclesiastical commission, and which would, by and by, blazon to the whole world the astounding fact that this doubly base-born little wretch had been enabled, by the profound machinations of Mr. Gammon, not only to deprive Mr. Aubrey of the Yatton estates, but also to defile the blood and blight the honor of perhaps the oldest and proudest of the nobility of England. Upon Mr. Gammon it lighted like a thunder-bolt. His faculties appeared paralyzed. He was totally incapable of contemplating the prodigious and appalling consequences which must inevitably and almost immediately ensue. To recruit his health and spirits, he left London to spend a week at Brighton ; but whithersoever he went he carried about him a thick gloom which no sunshine could penetrate. An article which met his eye in a London paper,

the third day of his stay, stating that he had absconded caused his immediate return to London, where, after he had refuted the report, by a card published in the same paper, he put an end to his unhappy condition, by taking poison ; but in such a way as to make it appear that his death was caused either by apoplexy, or an organic disease of the heart.

With its architect fell that surprising fabric of fraud and wrong, the rise and fall of which are commemorated in this history — a fabric which, if it “rose like an exhalation,” so, like an exhalation, disappeared, and with it all the creatures that had peopled it.

Mr. Runnington immediately procured a writ of possession ; this he got sealed, and then obtained a warrant from the sheriff to his officers to execute the writ and reinstate Mr. Aubrey at Yatton.

The condition of Tittlebat Titmouse at this time was pitiful ; when Parliament was dissolved he had in his pocket a couple of sovereigns to meet liabilities of about a hundred thousand pounds. There were at least a hundred of his creditors ready to pounce upon him the instant he should make the slightest attempt to quit the country. For all this he preserved the same impudent strut and swagger in the street which had ever distinguished him. He was shortly afterward imprisoned for debt, and, after his discharge, was summarily ejected from the lodgings of a former friend, who owed him five hundred pounds ; this friend, Mr. O’Gibbet, pushed him down the stairs, and he fell, striking his head against the baluster with dreadful force. On being carried to a doctor’s shop he was seized with a fit of epilepsy ; his weak mind gave way, and he became an inmate of a private lunatic asylum, where he was cared for at the expense of Mr. Aubrey.

The reception of Mr. Aubrey, now Lord Drelincourt, and his family on their return to Yatton was enthusiastic ; a splendid cold collation was served in the hall for the immediate friends and guests of Lord Drelincourt, while an immense entertainment of a more substantial description was prepared under an awning, upon the beautiful terrace at the back of the hall, for about three hundred people, consisting principally of the tenantry and their families.

At about four o’clock Lord Drelincourt, accompanied by Mrs. Aubrey and Kate, appeared upon the terrace and addressed the vast party. “Oh, my friends,” said he, “what a happy moment is this to me and mine ! What thanks do I not owe to God for His great goodness in bringing us again together, in our former relations of respect and affection. . . . May He, my dear friends, who is now beholding us, and marking the thoughts of our hearts bless and preserve you all, and enable me never to give you cause to regret having thus affectionately welcomed me back again to my home.”

The band then played in a very beautiful manner, the familiar air,
"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,"
and amid most vehement and prodigious cheering Lord Drelincourt withdrew.

ON POLITICAL DISTINCTION.

There is nothing that makes such quick triumphant way in English society as the promise of speedy political distinction. It will supply to its happy possessor the want of family and fortune. It rapidly melts away all distinctions; the obscure but eloquent commoner finds himself suddenly standing in the rarefied atmosphere of privilege and exclusiveness—the familiar equal, often the conscious superior, of the haughtiest peer of the realm. A single successful speech in the House of Commons opens before its utterer the shining doors of fashion and greatness, as if by magic.

ON FOOLS.

It is a matter of indifference to a fool whether you laugh with him or at him; so as that you do but laugh.

ON PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

Prosperity and adversity have equally the effect upon an inferior mind and heart of generating selfishness. The one encourages, the other forces it. Misery is apt to think its own sufferings greater than those of any one else—and naturally. Not so, however, is it when a noble nature is the sufferer—and more especially when the nature is strengthened and brightened by the support and consolation derived from philosophy—and, above all, religion.

ON MARRIAGE.

Whatever may be the accidental and ultimate advantages, in respect of fortune or social station, expected to be realized by a woman, in forming a union with one who would be otherwise regarded with indifference, or dislike, or disgust, she may rely upon it that she is committing an act of deliberate wickedness, which will be attended, probably, for the rest of her life with consequences of unutterable and inevitable misery, which even the obtaining of her proposed object will not compensate, but only enhance. A marriage of this description is, so to speak, utter dislocation and destruction to the delicate and beautiful fabric of a woman's character.

GOD'S WAYS ARE NOT OUR WAYS.

What know we of the ultimate scope and end of His working? What seeming good shall we be sure will not produce evil? What seeming evil shall we be sure will not produce, and is not designed to produce, good? And may not our ignorance in these respects be specially ordained to test the faith of man—to check presumptuous confidence—to repel palsyng despair; in a word, to make man walk humbly with his God, in constant and implicit dependence upon Him?

ON MONEY.

Take away money, and that which raised its delicate and pampered possessors above the common condition of mankind—that of privation and incessant labor and anxiety—into one entirely artificial, engendering totally new wants and desires, is gone, all gone; and its occupants suddenly fall, as it were, through a highly rarefied atmosphere, breathless and dismayed, into contact with the chilling exigencies of life, of which till then they had only heard and read.

ON SUSPENSE.

The constant apprehension of a very great evil—suspense—is a state almost as terrible and insupportable as that produced by the infliction of the evil.



MADAME DUDEVANT (GEORGE SAND).

BORN 1804.

FRANCE.

DIED 1876.

ARMANTINE LUCILE AURORE DUDEVANT.

“GEORGE SAND.”

Armantine Lucile Aurore Dudevant, whom scarcely any one would recognize beneath this high-flown and somewhat romantic cognomen as the “George Sand” of French literature, was born at Paris on the 5th day of July, 1804. Like the romances that flowed from her pen, and charmed and electrified the reading world of two continents, her own life was fantastic and eventful in the extreme. She was the daughter of Lieutenant Dupin and his mistress, Sophie Delaborde, whom he had recently married. Madame Dupin was the daughter of a Paris bird fancier, but her paternal grandfather was a farmer-general of the revenue, who had married the widow of Count Horn, a natural son of Louis XV., she herself being the natural daughter of Marshal Saxe, the most famous of the many illegitimate children of Augustus the Strong by the Countess of Königsmarck. The royal blood which flowed in her veins was a source of pride to Aurore, and the bar sinister served only to intensify those feelings which proclaimed her one of the people. As though the very fates had predestined her for the remarkable career which was afterwards to be hers, her very birth was tinged with romance. Her father was playing a country dance at the house of a fellow officer, when he was told that his wife, who had not long left the room, was the mother of a little daughter. “She will be fortunate,” exclaimed the little one’s aunt, who was present. “She was born among the roses to the sound of music.” When but three years of age, Aurore crossed the Pyrennees and joined her father, who was on Murat’s staff, occupied with her parents a suite of rooms in the royal palace, was adopted as the child of the regiment, nursed by rough soldiers, and dressed in a complete suit of uniform to please a whim of the general. The next ten years of her life were spent at Nohant, near La Châtre, in Berri, the country house of her grandmother. According to the usual acceptance of the term, she received no education. But the fields, the sky, the numberless scenes of rural life, were all to her the pages of an open book. A few months after her return from Spain her father was killed by a fall from his horse. From this time, the care of Aurore was delegated to her grandmother, Mme. Dupin de Francueil, a good representation of *l’ancien régime*. At Nohant, the principal personage after the mistress was Deschatre, an ex-abbé, who was Maire of the village, managed the estate, doctored the peasantry, and occupied the position of factotum to Madame Dupin de Francueil. To his care the little Aurore was consigned, and he, a disciple of Rousseau, allowed her to wander about and imbibe from nature the lessons that only she can teach. She picked up at odd intervals a smattering of Latin, music, and natural science, but there was no method in her acquisition. She exhibited strange characteristics at this early age, falling into involuntary trances, seeing visions, and hearing voices.

At thirteen, she entered the Convent of the English Augustinians at Paris, where for the first two years she never went outside the walls. The effect of her convent life was to make her “half poet, half mystic; ever stirred and stimulated, but never possessed by things divine,” as she herself expresses it. In 1820, she returned to Nohant and to the communion

with nature which had marked her early sojourn there. At this period she read widely, though unsystematically, and fed her own vivid imagination with *René* and *Childe Harold*. On the death of her grandmother she was urged by her friends into a marriage with M. Dudevant, a retired officer, who had turned farmer. After enduring this ill-considered connection for nine years, an amicable separation was agreed upon, and, taking her daughter Solange with her, she went to Paris to seek her fortune. Now began that stormy and tempestuous career, which for years kept her mind in a tumult of emotions, and which was, perhaps, the main spring of her greatest literary work. Plunging into literature, she was buffeted by the waves of adverse criticism, or becalmed by public indifference, until she found a congenial spirit in Jules Sandeau, a writer on *Figaro*, with whom she formed a literary partnership. Their first joint work, *Rose et Blanche*, appearing over her *nom de plume* of Jules Sand, which was afterwards changed to George Sand, gave her a place in French fiction. From this time onward her career was steadily upward, until she came to be recognized by the world as the second, if not the greatest, of French novelists. An old age, so calm and peaceful that no record of it remains, succeeded to a career of storm and passion, and on the 8th day of June, 1876, strangely enough in the month of roses, George Sand quietly passed beyond to solve the great mysteries which had perplexed her troubled youth.

Among the principal works by which this singularly gifted woman will be remembered, are: *Indiana*, *Valentine*, *Lélia*, *Jacques*, *André*, *Leone Leoni*, *Letters d'un Voyageur*, *Michel de Bourges*, *Mauprat*, *Letters à Marcie*, *Spiridion*, *Consuelo*, *Lucretia Floriani*, *Le Compagnon du Tour de France*, *Le Meunier d'Angibault*, *Jeanne*, *La Petite Fadette*, *La Mare au Diable*, *Les Maîtres Sonneurs*, *Nanon*, *François le Champi*, and *Contes d'une Grand'mère*.

Of *Consuelo*, concededly the greatest of the novels of Madame Dudevant, no less a person than Thackeray wrote: "Her style is noble, and beautifully rich and pure. She has an exuberant imagination, and with it a very chaste style of expression. She never scarcely indulges in declamation, and yet her sentences are exquisitely melodious and full. . . . She leaves you at the end of one of her brief, rich, melancholy sentences, with plenty of food for future cogitation. I can't express to you the charms of them; they seem to me like the sound of country bells falling sweetly and sadly upon the ear."

CONSUELO.

About a hundred years ago, at Venice, the celebrated master Porpora had charge of the choir of the church of the Mendicanti. The young choristers were pupils of the state schools, in which they were instructed at the expense of government, and afterwards received a dowry preparatory to marriage or the cloister, as Jean Jacques Rousseau, who admired their magnificent voices at the same period and in the same church, has observed. All those young ladies were not equally poor. Notwithstanding the strictness of the administration, it is certain that some gained admission to whom it was a matter of speculation rather than of need to receive an artistic education at the expense of the public. All, therefore, did not fulfill the intentions of the

austere republic respecting their future lot. The administration, seeing that this was inevitable, had sometimes admitted to the course of instruction the children of poor artists, whose wandering existence did not permit them a long stay in Venice. Among this number was little Consuelo, who was born in Spain and had come thence to Italy by the route of St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Mexico, Archangel, or any other still more direct, after the eccentric fashion of the gipsies. Nevertheless, she hardly merited this appellation; for she was neither Hindoo nor gipsy, any more than any of the tribes of Israel. She was of good Spanish blood — doubtless with a tinge of the Moresco; and though somewhat swarthy, she had a tranquillity of manner which was quite foreign to any of the wandering races. She had none of the feverish petulance, alternated by fits of apathetic languor, which distinguishes the *zingarella*; neither had she the insinuating curiosity nor the frontless audacity of Hebrew mendicancy. She was as calm as the water of the lagunes, and at the same time active as the light gondolas that skimmed along their surface.

As she was growing rapidly, and as her mother was very poor, her clothes were always a year too short, which gave to her long legs of fourteen years' growth, accustomed to show themselves in public, a sort of savage grace which one was pleased and at the same time sorry to see. Whether her foot was large or not, it was impossible to say, her shoes were so bad. On the other hand her figure, confined in narrow stays ripped at every seam, was elastic and flexible as a palm tree, but without form, fullness, or attraction. Her face was round, sallow, and insignificant, and would have struck nobody, if her short thick hair fastened behind her ears, and at the same time her serious and indifferent demeanor, had not given her a singularity of aspect which was but little attractive. Faces which do not please at first, by degrees lose their power of pleasing.

But among all the human butterflies that flitted behind the screen of the Mendicanti, there was not one that possessed the voice of the little Consuelo. Her clear and thrilling tones filled the lofty roof with the sweetest and purest notes with which it ever echoed. She sang without an error, without venturing upon a note which was not just, full, sustained, or interrupted at the proper place; and as she followed with unvarying precision the instructions which the learned master gave her, fulfilling with her clear perceptions his precise and correct intentions, she accomplished, with the inexperience and indifference of a child, that which science, practice, and enthusiasm had not perhaps done for the most perfect singer. In a word, she sang to admiration. Small wonder it was that Consuelo was the pride and hope of the great Porpora, whose destiny it was to struggle with the insolence and mediocrity of young ladies whose souls were as incapable of

grasping the intrinsic beauties of the compositions which he taught as their voices were of their execution.

Bereft of her mother in infancy, Consuelo dwelt alone in a miserable garret, protected by her lack of physical beauty and a soul as pure as the purling brook, with no companion but her beloved music, which was to her father, mother, brothers, and sisters. Nevertheless, Consuelo had a lover. Born in sunny Italy, brought up by chance, like a seabird sporting on its shores, poor, an orphan, a castaway, but happy in the present and confiding in the future,—such was Anzoletto, the handsome youth of nineteen, who spent his days with little Consuelo, in perfect freedom, on the footways of Venice. He had all the grace and beauty of a young Faun, chiselled in the palmiest days of Grecian art; and his features displayed that singular union, not unfrequent in the creation of Grecian statuary, of careless irony with meditative sadness. His fine fair hair, somewhat bronzed by the sun, clustered in Antinous-like curls about his alabaster neck; his features were regular and beautifully formed; but there was something bold and forward in the expression of his jet-black eyes. He had met the little Spaniard by chance, singing hymns before the Madonette; and for the pleasure of exercising his voice, being passionately fond of music and possessing the sweetest tenor voice in Venice, he had joined her for hours together beneath the stars. Then they met upon the sands of the Lido to gather shell-fish, which he ate, and which she converted into chaplets and other ornaments. And then again they had met in the churches, where she prayed with all her heart, and where he gazed with all his eyes at the fine ladies. In all these interviews Consuelo had appeared to him so good, so sweet, so obliging, and so gay, that she had become his inseparable friend and companion—he knew not very well how or why. Anzoletto had known love's rapture only. He was attached to Consuelo; and as he belonged to a country and a people where passion reigns over every other feeling, he knew no other name for this attachment than that of love. Consuelo admitted this mode of speaking after she had addressed Anzoletto as follows: "If you are my lover, it is then with the intention of marrying me?" To which he replied: "Certainly, if you wish it, we shall marry each other." From that moment it was a settled affair. Possibly Anzoletto was amusing himself, but to Consuelo it was a matter of firm conviction.

After four years of this dream-life for Consuelo, happy in the love and devotion of Anzoletto, happy in the childish pleasures of the streets and cathedrals, absorbed in her beloved music, and untarnished by contact with the gay and vicious life of Venice, came an awakening that tore away the veil from before her eyes, and permitted her to gaze on the play of those vices and passions which, though they saddened her young heart, never for

an instant sullied the pure soul that was enshrined within her plain and unattractive person.

Among the chance attendants at the Mendicanti was Count Zustiniani, a gay Venetian noble, proprietor of a theatre, passionately fond of music, sparing neither time nor means to secure the ablest talent to be had in Venice to enrich the operatic ensemble of his play-house. At this period, the leading singer at the Count's theatre was the beautiful Corilla, who was also the Count's mistress. The Count was a man of taste in the common acceptation of the word — amateur, and nothing more ; but the gratification of his lusts was the great business of his life. He loved to be busy about the public, and to have the public busy about him, to frequent the society of artists, to lead the fashion, to have his theatre, his luxury, his amiability, and his magnificence, made the subject of conversation. Between Porpora and Zustiniani there was nothing in common save the love of music, and Porpora openly railed at the Count's taste on this score. But the Count was rich and courted, while Porpora, although counted a genius in his way, was devoted to austere and classical compositions that found no echo in the hearts of the Venetian populace, and therefore he languished in obscurity as choir-master at the Mendicanti. Nevertheless, Zustiniani appreciated fully the merits of Porpora, and when desirous of recruiting the ranks of his singers at his theatre he did not disdain to choose many from the choir over which Porpora presided.

Corilla had begun to show signs of decadence, and the Count was on the lookout for her successor when he first heard the inimitable voice of Consuelo at the Mendicanti. But when he learned that the possessor of the voice was the swarthy little Spaniard with the ugly face, he gave up all hope of displacing Corilla with such a figure. However, four years had softened the Count's memory, and events had transpired which rendered it imperative that he should possess himself of a new prima donna. Anzoletto was a protégé of the Count, and, although the latter had not been able to induce Porpora to instruct the lad, he had secured another master who had given a meretricious finish to Anzoletto's voice. He had made his debut at the Count's theater, and had won the plaudits of the public, but he had also won favors from the divine Corilla to such an extent that the Count was determined to supplant his perfidious mistress should he be so successful as to find a voice worthy of the succession. In his extremity he bethought himself of the little Consuelo, and as she had gone beyond the limits of Porpora's ability to instruct, he sought out the aged maestro and urged upon him the advantages to be derived by Consuelo from a debut at his theatre. At last Porpora consented to permit Consuelo to make the trial, and the first great crisis in the young girl's life was at hand.

Little did Consuelo, in the virgin precincts of her modest chamber, dream of the snares and pitfalls that were being dug in her pathway by the cruel hand of fate. Anzoletto had now become so involved with Corilla, as to be unable to extricate himself, and, although in reality madly in love with Consuelo's matured charms and still possessing her pure, fresh, unsullied adoration, he was forced to appear to side with Corilla in the warfare that jealous pet of the Venetian public was determined to wage on the new aspirant for the Count's favor. Corilla herself was consumed with passion for the fresh young Adonis-like person of Anzoletto, and would have bound him to her with chains, were it possible. As though this were not enough in the way of danger to Consuelo, the passion which her voice had awakened in the breast of Count Zustiniani had now been fanned into a flame by her graceful person and the depth of feeling which she displayed while practicing the rôle she was to essay in the new opera, in which she was to make her first appearance at his theatre. The Count had not only determined to supplant Corilla at the theatre by the little Consuelo, but also in the ménage, where he was wont to trifle after the manner of men of his class. These attentions on the part of Zustiniani were all observed by Anzoletto, and only served to plunge him deeper into the mad vortex with Corilla, out of which he was never to emerge to join his polluted soul to the pure and unsullied soul of Consuelo. As for the blandishments of Count Zustiniani and their effect on Consuelo, she placed them all to the account of the liberal and elegant manners of the Venetian nobility, united with a love for art and a natural goodness of disposition. She displayed toward him an unfeigned regard, a sacred gratitude, with which he was compelled to be content.

At last the great day arrived which was to introduce Consuelo to the music-loving populace of Venice. The house was filled to suffocation. Corilla, attired in black, pale, agitated, more dead than alive, divided between the fear of seeing her lover condemned (for Anzoletto was to appear in the principal tenor rôle as the support of Consuelo), and her rival triumph, was seated in the recess of her little box in the theatre. Crowds of the aristocracy and beauty of Venice, tier above tier, made a brilliant display. The fops were crowded behind the scenes, and even in the front of the stage. The lady of the Doge took her place along with the great dignitaries of the republic. Porpora directed the orchestra in person; and Count Zustiniani waited at the door of Consuelo's apartment till she had concluded her toilet, while Anzoletto, dressed as an antique warrior, with all the absurd and lavish ornaments of the age, retired behind the scenes to swallow a draught of Cyprus wine, in order to restore his courage.

To escape the cabals which his own name or that of any other celebrated person would have caused, Porpora, above all things anxious for the success

of his pupil, had brought forward *Ipermestra*, the lyrical production of a young German, who had enemies neither in Italy nor elsewhere, and who was styled simply Christopher Gluck.

Consuelo entered, self-possessed and serious. Casting her eyes around, she received the plaudits of the spectators with a propriety of manner equally devoid of humility and coquetry, and sang a recitative with so firm a voice, with accents so lofty, and a self-possession so victorious, that cries of admiration from the very first resounded from every part of the theatre. She sang a bravura, and was ten times interrupted. They shouted "Encore!" They recalled her to the stage seven times, amid thunders of applause. At length the fervor of Venetian dilettanteism displayed itself in all its ridiculous and absurd excesses. "Why do they cry out thus?" said Consuelo as she retired behind the scenes, only to be brought back immediately by the vociferous applause of the pit. "One would think they wished to stone me."

The triumph of Consuelo was complete, and the pride and joy of Porpora knew no bounds. But amid all the honors that were thrust upon her, the soul of Consuelo yearned for the lover of her girlhood's days. Meanwhile Anzoletto, a prey to an unfounded jealousy of Zustiniani, and seeking to solace himself with the embittered and disappointed Corilla, absented himself from her obscure garret, where she still insisted upon remaining, with only the memory of her sainted mother and her silent crucifix to comfort her lonely hours. Surprised to find that three days had passed without a visit from Anzoletto, Consuelo grew uneasy; and as still another day of mortal anguish and vain expectation drew to its close, she wrapped herself in a thick mantle, for the famous singer was no longer sheltered by her obscurity, and ran to the house for some weeks occupied by Anzoletto. She did not find him, and learned that he was seldom there. This did not enlighten her as to his infidelity. She knew his wandering and poetic habits, and thought that, not feeling at home in the sumptuous abode he was now able to occupy, he had returned to his old quarters.

She was about to continue her search, when, on returning to pass the door a second time, she found herself face to face with Porpora. "Consuelo," said he, "what do you here at this hour, my poor child, and whom do you seek in this house?" "I seek my betrothed," replied Consuelo, passing her arm within that of her old master, "and I do not know why I should blush to confess it to my best friend. I have not seen Anzoletto since the day before yesterday at the theatre; he must be unwell." "He unwell!" said the professor, shrugging his shoulders. "Come, my poor girl, since you have at last opened your heart to me, I must open mine also. Your lover is utterly unworthy of you; he spends his time and money in low dissipation,

and only thinks of turning you to the best account in forwarding his career." But the heart of Consuelo would not believe these bitter truths, and her pure soul was incapable of comprehending the baseness of which Anzoleto had been guilty. Gradually, however, Porpora unfolded to her the full measure of her lover's guilt, but not until he had conducted her to his own apartments, which overlooked those of Corilla, and whence one could gaze into the boudoir of this abandoned woman, and she had seen Anzoleto even then at the feet of her unworthy rival, would Consuelo credit all that her kind old master had said. Crushed by the discovery, she fled to her garret to suffer in solitude the sorrows of her shattered dreams.

But one more act was yet to be played in the tragedy of the life of Consuelo, ere she saw the lights of Venice glimmer and grow dim in the distance, and bade farewell to the trials and triumphs of a famous cantatrice. One night, following the revelations of Porpora, she fainted in her box at the theatre, literally on a bed of flowers, which had been the tribute to her crowning effort. Always watching her every mood, and knowing full well that the cause of her illness was the perfidy of her lover, Count Zustiniani approached her as soon as she had recovered from her swoon and offered her the love and adoration that she at last knew would be the price of her purity. Allowing him to escort her home in his gondola, she bade him wait till the morrow for his answer. Mounting to her garret she found Anzoleto already there. As she thought of the false and honeyed words of the count, she laughed a hollow, bitter laugh. "You are very happy, Consuelo," said Anzoleto; "I congratulate you on your gaiety." "Why should I not be happy," replied Consuelo, "you seemed to be happy in the boudoir of Corilla." "And why should I not aspire to happiness as well as you. The daughter of your mother the *Zingara* will play the great lady in the villa of Zustiniani on the shores of the Brenta. It will be a fair career and I shall be glad of it." "Porpora was right; you are an infamous man. Leave my sight! You do not deserve that I should justify myself. It would be a stain were I to regret you. Leave me, I tell you; but first know that you can come out at Venice and re-enter San Samuel with Corilla. Never shall my mother's daughter set foot upon the vile boards of a theatre again. Oh my mother!" and Consuelo turned towards the bed, fell on her knees, and buried her face in the counterpane which had served as a shroud for the *Zingara*. As Anzoleto, terrified at her grief, sought to raise her in his arms, she rose of herself, and pushing him from her with wild strength, thrust him towards the door, exclaiming as she did so, "Away — away! from my heart, from my memory! — farewell forever!"

Thus both Anzoleto, the faithless, and the operatic public of Venice saw never again the little Consuelo of the Mendicanti, the heaven-born genius of

song, whose pure and untarnished soul flew from the contaminating atmosphere of the Italian Capital, as some sweet bird of the tropics from the carrion-strewn quarters of a fetid and squalid haunt of civilization. Only Porpora knew of the safe retreat to which he had consigned his precious charge.

In the Castle of the Giants, which looks gloomily down from a peak of the Carpathian Mountains, between Bohemia and Bavaria, the noble family of Rudolstadt was assembled one evening round a table profusely loaded with game and those substantial dishes with which our ancestors in Slavonic states still continued to regale themselves, even after the refinements of the court of Louis XV. had penetrated to almost every part of Europe. An immense hearth, on which burned huge billets of oak, diffused heat throughout the large and gloomy halls. Count Christian, in a loud voice, had just said grace, to which the other members of the family listened standing. Numerous aged and grave domestics, in the costume of the country — large mameluke trousers, and long mustachios — moved slowly to and fro, in attendance on their honored masters. On the right of Count Christian sat the chaplain of the castle, on his left, his niece, the young Baroness Amelia. The Baron Frederick, the father of Amelia, and his junior brother, whom he always called his "*young* brother," from his being more than sixty years old, was seated opposite. The Canoness Wenceslawa of Rudolstadt, his eldest sister, a venerable lady of seventy, afflicted with an enormous hump, and a frightful lameness, took her place at the upper end of the table; while Count Albert, the son of Count Christian, the betrothed of Amelia, came forward pale and melancholy, to seat himself at the other end, opposite his noble aunt.

Count Albert, the last of the Rudolstadts, was dressed with some taste, but in funeral black. His figure was that of a man of noble rank, but his disheveled hair and beard, and his darkly pale complexion, gave him the aspect of wearing the neglected head of a handsome fisher of the Adriatic, on the shoulders of a nobleman. From his earliest infancy, the mind of Count Albert had been filled with strange and superstitious notions. When he was four years old he frequently fancied he saw his mother beside his cradle, although she was dead and he had seen her buried. He was a silent and serious child. They tried to amuse him with toys, but these only served to make him more sad. If he saw a child beaten, or a peasant ill-used, he became so indignant that he would swoon away, or fall into convulsions for hours together. The study of history excited without enlightening him. He thought Heaven unjust in not having created all men kind and compassionate like himself. At eighteen he was as unfit to live among men and hold the place which his position demanded in society, as he was at six months

old. They sought by travel to distract his mind from the gloomy thoughts that seemed continually to occupy it, but all to no purpose. As years wore on he had grown continually more strange, and weird in both thoughts and actions. He heard strange sounds and saw strange sights that terrified his listeners when he recounted them. He was possessed of the idea that he was the regenerated head of the house of Rudolstadt, who, in the troubled days of the reformation, had, with his followers, devastated Bohemia, violated convents, and hanged prayerful monks to the limbs of convenient oaks. In a word, Count Albert in his thirty-first year was *mad*—and with a madness so terrible and yet so irresistibly mingled with reason as to defy the efforts of those to whom he was most dear, and so threw a pall over the entire household at the Castle of the Giants.

On this evening the solemn silence which weighed down the family was interrupted by Count Albert. "What frightful weather," said he, with a profound sigh. Everything was calm without and within, yet nobody ventured to contradict Albert. "At this very instant," said he, "the storm drives a stranger towards our castle. You would do well, Sir Chaplain, to pray for those who travel beneath the tempest, amid these rude mountains." The castle bell, which only rang on extraordinary occasions, was now heard, and old Hans, the head domestic, entered shortly afterwards with a letter, which he presented to Count Christian without saying a word. It was from Porpora, recommending Consuelo to his old friend and patron, the Count Christian Rudolstadt, for the post of companion and musical instructor to the Baroness Amelia, in response to a request received from the Count that such a person might be dispatched to the Castle of the Giants with all convenient speed. Even as the Count read, Consuelo awaited admission at the castle gate. "Open the gates and lower the bridge. Let every one light torches, and bid the stranger welcome," commanded Count Christian. And thus Consuelo, thereafter to be known in the halls of Rudolstadt as Porporina, entered upon a new and startling career which was to color her whole future life.

Gradually Porporina grew accustomed to the gloom and mystery that surrounded her at the Castle of the Giants, and the sprightliness of Amelia served to make her contented with a lot which was in such marked contrast to the gay life of Venice. Seeking only shelter from the vices and corruptions of the world, and desiring nothing but forgetfulness, she found all, amid the austere but hospitable inhabitants of this mountain fastness. True, Amelia's musical abilities were of a very low order, but experience had taught her to adapt herself to her surroundings, so that she was enabled to fulfil her duties without giving offense. The disorder of Albert, with which Amelia had made her acquainted, was full of a melancholy interest

for her. Thus far she had been but a spectator of the tragedy that was being enacted about her. But fate was to decree that she, too, should assume a rôle, and her opening scene was enacted in this wise : One morning Amelia had been more stupid than usual at her music, and Porporina, to give her the true conception of the composer's meaning, seated herself at the spinet and began to sing. Her voice, long mute since the last evening when she sang at San Samuel, was more beautiful, more marvelous, more thrilling than ever. Amelia was at the same time transported and affrighted. She was at length beginning to understand that she did not know anything, and that perhaps she could never learn anything, when the pale and pensive figure of Albert suddenly appeared in the middle of the apartment, in front of the two young girls, and remained motionless and apparently deeply moved until the end of the piece. It was only then that Porporina perceived him, and was somewhat frightened. But Albert, falling on his knees, and raising towards her his large, dark eyes, swimming in tears, exclaimed in Spanish, without the least German accent, "O Consuelo! Consuelo! I have at last found thee!" "Consuelo?" cried the astonished girl, expressing herself in the same language, "Why, Señor, do you call me by that name?" "I call you Consolation," replied Albert, still speaking in Spanish, "because a consolation has been promised to my desolate life, and because you are that consolation which God at last grants to my solitary and gloomy existence. If you depart from me, my life is over, and I will never return to the earth for evermore." And as he spoke thus, he fell at her feet and fainted.

Consuelo's lofty soul was stirred by the devotion of Albert, and something of his mystical fatalism was transmitted to her sentient and noble being. Thenceforward she determined to devote herself to wooing him from the awful depths into which he had fallen, and to rend the impenetrable shroud of madness that enveloped his great intellect. After the outburst that followed her singing, Albert disappeared, as was his wont whenever his soul was moved, and for days he was as one dead. No one knew whither he went nor whence he came; his disappearances were as mysterious as his whole life. But with a cool, clear head and a keen intellect, Consuelo discovered the secret of his hiding place. Stealing from the castle while the household slept, she descended to a cavern far underneath the ground, lacerating her fair hands and bruising her tender person, but animated always with the lofty purpose to exercise her mysterious influence over the wanderer and bring him back to those who loved and mourned him. She found Albert in his retreat, and the magic of her presence brought balm to the frenzied brain, and together they returned to the castle, with a secret between them. From this time the mind of Albert resumed, apparently, its normal tone, but

the magic that accomplished this was as old as the mountains that surrounded his native heart, for it was — love. All might have gone well with Albert and Consuelo, notwithstanding the opposition of the Canoness Wenceslawa, had not the faithless and perfidious Anzoletto discovered Consuelo in her retreat, and, passing himself off as her brother, subjected her to persecutions which compelled her to fly to Vienna, to the protection of her old friend and master, Porpora.

On foot, and in the guise of a boy, did the brave girl accomplish this journey, with no companion save a lad of seventeen, who called himself Joseph Haydn, and who was animated with the same love of music as filled the little Consuelo. These two chance companions met with many adventures by the way, but at last reached the Austrian capital, where Porpora welcomed with open arms his weary and heartsore charge, and soon placed the aspiring Haydn in the way of fulfilling his heart's desire. But the soul of Albert still followed Consuelo with an influence which she could not rid herself of, and she was forced to acknowledge to Porpora the great love that penetrated to the innermost recesses of her true heart. Then came an urgent message from the gloomy castle in Bohemia, that the last of his race lay dying for love of her who had been driven from him, and bidding her at once return and close his eyes with the hand of wife as well as savior. Traveling with all possible speed, Consuelo and Porpora arrived not a moment too soon. The household was gathered about Albert, who sat propped up in his uncle Frederick's great chair. Consuelo darted toward her betrothed. It was no longer a man — it was a specter which she beheld. His face, still beautiful, notwithstanding the ravages of disease, was as a face of marble. There was no smile on his lips, no ray of joy in his eyes. "Consuelo," said he, "I read at this hour in your soul that you would give your life to restore mine. That is not possible. I leave you for a time, but I shall soon return to earth under some new form. We are brethren, to become lovers, death must cast his gloomy shadow between us. We must, by a solemn engagement, become man and wife, that in my new birth I may regain my calmness and strength, and become, like other men, freed from the dreary memories of the past." The ceremony was then recited by the chaplain, and Albert found strength enough to pronounce the decisive *yes*, and the other forms which were required, in a clear and sonorous voice, and the family, from this, received a lively hope of his recovery. Hardly had the chaplain recited the closing prayer over the newly-married couple, ere Albert arose and, pressing Consuelo to his heart, exclaimed: "I am saved!" Dropping back into his arm-chair, Albert loosened his hold, his arms fell forward and rested on his knees. His aged and faithful dog, who had not left his feet during the whole period of his illness, raised his head

and uttered thrice a dismal howl. Albert's gaze was riveted on Consuelo ; his lips remained apart as if to address her ; a faint glow animated his cheek, and then gradually that peculiar and indescribable shade which is the forerunner of death crept from his forehead down to his lips and by degrees overshadowed his whole face as with a snowy veil. The silence of terror which brooded over the breathless and attentive group of spectators was interrupted by the doctor, who, in solemn accents, pronounced the irrevocable decree : " It is the hand of death ! "

Little Consuelo, the song-bird of the Mendicanti, was the Countess of Rudolstadt.

QUOTATIONS.

" So true it is that in point of art the least spark of genius — the smallest flight in the direction of new conquests — exercises a greater fascination than all the resources and lights of science within known limits."

" *The fine arts.* This, in my opinion, is a phrase which is generally employed in a vulgar sense, and being altogether Italian, is consequently enthusiastic and without much discernment. The *culture of art*, a modern expression which the world did not make use of a hundred years ago, has a meaning altogether different from *a taste for the fine arts.*"

" He is one who loves to give entertainments, and who serves up music at his theatre as he would pheasants on his table."

" Her clear and thrilling voice died away amid the palaces and cupolas of the canal, as the crow of the cock before the dawn is lost in the silence of the open country."

" Every one knows, however, that from fourteen to fifteen girls are generally thin, out of sorts, without harmony either as to proportions or movements. Towards fifteen, to use a common expression, they undergo a sort of fusion, after which they become, if not pretty, at least agreeable. It has even been remarked that it is not desirable that a young girl should grow good-looking too early."

" I never saw a creature so strangely beautiful as this Consuelo ; she is like a lamp that pales from time to time, but which at the moment when it is apparently about to expire sheds so bright a light that the very stars are eclipsed."



EUGENE SUE.

BORN 1804.

FRANCE.

DIED 1857.

JOSEPH MARIE SUE.

Contemporaneous with such lights of French literature as Victor Hugo, Balzac, Alexandre Dumas, George Sand, Paul de Kock and Vicomte d'Arincourt, the author of *The Wandering Jew* became the great lion of the day, and achieved a success as a novelist unparalleled since the time of Richardson. Joseph Marie Sue, or, as he was more generally known, Eugène Sue, was born at Paris, December 10, 1804. The pseudonym Eugène attached to him from the fact that he had Prince Eugène Bonaparte for godfather, and it is said the Empress Josephine was his godmother. Unlike many of the author-craft, Sue was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. He was the son of a surgeon in Napoleon's army, who was a staunch Bonapartist, and who, in addition to the large revenue derived from the practice of his profession under the patronage of the "Little Corporal," was the possessor of an ample private fortune.

With other of the *jeunesse dorée* of the period, Sue received his early education at the College Bourbon, but close application and habits of sobriety were not prominent traits in Sue's character during his college career, for Père Delteil, who was his tutor, describes him as "a wayward, idle and rebellious scholar." On leaving college, Sue drifted naturally into his father's profession, and his medical studies were characterized by much the same habits as marked his earlier student days. One anecdote will illustrate the exuberant spirits of the great romanticist as well as his fertility of invention. Among the valued possessions of the elder Sue, was a cabinet of rare wines, rich in bouquet and hoary with age. These wines were kept for state occasions and the younger Sue and his fellow medical students were only permitted a far-off contemplation of their delights. But the daring of the young Æsculapius circumvented paternal vigilance, and a duplicate key opened the cabinet, while an ingenuity born of a knowledge of chemistry filled the empty bottles with a fluid much resembling in color and consistency their original contents. While in the midst of a carousal over a dozen of the choicest from the forbidden cabinet, Eugène and his comrades were surprised by his irate parent. This escapade, added to many others of a nature not quite so innocent but not affecting the elder Sue in so vital a part, was the straw that broke the camel's back. Sue was summarily disposed of by being shipped on board a French man-of-war, as sub-assistant surgeon, in which capacity he served both in the campaign undertaken by France in 1823 for the re-establishment of royal power in Spain and at the battle of Navarino in 1828. His naval experiences supplied much of the materials for his earlier novels.

On the death of his father, in 1828, Sue abandoned the practice of his profession and applied himself assiduously to spending the large fortune which he inherited. His reputation for immorality and fast living soon became well-known and, perhaps, aided in creating a demand for the products of his pen, which now began to appear. At this time he is described by a contemporaneous American critic as "an unprincipled though clever adventurer." At the height of the romantic movement of 1830 he composed *Kernock le Pirate*, *Atar-Gull*, *La Salamandre*, *La Coucaratcha*, *La Vie de Koat Ven*, *De Rohan*, and sev-

eral others, all of which partook of a "raw head and bloody bones" character. He next turned his attention to more serious work, compiling a naval history of France, which possessed no merit and which added nothing to his literary reputation. In 1840 he assayed the quasi-historical novel, in which style he composed *Jean Cavalier* and other stories of adventure. About this time he became imbued with the socialistic ideas of the period, and posed before the public as the advocate of the "Rights of Man." His attempt to exploit his views through the medium of fiction led to the production of his two most famous works—*Les Mystères de Paris* and *Le Juif Errant*. These were followed by several very ordinary romances, such as *Les Sept Péchés Capitaux* and *Les Mystères du Peuple*. Among other novels of which he was the author may be mentioned *Mathilde*, a prosy piece of work, and *Fleur de Marie*, an altogether fine conception imperfectly worked out.

Sue's prodigality dissipated his fortune, which he had inherited from his father, in a few years, and about the year 1842, when he had reached the zenith of his popularity, by the production of *The Mysteries of Paris*, he found himself dependent upon his pen for a livelihood. But, so great was the demand for his works, he was enabled to maintain the style of living to which he had always been accustomed and to indulge in the pleasures which his convivial nature craved. His advocacy of the cause of the people, however, was the rock upon which his fair-sailing bark eventually went to pieces. Filled with political aspirations and backed by the masses he sat for Paris (the Seine) in the Assembly from April, 1850, until his exile, following the *coup d'état*.

The last years of his life were spent in a humble dwelling on the banks of a beautiful lake at Annecy (Savoy.) His banishment only served to stimulate his literary production, but the works of his last days are much inferior to those of his middle period; the only one which is worthy of comparison perhaps being *Le Diable Médecin*. The habits acquired by Sue during his sojourn in Paris carried with them their almost inevitable result, for on several occasions after taking up his residence at Annecy he felt the premonitory symptoms of apoplexy, which eventually put an end to his career of letters and terminated his exile beyond the power of human government to reimpose. Shortly before his death, a friend visited him at his retreat and found him still laboring with the ardor that had marked his whole literary life, but depressed by his enforced exile from the gay world of Paris. On the third day of August, 1857, the final stroke came, and the author of one of the masterpieces of French literature passed peacefully away.

Sue's personal popularity at home was immense, and the sale of his two great works, *The Mysteries of Paris* and *The Wandering Jew*, both in France and in America, reached an enormous figure. The characteristics of his literary work were an easy, flowing style, a vivid, strong imagination often running into extravagance, a power of delineating character by a few bold dashes, and an inexhaustible fertility of incident. However, his work, with all its natural advantages, was too often marred by a slipshod construction and a prolixity that detracted much from its effectiveness. Probably, the most widely read of any of his romances is *The Wandering Jew*. This story was so manifestly an attack on the Society of Jesus, or the Jesuits as they are more popularly known, that it immediately attracted wide-world attention in every community where this powerful organization had obtained a foothold. So virulent was its attack, that the reading of it was interdicted in the papal states and in other places under Catholic influence. The wisdom of the interdiction has been questioned by later commentators as having given it an importance which it did not merit. However that may be, it sold like most would-be suppressed works and excited a controversy that became wide-spread, and that employed some of the ablest pens of the time.

THE WANDERING JEW.

The story of "The Wandering Jew," with which, however, the Wandering Jew of the scriptural legend has nothing more to do than has the incidental music of a lurid melodrama with the development of its plot, is told in a Part First entitled "The Transgression," a prologue, "The Land's End of Two World's," and fifty-three (53) chapters; a Part Second entitled "The Chastisement," a prologue "The Bird's-Eye View of Two Worlds," and fifty-two (52) chapters; a Third Part entitled "The Redemption," and sixty-eight (68) chapters; and, finally, an Epilogue of two (2) chapters; making in all a volume of *one hundred and seventy-seven* (177) chapters.

The slender excuse for the title of Sue's masterpiece is found in the fact that at intervals throughout the story the Wandering Jew poses as the guardian angel of some of the persecuted characters, and is made to appear as having charge of the destinies of several individuals whose extermination seems to be the price of the Wandering Jew's final peace. The legend from which Sue derived the character of the Wandering Jew runs somewhat as follows: The Wandering Jew was a shoemaker at Jerusalem. The Saviour, weighted down by his cross, paused before the house of the artisan and asked him to be allowed to rest an instant on the stone bench at his door. "Go on! go on!" replied the Jew harshly, pushing him away. "Thou shalt go on till the end of time," answered the Saviour in a stern though sorrowful tone. From this time forward the outcast Jewish shoemaker knew no more of rest. In storm and sunshine, through Summer's burning heat and Winter's biting cold, he traveled unceasingly up and down and through the earth with the awful command of the Man of Sorrows ever ringing in his ears.

In the year 1831 the sum of forty millions (40,000,000) of francs awaited the claim or the descendants of Marius, Count of Rennépoint, in the reign of Louis XIV. of France. This enormous fortune the powerful order of Jesuits resolved to gain possession of, and, during that year, they began to act upon information which had for some time been digesting in their hands. This information had been obtained through the thousand-and-one channels opened to the order by intrigue and artifice. The task of securing this rich prize had devolved upon Father d'Aigrigny, an able lieutenant of the Church of Rome, assisted by his secretary M. Rodin. This latter personage was well worthy to be intrusted with the carrying out of the fiendish plot against the Rennépoint inheritance.

About 50 years of age, his gray hair lay flat on his temples, and encircled his bald forehead; his eyebrows were scarcely marked; his upper eyelid, flabby and overhanging, like the membrane which shades the eyes of reptiles,

half concealed his small, sharp, black eye. His thin lips, absolutely colorless, were hardly distinguishable from the wan hue of his lean visage, with its pointed nose and chin; and this livid mask (deprived as it were of lips) appeared only the more singular, from its maintaining a death-like immobility.

Such is a pen-picture of the Jesuit secretary who eventually usurped his master's office, and whose machinations accomplished the ruin and death of the heirs of the Rennépont millions.

The descendants of Count Rennépont were distinguished from other men by a simple token, which all, in the year above named, had in their possession. It was a bronze medal, bearing these legends on reverse and obverse:

VICTIM	IN PARIS,
OF	RUE SAINT FRANÇOIS, No. 3.
L. C. D. J.	IN A CENTURY AND A HALF
PRAY FOR ME.	YOU WILL BE.
—	FEBRUARY THE 13TH, 1832.
PARIS,	—
FEBRUARY THE 13TH, 1682.	PRAY FOR ME.

One hundred and fifty years had scattered the Rennépont family through the world, in emigration and exile; in changes of religion, fortune, and name. Seven representatives summed up the virtue, courage, degradation, splendor and poverty of the race. Seven: two orphan twin daughters (Rose and Blanche) of exiled parents (Marshal Simon and his wife), a dethroned prince (Djalma), a humble missionary priest (Gabriel), a man of the middle class (M. Hardy), a young lady of high name and large fortune (Adrienne de Cardoville), and a working man (Jacques Rennépont, *alias* Sleepinbuff). Fate had scattered them in Russia, India, France and America. As is indicated by the inscriptions on the medals, the objective point of these seven Rennépont heirs toward which they were, knowingly and unknowingly, as the case might be, making their way at the time the story opens was No. 3, Rue Saint François, Paris; and the conditions of Count Rennépont's will were such that it would be necessary for all the claimants, accompanied by their respective proofs of identity, prominent among which would be the bronze medals, to assemble at this rendezvous on the 13th day of February, 1832, at noon, in order to be entitled to receive their inheritance.

Rose and Blanche Simon had torn themselves from their dead mother's grave in Siberia, and were on their way to Paris, to present themselves at No. 3, Rue Saint François, on the fateful day. The object of their journey

was unknown to the orphans, who cherished their medals only as souvenirs of their absent parent. They were under the watchful eye of an old trooper, Francis Baudoin, *alias* Dagobert, who was as much attached to them as he had been devoted to their father, his commanding general.

On the road to France this little party encountered the out-posts of the Jesuit hosts at the village inn at Mockern, where they purposed spending the night. A wild beast showman, known as Morok, the lion-tamer, an emissary of the society of Jesus, cunning, crafty and merciless, sought to pick a quarrel with the inoffensive veteran, but, failing in that, had loosed from his menagerie a ferocious panther, which devoured the soldier's horse. This steed, called "Jovial," from his kindly disposition, had carried Dagobert through many battles, and was now bearing the orphans across Russia and Germany to their inheritance at Paris. With the loss of Jovial the little party lost their all. The good steed was ridden by Rose and Blanche, while Dagobert trudged at his side. By this means alone was Paris to be reached, for the children of General Simon had no means for other than the bare necessities of the way. Dagobert was now denounced as a French spy, and Rose and Blanche were accused of being adventuresses to help his designs. They were all imprisoned in Leipsic jail, and for a time it appeared as though the efforts of Morok must prevent the arrival of the orphan heirs at Paris at the appointed time.

General Simon, who had vainly endeavored to share Napoleon's exile at St. Helena, had gone to fight the English in India, all unconscious of his wife's banishment from Russia, and subsequent death in Siberia, leaving two orphan daughters. But the English triumphed, the old native king of Mundi was slain, and his son Djalma taken prisoner.

Gabriel, the missionary priest, was enduring the privations of his calling in the far West of America, and, on one occasion, was nailed to a cross by Rocky Mountain Indians, from whose clutches he escaped only by the miraculous intervention of a sister of the Wandering Jew.

But Gabriel was not alone favored by the mysterious agency of the Wandering Jew, for that same peregrinating personage opened the gates of the prison to Dagobert and his charges, and they were enabled to go free.

Adrienne de Cardoville dwelt at Paris with her aunt, the Princess de Saint-Dizier, a female Jesuit of the most virulent type.

Dagobert and his two charges had reached Paris, but not without encountering ship-wreck on the coast, where a like calamity had stranded Gabriel, who was returning to America by order of the Jesuit society, the better to keep its influence over him who was unconscious of his right to a share in the Rennépont inheritance. Among the passengers who accompanied him, and who were also saved, were Djalma, and one Faringhea, a Thuggee chief, who had been hunted out of India.

Dagobert, Rose and Blanche Simon, Gabriel, Djalma and Adrienne de Cardoville were now all at Paris, and the 13th of February was drawing nigh. But the toils of the Jesuitical python were tightening about the innocent heirs of the Rennépont succession. Dagobert was disconsolate, for Rose and Blanche had been spirited away to a convent, from the humble home where he had taken them to share the lot of his wife and son Agricola. Prince Djalma, ignorant of his rights as a Rennépont heir, was a wanderer and outcast in the streets of Paris. Gabriel was under the thumb of the society of Jesuits; Adrienne, through the machinations of the Princess de Saint-Dizier, was immured in a mad-house. The whereabouts of General Simon unknown, Agricola Baudoin in prison on the charge of treason, by reason of writing a poem for the people, the strangler Faringhea having joined forces with the Jesuits, was it not well that M. Rodin rubbed his slimy hands together and looked upon the 40,000,000 francs as already in the coffers of the society of Jesuits, and a Cardinal's hat within his grasp?

The 13th of February, 1832, was at hand. M. Hardy, through love of a wedded woman and the treachery of a friend, had fled to seclusion. Jacques Rennépont had met death by wasting himself in wild debaucheries. The other four Rennépont heirs had been disposed of as has been described. Gabriel had made over all his interest in the Rennépont millions to the Society of Loyola, and he alone of the seven possessors of the talismanic medals presented himself at No. 3 Rue Saint François at the appointed time. The 40,000,000 francs had grown to 212,000,000! Father d'Aigrigny and M. Rodin accompanied Gabriel. They had made satisfactory proof of the transfer to the society of the vast inheritance, and had the treasure in their hands, in fact, when a woman of strangely sad beauty mysteriously entered the room and laid a paper before the Notary. It was a codicil, duly drawn up and signed, deferring the carrying out of the testament until the first day of June of the same year. The Jesuits fled from the house in rage and disappointment. Father d'Aigrigny was so stupor-stricken at the defeat, that he bade his secretary at once write to Rome that the Rennépont inheritance had escaped them, and hopes to seize it again were utterly at an end. Upon this, M. Rodin revolted, and showed so plainly to the Holy Fathers at Rome that he was capable of securing the treasure, that they at once placed him in Father d'Aigrigny's position, and thenceforward he took the business in his own hands.

The policy of oppression of Father d'Aigrigny was now changed to one of apparent friendliness, but how fatal was the seeming kindness the conclusion of the matter shows. Tragedies of the most awful nature succeeded each other in rapid succession, and through them all shone the baleful light of M. Rodin's serpent eye.

Brought face to face, Marshal Simon and Father d'Aigrigny recognized in each other mortal enemies of a former time, for the reverend father had once been a soldier, and had betrayed General Simon. A duel to the death ensued. When the contest was over, the body of the valiant Simon lay prone and rigid, while the life blood of the Jesuit leader slowly ebbed away. Rose and Blanche, worn with waiting, and overcome by the terrors of their surroundings, had already suicided in each other's arms. Prince Djalma and Adrienne had found in each other an affinity, but ere marriage could bind them together the dark plottings of M. Rodin had filled the heart of Djalma with jealousy, and, though reconciled at last, they both partook of the poisoned cup and "breathed their last sigh in a voluptuous agony." M. Hardy, too, had passed beyond the pale of false friends and illicit love. Gabriel had fled to find peace in saving souls, but not as a Jesuit missionary, for he had abandoned the order with horror in his heart.

On the first of June, as specified by the codicil to the Rennépont will, M. Rodin and his secretary repaired again to No. 3 Rue Saint François. The custodian, Samuel, admitted them and solemnly conducted them to the Hall of Mourning, where a casket containing the treasure, in the shape of securities and notes, reposed on a marble slab in the centre of the room. M. Rodin was filled with impatience, but within him burned a fire that was like to nothing he had ever felt. The summit of his ambition was reached, but why the awful gnawing at his vitals? He demanded the Rennépont inheritance in the name of Gabriel, and by authority of the transfer from him to the Society of Jesuits. Slowly Samuel drew back the somber curtains that surrounded the room and disclosed to the horrified gaze of the priest the bodies of his victims, lying in their grave clothes on slabs of marble. They were: Jacques Rennépont; François Hardy; Rose and Blanche Simon; Adrienne and Djalma. Unmoved by this exhibition, M. Rodin again demanded the treasure. "Since your infernal soul is incapable of remorse, it may perhaps be shaken by disappointed avarice," exclaimed Samuel, as stepping forward, he pressed a knob in the lid of the casket. Through the open work of the casket rose a gray cloud, the odor of burnt paper filled the room, and two hundred and twelve millions of francs escaped from the coffers of the Jesuits and was wafted away in smoke.

Again that awful agony at his vitals! M. Rodin shrieked aloud. Falling upon the floor in convulsions the miserable man perished, the victim of a deadly poison, prepared by Faringhea, and administered by direction of the Cardinal.

The Order of the Jesuits permits no man's ambition to soar too high, and so the keys of St. Peter are preserved from falling into unworthy hands.

But the Rennépont millions never enriched the Church of Rome.

ANALYSIS OF SCENES AND CHARACTERS.

Among the most powerful scenes depicted in the progress of the story of *The Wandering Jew* are :

JOVIAL AND DEATH.—The killing of Jovial, Dagobert's faithful steed, by the lion-tamer Morok's black panther, Death.

THE TATTOOING.—A scene in the heart of India, wherein Faringhea, a Malay strangler, steals upon Prince Djalma while he sleeps and places upon his body the tatoo mark that distinguishes the Thug, without awakening the victim.

RENDERING THE ACCOUNT.—M. Rodin attacked by the cholera at the house of the Princess de Saint-Dizier.

THE SQUARE OF NOTRE DAME.—The ravages of cholera at Paris; pictures of the inhabitants in their mad efforts to stay the plague; and a ghastly frolic in the presence of death.

THE TORTURE.—M. Rodin's frightful experience at the hands of the doctors. Burning holes in his flesh to arrest the progress of disease.

An American critic, writing in *The Whig Review*, at the time *The Wandering Jew* made its first appearance, thus fairly and faithfully summarizes the principal characters of that romance :

M. Rodin.—A masterly conception. An incarnation of pure intellect unfettered by moral or social restraint, inspired and possessed by a gnawing and insatiable ambition, and attaining his ends by the exercise of a devilish ingenuity whose expedients are never exhausted.

La Mayeux ("Mother Bunch").—The best female character Sue has ever drawn.

Adrienne de Cardoville.—A voluptuous sensualist, totally devoid of delicacy of feeling or purity of thought.

Rose and Blanche.—Interesting at first, but rather sickening afterwards.

Princess de Saint-Dizier.—A she-devil, not a woman—a libel on her sex.

Agricola Baudoin.—A bold and masculine character, representing a class.

Gabriel.—Much too good and pure to represent our fallen nature.

M. Hardy.—The benevolent manufacturer, the author's model philanthropist.

Dagobert.—Tiresome on long acquaintance.

Djalma.—A fine animal and nothing more.

D'Aigrigny.—The ambition of the soldier merging in that of the priest.

Marshal Simon.—A bull-headed, honest soldier.

Faringhea.—The Malay, well represents the tiger-like race to which he belongs.

Morok.—The lion-tamer. Unscrupulous and treacherous.



SIR EDWARD GEORGE BULWER-LYTTON.

BORN 1805.

ENGLAND.

DIED 1873.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

Justin McCarthy, himself an able politician, parliamentarian, and author, in his *History of Our Own Times*, says that no man could well have made more of his gifts than Lord Lytton. And a close study of his times and works reveals this to us. Born in Norfolk, England, in 1805, he was graduated from Cambridge in 1826, when his *Sculpture* received the Chancellor's prize for versification. This, however, was not his first work, for at fifteen a volume bearing his name as author, might be found on the shelves of the London Circulating Library. From that time on, to his death, in 1873, he produced many varied works, few of which were unsuccessful. Novels, dramas, criticisms, editorials, history, magazine articles, poems, translations, and political pamphlets followed in rapid succession, all well received, excepting the poems whose models failed to suit the popular taste. Several times returned to parliament, he contrived to establish a reputation among educated men as a great orator. But he was not that. He was a superb phrase-maker, could turn to account every scrap of knowledge he possessed, and so, with his sparkling, sarcastic, and crisp style, he succeeded in passing for a genius. Audiences in the House of Commons often regarded him as a rival of Gladstone, and bright literary critics called him, as a novelist, the peer of Dickens and Thackeray. And, although nobody cared to read his plays, everybody went to look at them, and his *Lady of Lyons* and *Richelieu*, both written in 1838, even to-day, enjoy a popularity second only to the plays of Shakespeare. He had splendid qualities, and used every one of them. And if he was not a great author, he certainly was a great literary man. Of his historical novels, *The Last Days of Pompeii* (1834), and *Rienzi* (1835), are the most read. *Harold, the Saxon King*, one of his later novels, and *Last of the Barons* (1843), are not so popular. Although Bulwer Lytton, himself, considered *Eugene Aram* (1831) his best effort, readers in general think *The Caxtons*, a domestic novel, the crowning proof of his versatility. Thirty-six thousand copies of this work were sold in America in three years. *My Novel* following soon after was, in some respects, the finest thing he ever did. But for nicety of style and cultured diction *Godolphin* and *Ernest Maltravers* rank among the most interesting and charming novels in the English language. His translations of Goethe's poems are considered the most perfect ever given to the public. *Athens, its Rise and Fall; with Views of the Literature, Philosophy, and Social Life of the Athenian People*, published in 1837, established his reputation as a historian. Tradition says that the illustrious author of the *Last Days of Pompeii* did not enjoy that domestic tranquillity he could so ably describe. Under the name of *Owen Meredith*, Lord Bulwer's son has gained an enviable place in the literary world.

LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.

The vivid descriptions of life in Pompeii, the rapid march of events, and many complications of the plot, make the "Last Days of Pompeii" a book of intense interest. The scene is laid in the small, but luxurious and

fashionable, city of Pompeii, in the year 79 A. D., Titus, son of Vespasian, being Emperor of Rome at the time. The story opens with a conversation between Diomed, a freedman, and Clodius, a noble but profligate Roman, who tolerates Diomed because he is rich, and has a beautiful daughter, Julia, whom Clodius is anxious to wed to his friend Glaucus. Glaucus is a rich, generous and beautiful Greek of noble birth, and a great pet in society. Freely indulging in pleasure, he plays often with Clodius, an artful cheat, and frequently loses heavily; and by his marrying Julia, Clodius hopes in this way to possess himself of a goodly portion of old Diomed's fortune, intending then to take up his residence at the imperial court in Rome. Leaving Diomed, Clodius encounters Glaucus, who, after gaily warning Clodius not to forget that he is to sup with him that evening, dismisses his chariot, and arm in arm the two friends saunter up the street. Coming to an open space where three streets met, their steps were arrested by a crowd gathered around a young girl who stood under the portico of a temple, with a flower basket on her right arm, and in her left hand a small three-stringed musical instrument, to whose music she sang a wild, barbaric air. Gaily waving her basket at every pause in the music, she invited the crowd to buy her flowers. Many a coin was showered into her basket, both in compliment and compassion, for the music was charming, and the musician blind, Nydia, a slave. Glaucus knew Nydia, having often befriended the slave; who loved him with all the ardor of a woman born in those southern climes. He had been absent from Pompeii for some time, and so, when he said "I must have your bunch of violets, sweet Nydia," she, not knowing of his return, started forward as she heard his voice, while the blood rushed violently over cheek and temples. Glaucus, unconscious of the feeling she bore toward him, took the violets, and then, turning to go, he and Clodius came face to face with Julia. After a few minutes' conversation, during which Julia cast upon the Athenian many a glance of affected timidity and real boldness, the two friends passed on, wending their way to the beach, where they seated themselves on a small crag, and inhaled the soft sea breeze. They were soon interrupted by a man scarcely in his fortieth year, of tall stature and thin but sinewy frame. His features and dark, bronzed skin betrayed his eastern origin. The melancholy yet commanding gaze that greeted one from his deep, full black eyes, his quiet, haughty countenance, stately form, and the somber hues of his sweeping garments, all impressed one uncomfortably, and also created a desire to conceal this impression from him. The two young men made a sign with their fingers to protect themselves from the evil eye the Egyptian was supposed to possess. The Egyptian's real name was Hermes of the Burning Girdle; but having conspired many times against the Roman power,

always escaping capture, Hermes, while living in Pompeii, wisely changed his name, and was known as Arbaces. With sarcastic but courteously spoken words Arbaces expressed his surprise at seeing two of the gayest youths of Pompeii enjoying the beautiful solitude; then he gathered his robes around him, and slowly swept away. Evening came, and with it the five guests Glaucus had invited to sup with him. After the feast, the musicians, who had played softly during its progress, were called in to sing "The Bacchic Hymn of the Hours," composed by Glaucus the day before. "The air is beautifully Ionic," said Clodius; "the word puts me in mind of a toast. Companions, I give you the beautiful Ione." "Ione: the name is Greek," said Glaucus in a soft voice. "I drink the health with pleasure; but who is Ione?" "She is a stranger," said Clodius, "lately come to Pompeii. She sings like Sappho, composing her own songs, and outdoes the Muses on the tibia, cithara and the lyre. Her beauty is dazzling, her house perfect. She is rich and generous, and although she has all Pompeii at her feet, she has no lovers and will not marry." "A miracle," cried Glaucus, "can we not see her?" Clodius promised to take him to see Ione that evening. After the departure of the other guests he started with Glaucus for the house of Ione. Reaching the house, and passing through the vestibule, they entered the portico, where they found Ione surrounded by adoring guests. At that moment the crowd divided on either side of Ione, and Glaucus, with startled but enraptured gaze, beheld the face of her whom he had long madly loved, and sought in vain. It seems that several months before this meeting Glaucus was in Naples, and went to the temple of Minerva to pray for his beloved conquered land. The temple was empty, and as he prayed recollections of home crowded fast upon him. Affectionate and enthusiastic, he was unable to conquer his emotions, and wept as he prayed aloud. A deep sigh startled him, and turning he beheld a beautiful young woman. The tears, too, were rolling down her cheeks. Their eyes met. "Art thou too Athenian, O beautiful virgin?" said Glaucus. "My birth is of Neapolis (Naples), but my heart, as my lineage, is Athenian." "Let us then make our offerings together," said Glaucus. They stood side by side, together touched the knees of the Goddess, together laid their olive garlands on the altar. Strangers from a far and fallen land. Alone in the temple of their country's deity, young, beautiful, enthusiastic, can we wonder that they loved? Silently they left the temple. A youth appeared, evidently her brother; she turned, bade Glaucus farewell, and disappeared. Glaucus sought, but never again saw, his companion in prayer, and now, as hope was dying and despair entering his heart, behold: he stands before her. "I have seen her again," he said, as he paced, next morning, one of the beautiful chambers in his small but perfect house. "I

have spoken to her again. I have listened to the music of her song, and she sang of glory and of Greece." At that moment a shadow darkened the threshold and a slave, still a child, stood before him. Her dress was a simple white tunic reaching from neck to ankles. She bore a basket of flowers on one arm, and in the other hand a bronze water vase. Soft and feminine, yet more formed than became her years, were her features, made beautiful by their expression. Resigned sorrow, tranquil endurance had banished the smile, but not the sweetness, from her lips. The melancholy and subdued light in her eyes was clear and serene. But something wandering in those eyes, something timid and cautious in her step, led you to suspect the affliction from which she had suffered from her birth. She was blind. "They tell me that Glaucus is here," she said. "May I come in?" "Ah, my Nydia," said Glaucus, "is that you? How you have grown: Next year you will be thinking what answer to give your lovers." Again, in his presence, Nydia blushed, but this time she frowned, seeming to resent the remark.

Then, groping about the room, she found the table and laid the flowers she had brought Glaucus upon it. "Poor Nydia," thought Glaucus as she left the room, "thine is a hard doom. Thou seest not the earth, nor the sun, nor the ocean, nor the stars, above all, thou canst not behold Ione." Then starting to go to Ione, he encountered Nydia on the threshold, spoke kindly to her and passed on.

Nydia lingered a few minutes, and then guiding her way by a long staff, she reached her home, a tavern, one of those obscure haunts found in the vilest parts of all cities. A rude voice bidding her give account of her money made, was silenced by another, which bade him not worry about those petty profits, adding, "You know, my Burbo, the girl's voice will be wanted again at our rich friend's house, and he always pays high." Nydia trembled. "I will beg from sunrise to sunset, but send me not there; I am young and delicately born. The female companions I meet there are not fit associates for one who——" "Is a slave in the house of Burbo," returned his wife. Nydia, putting down her flowers, leaned her face on her hands and wept bitterly. This rich friend was no other than Arbaces. Poor Nydia was often forced to assist at the frightful orgies that nightly took place in his magnificent mansion. Wonderful were the powers of the Egyptian's mind, his deep knowledge of Science, Nature and Humanity. Wonderful the corruption of his heart, the wickedness of his private life. Austere and virtuous about the city during the day, at night doffing his sober garments, and clad in dazzled jeweled robes, with flowers wreathed in his hair, none would recognize him, as he and his harem (for such his household really was) abandoned themselves to pleasures of the wildest sensuality. If, by chance,

any in the city witnessed these scenes, a solemn vow and Arbaces' terrible vengeance held them silent. Pompeii guessed at these orgies, but knew nothing definite about them. Report called Arbaces an astrologer and sorcerer, but, on account of his immense riches, they allowed him to go unmolested. Cunning and learned, he taught the priests of Isis how they could dupe more skillfully the credulous pagan people who devoutly consulted the oracles before engaging in any enterprise. One of these pagan priests, Calenus, a man repulsively homely, low and vicious, who had sought the life merely because it gave a good living, was the tool Arbaces frequently used to assist him in his private wickedness. He was a relative of Burbo, the master of Nydia, and it was through his means that the poor slave was obliged to sing and play at Arbaces' house.

When Arbaces left Glaucus and Clodius, he went to the temple to consult with Calenus about Ione and her brother Apæcides. By the death of their parents, who believed him a virtuous man, Arbaces had become their guardian. Seeing Apæcides, a soul particularly alive to religious fervor, Arbaces excited his enthusiasm and imagination, then placed him among the priests of Isis. There his truthful poetic temperament revolted at the deceits practiced upon the people. Horror-struck at their insincerity, he refused to share the ceremonies, pined, became thin, and lately, much to the dismay of Arbaces, had been known to frequent the company of the Christians, or Nazarines, as they were then called. Arbaces wished to reconcile Apæcides, because he was in love with Ione, and would move heaven and earth to make her his wife. "She has a soul worthy to match with mine," he said. "She has a genius beyond that of woman, keen, dazzling, bold. Ione must be mine." "But how can I assist you?" said Clodius. "I am about to invite her to a feast at my house. She has never entered it. I wish to dazzle, to bewilder, to inflame her senses. Our arts must be employed; and under the veil of the mysteries of religion, I will open to her the secrets of love. But first we must ensnare the brother, an easier task." With these thoughts in mind he started for the home of Ione, and passing through a thick grove near it, he came unexpectedly upon Apæcides. "Apæcides," he said softly, laying his hand on the young priest's shoulder. Apæcides started. His first instinct seemed to be that of flight, then changing his mind he turned upon Arbaces, and in words of frenzied grief, and a voice choked with convulsive sobs, Apæcides upbraided the Egyptian for his treachery towards him. Equal to the occasion, Arbaces in soothing words told him that the scenes he had passed through were but a trial of his faith, and that now he was worthy to be the companion of Arbaces in his communications with the higher divinities. "Come to me this night. You have taken the vows; you cannot recede. Advance. I myself will be your guide." It is

true for Apæcides there was no retreat. He had taken the vow of celibacy, and it was natural that he should cling to a yearning desire to reconcile himself to an irrevocable career. Vibrating between hope and fear he promised to see Arbaces that night.

A thrill of jealousy shot through the breast of Arbaces when he entered her house and found Glaucus sitting by the side of Ione. Vowing destruction to Glaucus, Arbaces assumed his usual serene countenance, softly entered the apartment and stood before the lovers ere his presence was known. After some deep but apparently light remarks, in which the Egyptian sought to lower Glaucus in the eyes of Ione, and he to defend himself, Glaucus withdrew. Arbaces was not slow to seize his opportunity. In bland and subdued tones he told "his sweet pupil" how dear to him was her reputation, consequently how great his indignation when yesterday in the public baths Glaucus had boasted of her love for him, and said it amused him to take advantage of it. Poor Ione, stunned, sank back and her face became as white as the marble pillar against which she leaned for support. The poisoned dart applied to her pride, Arbaces led her to talk of her brother. But their conversation did not last long, and Arbaces soon left but resolved to visit and watch her every day. When evening darkened the city, Apæcides hastened towards the house of the Egyptian. On the way a serious-looking man touched his arm. "Apæcides," said he, and he made the sign of the cross with his hands. "Well, Nazarene," replied the priest, and his face grew paler, "What wouldst thou?" Not yet ready to receive the truths of Christianity, nor yet to renounce the faith of his fathers, although disgusted with the incongruity of his belief, burning to hear them explained more fully by Arbaces, Apæcides, feeling unequal to resist the fervid eloquence of the Christian, gathered his robes about him and fled, arriving, breathless and exhausted, at the solemn, forbidding-looking house of Arbaces.

The terrible stillness of the place, and the weird beauty of the images of the Egyptian Sphinx that stood on each side of the massive steps, thrilled the blood of the young priest with a nameless and ghostly fear. He knocked at the door. It opened noiselessly, and a tall Egyptian slave, without question or salutation, motioned him to proceed. At the extreme end of a large, lofty and magnificently decorated hall Apæcides met another slave. "I seek Arbaces," said he. The slave bowed in silence, led him through many beautiful rooms into a dim half lighted chamber where he found Arbaces seated at a small table. Without delay the Egyptian explained that the rites and ceremonies practiced in the temple of Isis were but mummeries to delude and lure the herd to their proper good. "Man must have some belief," he said. "These customs have been made dear to him by his father. From

these delusions came the bond of society, the harmony of the world, the power of the wise. That power is in the obedience of the vulgar. Therefore it is right to continue the delusion. Too gross to understand the subtler faith our spiritual senses crave, let us leave them the worship they love." Then proceeding further, Arbaces declared his belief in two deities — Nature and Necessity. With artful sophistries he sought to inflame the mind and imagination of Apæcides. As he was about to reply to these arguments there fell upon the ear of Apæcides the softest sweetest music. It came like a stream of sound, bathing the senses unawares, subduing with delight. The Greek softness and ardor of Apæcides' secret soul were swayed captive. Arbaces seized his hand. Wondering, half reluctant, the young priest crossed the room with him. A curtain at the end of the chamber was hastily withdrawn, disclosing a room that might have been fairy-land itself. Apæcides hesitated, entered further into the room, and Arbaces had gained his end.

A few evenings after the adventure of Apæcides in the house of Arbaces, as Calenus was sitting in the back room of Burbo's tavern, giving him the money sent by the Egyptian, Nydia entered and, throwing herself at the feet of Burbo, implored him not to send her again to that unholy place. Then, growing passionate, declared she would raise the city with her cries. "I swear!" she cried. "Hear me, ye gods!" Burbo's wife seized the child, dragged her to the wall, tore a rope from a hook, and the next minute the agonized shrieks of the blind girl rang through the house. It happened that the gladiators who were to fight at the next games were assembled in the tavern, expecting several of the gay and rich youths of Pompeii to call and examine them, before staking any bets on the various fighters. Glaucus, Sallust, Lepidus, Clodius and some others arrived, settled their bets, and were about to depart, when a loud cry of pain and terror startled the group. "O Pallas, I know that voice; it is my poor flower girl!" exclaimed Glaucus, as he darted into the room from whence the cry arose. Catching Nydia from the grasp of the infuriated hag, he cried: "How dare you thus use a child? One of your own sex, too." Nydia's tears stood arrested on her cheeks. She clung to Glaucus and kissed his robe. The woman demanded her slave; Glaucus would not relinquish her. He held the terrified child on his knee and, full of kindly compassion, wiped the blood from her shoulders with her long hair. He kissed her cheek and whispered a thousand of those soothing words with which we calm a child's grief. Glaucus wanted to buy Nydia, but the woman refused to sell her. "Nonsense," said Clodius; "you must oblige me. Is not Burbo the client of my kinsman, Pansa, the ædile? Refuse, I break up your wine jars; you sell no more. Glaucus, she is yours."

And so Glaucus bought Nydia, but how was he to give her to Ione, for whom he had bought her? Since the day he and Arbaces had met at her house, Ione had refused to see him. Although he indulged in pleasure, the heart of Glaucus was never corrupted. Now love for Ione purified his idea, making him disgusted with his former haunts. He wreathed her door-step with garlands; through the long night played and sang under her window, but she deigned no reply. Ione, gifted, learned, beautiful and rich, led a most independent life for a young woman of those times. But even so, her modest pride was proportionately vigilant and easily alarmed. Arbaces knew well her nature when he invented the falsehood, the coarseness of which stung her to the quick. She loved Glaucus, and fancied that he despised her for yielding to that love so quickly. She denied herself to all but Arbaces, who, assuming his right as guardian, entered when he chose. Although Ione feared him, she never thought of forbidding his visits. On the fourth day after the last visit of Glaucus, Arbaces and Ione sat together when he suddenly burst forth in impassioned language, telling her of his love. Ione trembled, she knew not why. Filled with love for Glaucus, she imagined Arbaces spoke only of the affection and sympathy of the soul. Not caring to have him continue his avowals, she adroitly changed the conversation. Arbaces, seeing that he had said enough, condescended to please, even to entertain, and in spite of her sadness he caused Ione to forget for the time the displeasing effects of his former words. He spoke of his home, its wonderful architecture, strange devices, rare antiquities, costly gems. "Devote, sweet pupil," he said, "to the austere friend of your youth one of these bright summer evenings. Let me boast that my gloomy mansion has been honored with the presence of the beautiful Ione." Unconscious of the dangers that awaited her, Ione consented. The next evening was fixed for the visit, and Arbaces departed.

The next day, Nydia, to whom Glaucus had confided his secret, asked admission to the presence of Ione. Hearing that she was blind, Ione gave permission, and Nydia delivered to Ione the flowers and letter sent by Glaucus. Nydia was to remain with Ione, but asking if she might take back the answer, should it be one to gladden Glaucus, poor Nydia, torn with conflicting emotions of gratitude, love, and jealousy, delivered the answer to Glaucus. Returning to her new home, she inquired indifferently for Ione. The answer appalled her. Learning it was her first visit to the Egyptian's house, Nydia trembled for her mistress. "Fool that I am, shall I save her? Yes, for I love Glaucus more than myself." She hurried to the Athenian's house, he had gone out; Nydia groaned. "Ione has a brother, a priest of Isis," said the slave who accompanied Nydia. "A priest of Isis! O gods! His name?" "Apæcides." "I know it all. Brother and sister are both to be

victims ! Apæcides ! Yes, that was the name I heard in ———. I will go to him." Familiar with every street, she sought the temple, found Apæcides, and told him all. Full well did Apæcides realize his sister's danger. "Take some weapon," said Nydia ; "I will show you a private entrance to the house. We may save her." On the way they met Glaucus, who joined them. Under the pretext of revealing the future to her, Arbaces had led the innocent Ione to a small temple at the rear of the building, and there, by means of slaves and weird panorama, in which she saw Arbaces and herself, the Egyptian poured out the story of his love. "Rise," said Ione, "think not that I scorn this homage, but I cannot listen ; I love another." "Dare not mock me," cried Arbaces. He came nearer, his breath glowed fiercely on her cheek. He wound his arms about her. She sprang from his embrace. In the struggle a tablet fell from her bosom. Arbaces seized it. It was the letter she had received that morning from Glaucus. The Egyptian read. Revenge took the place of love. He seized Ione ; she sprang from his grasp, rushed to that part of the room by which she had entered, and fell, with a wild shriek, at the base of a column. At that instant the curtain was torn aside, and Glaucus closed at once with the Egyptian, while Apæcides raised his sister from the ground, placed her on a couch, and, brandishing a knife, stood over her, ready to plunge the weapon into Arbaces should he be victorious over Glaucus. Fierce and desperate was the struggle, neither man yet having the supremacy, when Glaucus was seized with a religious panic, as he saw a statue, at the prayer of Arbaces, suddenly glow as with life ; unable to resist the Egyptian's next attack, he lost his footing, slipped and fell ! Arbaces, like a flash, planted his foot on the breast of his fallen foe and seized the knife from Apæcides, whom he stretched on the floor. Brandishing the knife on high, he prepared to bury it into the heart of Glaucus, who, with unwinking eyes, sternly and scornfully resigned as a fallen gladiator, gazed upon his fate. At that instant the floor shook under them. The earthquake had awakened. Far and wide along the soil went a hoarse rumbling sound. The altars rocked. High over the place of contest reeled the column. The sable head of the goddess fell from its pedestal, struck the Egyptian between the shoulder and neck, and stretched him, without a sign of life, on the ground. Glaucus staggered to his feet, assisted Apæcides to rise, then, taking Ione in his arms, fled from the place. As they passed out the little gate the moonlight fell on the bended figure of the blind girl. She was weeping bitterly. Restored to each other, the lovers, in their gratitude to Nydia, insisted upon her sharing all their pleasures. She accompanied them wherever they went, until the sight of their happiness, so apparent to the child in spite of her blindness, drove the poor child to distraction.

One evening, receiving permission, Nydia spent the night with Julia, who anxious to find out all she could about Glaucus and Ione, had urged a visit from Nydia. She told Nydia that in order to make an indifferent admirer return her love, she had determined to seek Arbaces, and obtain from him a love philter. Although Nydia had no idea for whom the potion was intended, she urged Julia not to go; but her opposition only inflamed Julia's curiosity. She called to see Arbaces, who took little interest in the affair, until she disclosed to him the name of the man she vainly loved — Glaucus, the Athenian. Arbaces, still weak from the effects of his injuries, assured Julia of his assistance. Together they would visit the Witch of Vesuvius, who should make a philter which would, without fail, bring about that issue of affairs she so much desired. In his heart Arbaces resolved to procure a strong poison, and so rid himself of Glaucus forever.

With this in mind he determined to see the witch first alone; and, strangely enough, the same evening he went to see her, Glaucus and Ione, overtaken by a storm, had sought shelter in the witch's cave. As they hovered near the fire, trying to dry their wet garments, the witch appeared to give them no thought whatever. A pet snake, angered by the vivid coloring of the Athenian's cloak, with a loud hiss sprang upon Glaucus. He leaped lightly aside, seized one of the half burnt logs upon the hearth, and struck so dexterously a blow on the head of the snake that it fell prostrate among the embers. Then the old hag, hitherto so listless, sprang up. She cursed Glaucus, cursed Ione. "I have heard her lips call thy name," she cried, "and by that name shall commend thee to the demons; Glaucus thou art doomed." Long and loud echoed the cavern with her dreadful laugh, as Glaucus fled from her presence. A few minutes afterwards, by a more direct road than that taken by the lovers, Arbaces entered the cave, and to the witch, who was doctoring the injured snake, he revealed a cincture seemingly of fire that burned around his waist. At the sight, the witch fell on her knees and humbly offered homage to Hermes of the Burning Girdle. "Arise," he said, "hear me, and obey." How the old hag gloated when he told her the poison was for Glaucus. "But we must not kill him," she said, "else we be detected. But I will give the maiden that which will blast his brains, which shall make him who quaffs it unfit for the uses and purposes of life; an abject, raving, benighted thing." Arbaces glowed with satisfaction. Then, out of the generosity of his heart, promising the witch twenty years more of life, he hastened down the mountain. At the same hour Arbaces held this unholy interview with the witch, Apæcides was baptised a Christian.

The next evening, Julia, accompanied by Nydia, who had again received permission to visit her, met the Egyptian at one of the public baths on the

outskirts of the city. Arbaces, recognizing Nydia, and fearing that she might disclose all to Glaucus, advised Julia to bid her remain at the bath until they returned. Time passed. Julia reappeared, hurried Nydia to the litter, then excited and satisfied with the adventure, she revealed to Nydia the name of the one for whom the philter was intended. A wild hope was born that minute in the heart of the blind girl, she would obtain possession of the philter, and gain the love of Glaucus for herself. At night, as Julia was sleeping soundly, the precious vial under her pillow, Nydia gently drew out the fatal potion, and poured it into a jeweled bottle Julia had that day given her. Then filling the empty bottle with clear water, which Julia told her the potion strongly resembled, Nydia stole to her couch to await the dawning day. As the sun rose, Nydia noiselessly dressed and left the house. Julia was not obliged to wait long before experimenting with the affections of Glaucus, for, a few days afterwards, he was one of a party of eighteen, whom Diomed, her father, had invited to dine with him. During the dinner Julia smiled significantly when she saw the attentions lavished by Glaucus upon Ione, who was also present. After the feast, which was both elaborate and ostentatious, Julia, on the pretext of giving him a present for Ione, invited Glaucus to her private apartments. As it was customary for people about to be married to receive these gifts, Glaucus had no scruples about accepting the beautiful pearl necklace for Ione. Julia stopping short his thanks, poured some wine into a small bowl, and touched the cup to her lips, saying, "Health and fortune to your bride." Etiquette requiring Glaucus to drink the whole contents, he did so, Julia watching with sparkling eye, little knowing the deception Nydia had practiced upon her. She was disappointed when Glaucus coldly replaced the cup, and talked as before; but she consoled herself with the thought that the next day would see Glaucus at her feet. Poor, unfortunate, persecuted Glaucus!

Arriving at his own home, he found Nydia waiting for him in the portico. Her heart beat wildly when Glaucus asked her to order a slave to bring him a cooling drink. "I will prepare for you myself the summer drink Ione loves," said Nydia; she gave him the beverage, and with face now white, now flushed, her hand clasped convulsively, her lips apart, she waited. Glaucus raised the cup to his lips and drained about a fourth of the contents, when, suddenly glancing at Nydia, the strange, intense and painful expression of her face alarmed him. Fearing that she was ill, he put down the cup, and rose from his seat to approach her. A sudden pang shot to his heart. A wild confused sense took possession of his brain. He clapped his hands; he bounded aloft. His blood rushed loudly and rapidly through his veins. He suffered no pain, but his very life seemed to glow with extraordinary heat, and, unable to control himself, he tore from the house. Beneath

the excitement of her remorse, dismay and anguish, Nydia fell senseless to the floor.

After Apæcides had become a Christian, with all the earnestness of one who had long sought and at last found the truth, he determined, assisted by Olinthus, to expose to the people the impositions practiced in the temple. Unfortunately, Calenus was working near and heard the bold project discussed. Anxious to hear all, Calenus learning that the two men intended to meet in the same place the next evening, he determined to be present. Just before the appointed time Apæcides, entering the grove near the temple encountered Arbaces, who, anxious to learn how the poison had acted, was on his way to the home of Julia. The two men stopped. "Apæcides," said Arbaces, "the last time we met we were foes; I have wished since then to see you, for I would still have you my pupil and my friend." "Villain and imposter," cried Apæcides, "tremble; even now false gods shall be unveiled." The Egyptian trembled with rage. Nothing daunted, Apæcides declared himself a Christian. The Egyptian knew well the indomitable zeal which led on the proselytes of that creed, and fearing that Apæcides would disclose all his wickedness, he rushed upon the young convert as he turned to leave the grove and stabbed him to the heart. Arbaces, unmindful of the danger to which he was exposed, carefully wiped his weapon in the grass, and turning to leave, saw the reeling figure of Glaucus approaching. He saw that the Greek was deprived of reason. Nevertheless, as Glaucus came up to the dead body, Arbaces struck him to the ground, raised his voice to the highest pitch, and then taking the stilus from the girdle of Glaucus, he steeped it in the blood of the murdered man, and laid it beside the corpse. To the crowd that came at his cry, Arbaces accused Glaucus of the murder. Olinthus appeared, and fixing his stern eyes on Arbaces, he said, in a deep loud voice, "Murder hath been done upon this corpse! Where is the murderer? Stand forth, Egyptian, for, as the Lord liveth, I believe thou art the man." The Egyptian paled, then adroitly reminded the crowd that his accuser was a Christian, he succeeded in inciting their wrath against Olinthus, and he was placed in custody with the unfortunate Glaucus.

Sallust was the only friend who remained true to Glaucus in his misfortune. He became his bondsman, and, according to the custom, brought Glaucus to his house, where he remained until after the sentence, when he was taken to prison. The testimony of Arbaces against Glaucus had great weight at the trial, and when he had succeeded in making the acquittal of the Greek extremely doubtful, Arbaces pretended to feel a most benevolent interest in the prisoner. He called at the house of Sallust; and, almost weeping, begged to see Glaucus. The sick man had now recovered from

the effects of the poison, having fortunately drained but a fourth of the cup's contents. Arbaces showed him a paper upon which was written a confession of the crime, urging Glaucus to sign it, promising if he did so his life would be spared. Glaucus, conscious of his innocence, scornfully repulsed the Egyptian. "Thou knowest me not," he cried, "thou knowst not the haughty soul of an Athenian. The sudden face of death might appall me for a moment, but the fear is over. Dishonor appalls forever!" Nettled at his failure, Arbaces left the house, encountering Nydia, who devoured by remorse, hovered, raving, day and night, around the door of Sallust's house. Wishing to secure her, lest she disclose the affair of the philter, Arbaces bade Nydia follow him home, as he wished to talk about Glaucus for his good. Of course, Nydia goes to his house and is securely locked in a room. After the burial of Apæcides the full horror of her position burst upon Ione. She felt confident that Arbaces and not Glaucus had killed her brother. She determined to go to Glaucus and share his fate, whatever it might be. On the way she encountered Arbaces, who insisted upon her returning home with him, pretending that the praetor, in her strange embarrassment, had confided her to the care of him, her lawful guardian. She scorned the idea. Then Arbaces had his slaves place her in his litter, and again, Ione overpowered, found herself a prisoner in the Egyptian's house. Delirious with joy, Arbaces entertained himself with the wildest plans. He would carry Ione far, far away from civilized people. There among nations uncrushed by the Roman yoke he would found an empire and transplant his ancestral creed.

Nydia, too, was planning. Finding herself a prisoner, she determined to escape. From the slaves who guarded her she for the first time learned that Glaucus was accused of the murder of Apæcides, and she felt sure that her confession about the philter would save his life. Swiftly she devised a cunning plan. Knowing the superstitious nature of the slaves, she told Sosia, her keeper, to fetch a basin of water and a napkin to her room that night and she would reveal the future to him, and would obtain from her divinity truthful answers to three questions. She told him that the divinity was extremely sensitive, and, lest his feelings be hurt, Sosia was to leave the garden gate ajar, and place some fruit and wine near by. Sosia did all. Nydia tied the napkin round his eyes, placed the basin on the floor between his feet, and told him to stir the water, and if it bubbled the divinity was answering "yes" to the question asked. Nydia then slipped from the room, softly bolted the door, and started for the garden. Hearing voices, she rushed through a door and found herself in a passage. Still the voices approached her, and Nydia, recognizing the tones of Arbaces and Calenus, hastened on. She was now in a damp, pillared vault. In her flight she

struck against one of the pillars and fell. Glad of a place to hide, she crawled up in the corner, and a minute later the two men were quite near her. The small light they carried could not penetrate the gloom, and Arbaces, unconscious of Nydia's presence, talked freely of the murder. It seems that waiting until the Egyptian had made himself conspicuous at the trial, Calenus had told the Egyptian how he had seen him commit the murder, and demanded a large sum of money for his silence. Arbaces promised him as much gold and gems as he could carry away from the well-filled vaults. Calenus eagerly followed Arbaces to the coveted riches. Reaching the door Arbaces said, "Enter, my friend, that thou mayst glut thine eyes on the yellow heaps. Calenus did not wait to be invited twice, but scarce had he crossed the threshold when Arbaces plunged him forward and locked the door. "Starve, wretch," said Arbaces, and, turning, he left the place. Nydia crept to the fatal door and learned all from the duped priest. Speaking hopefully to him, and promising to bring relief, she glided along the pillared space and gained the passage that led to the upper air. Here she paused, deciding to wait until all the household were asleep. After some time, thinking it safe to do so, she entered the garden, and was caught by Sosia and a fellow slave who had released the inquirer into the future. Sosia gagged and carried Nydia back to her old room. Knowing that her escape was almost impossible now, yet conscious that upon her depended the Athenian's sole chance for life, Nydia resolved not to give way to despair. Sosia was her only hope. Might he not be won by the price of freedom? Her bracelets and necklace, gifts from Ione and Glaucus, would more than free him; Sosia refused to carry a letter to Sallust, as Nydia requested. He declared that he dare not do it. Nydia pleaded, argued, and finally overcame the good natured slave's scruples. Sosia took the jewels, and Nydia, compelling him to take a solemn oath that he would deliver it to none but Sallust, put the letter into his hand. Sosia kept his word, but Sallust, drinking heavily to drown his grief, occasioned by the verdict of the court, threw the letter on a table and forgot all about it. The next morning the gladiators were to fight, after which Glaucus was to be delivered to the jury of the lion, and the letter that could free him lies unheeded.

Early on the morning of the execution, Arbaces awoke from a hideous dream, to find the Witch of Vesuvius standing at his side. She came to warn him of the approaching earthquake . . . told how she had seen streams of fire tear along in the crevices of the mountain, and admonished Arbaces to fly. Arbaces determined to see Glaucus die, then to take Ione, his household and valuables, and leave those shores forever. When Sallust awoke, he repeated his order that none of his household should go to

the Amphitheatre, then seeing the letter on the table he bade the attendant to open and read. The man broke the seal, "Good gods, Noble Sallust, hear me read!" "Arm the slaves," cried Sallust. "We will ourselves hasten to the house of Arbaces and release the prisoners." They rushed to the house, released Nydia and Calenus, and as Glaucus stood in the arena with the lion, who, unmindful of the Greek, sniffed the air, groaned, and crouched in the corner, Sallust burst into the Amphitheatre. "Arrest Arbaces," he cried, "he is the murderer." Calenus, pale and haggard, was led to the row where Arbaces sat, and there accused him of the crime. His weakened frame, unable to bear further excitement, Calenus fell to the ground, frothing at the mouth. "A god! a god! I feel the god rush to my lips! To the lion with Arbaces!" he cried. The people saw and shuddered. "A god inspires the holy man. Arbaces to the lion," rang through the building. They were about to seize the Egyptian, when lo! the flames burst from Vesuvius. The earth trembled. Lightning flashed in the air. A panic seized the people. They heard in the distance the crash of falling roofs. . . . Saw a monstrous cloud roll towards them. Bursting, it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes and burning stones. The people no longer thought of Arbaces, but all sought safety in flight. The officers who had led Glaucus into a small cell, gave him a mantle to cover his half clad body. Nydia entered; she flung herself at his feet. "It is I who have saved thee," she sobbed; "now let me die." Taking Nydia by the hand, Glaucus led her across the passage, and encountered Olinthus, who joined them. Hearing someone calling upon Christ, Olinthus, heedless of the entreaties of Glaucus, went back, and found an old man hanging over the body of his son, Lydon the Gladiator. Lydon had fought at the games that morning, hoping to win enough money to purchase his father's freedom. But, alas! the brave young fellow was killed, and even as Olinthus gazed, the father fell dead across the lifeless youth.

Meanwhile, Glaucus and Nydia, hurrying to the house of Arbaces, found Ione, and the three, leaving the house, encountered the Egyptian returning for Ione and his valuables, and, although he was quite near the fugitives, on account of the darkness, he did not notice them. Terrible indeed were the sights of that night. Masses of shrieking humanity, the strong tramping the weak, fled before the awful showers that like an avenging fury pursued them through the city. Vesuvius poured forth its rivers of fire, the earth rumbled, the sea groaned. The ashes, already knee deep, sifted their way into the underground passages, smothering and burying those who had sought shelter there. In this way perished Diomed, Julia and Clodius, whom she was soon to marry. Calenus and Burbo, robbing the temple, were accosted by the avenger, and could not escape. Arbaces, surrounded by his slaves,

saw Glaucus supporting the drooping form of Ione. Determined to have her, if only in death, the Egyptian, advancing to seize Ione, was struck by a falling statue and his head severed from his body. At such a time, Nydia, on account of her blindness, was a sure guide. Seeking the least frequented streets she led them to the sea, confident that once there they could escape from the city. Suddenly Nydia was torn from them, Glaucus and Ione wandered hopelessly about. Nydia, finding herself separated from them, raised that plaintive cry peculiar to the blind. She begged those around her to tell her of Glaucus. But who in that maddened crowd cared for Glaucus? Nydia fell, and would have been crushed had not Sallust, passing then, saved her. She slipped from his clasp, retraced her steps to the forum, where the Egyptian had been slain, and there she found Glaucus and Ione. "Nydia still? thou art safe," said Glaucus. Blessing him for his thought of her, Nydia led them to the sea. In the darkness they put forth in a vessel just departing, and utterly exhausted Ione slept on the breast of Glaucus, and Nydia lay at his feet. In the silence of the general sleep, Nydia arose, bent over the face of Glaucus and sadly kissed his brow. "May the gods bless you, Athenian," she murmured; "may you be happy with your beloved one. May you some times think of Nydia. Alas, she is of no further use on earth!" She crept along the platform to the farther end of the vessel. "I cannot endure it, this jealous love. It maddens my whole soul. I might harm him again! Twice have I saved him! It is the last glad thought I shall ever know!" A slight splash on the water, the vessel bounded merrily on—and that was all! Next morning the lovers' first thought was for Nydia. No trace of her could be found. Mysterious, from first to last, she had vanished forever. Glaucus and Ione looked into each others' eyes. Silently they guessed her fate and wept for her as a sister.

Arriving in Greece, Glaucus and Ione were married, and just where he could see it from his study window, Glaucus erected a tomb to the memory of Nydia. Ione gathered fresh flowers for it daily, but Glaucus wreathed them round the tomb. Sallust escaped to Rome, and ten years after the awful calamity that befell Pompeii, Glaucus writing to his friend, urges him to leave Rome and come to Greece. He added, that although the poison quaffed years ago had sobered the bounding blood of his youth—happy in the love of Ione—happy in the Christian faith, which they had both embraced—earth could offer no more—his life was a loving peaceful existence.

ANALYSIS.

"For as there is no chimera vainer than the hope that one human heart shall find sympathy in another, so none ever interpret us with justice and

none ; no, not our nearest and dearest ties forbear with us in mercy ! When we are dead, and repentance comes too late, both friend and foe may wonder to think how little there was in us to forgive."

"If we consider ourselves more harshly treated by fate than those around us, and do not acknowledge in our own deeds the justice of the severity, we become too apt to deem the world our enemy, to case ourselves in defiance, and to wrestle against our softer self."

"Most men have more or less passion for power."

"When the poet is your host, his verses are sure to charm."

"Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it."

"Without virtue, thou canst not have peace. Like the rainbow, peace rests upon the earth, but its arch is lost in heaven."

"He who awaits death dies twice."

MY NOVEL.

Squire Hazeldean had repaired the Parish Stocks, which for lack of use had gone to decay, and were almost hidden by a rank growth of thistles. But now they stood out fresh and bright with a new coat of paint, awaiting their first victim. This was little Lenny Fairfield, whom Mr. Stirn, the Squire's right-hand man, had spitefully seized one Sunday morning, and thrust into the stocks, as an example to all unruly boys.

Lenny, feeling deeply the disgrace, was struggling in vain to free himself, when good Doctor Riccabocca, a political exile from Italy, who lived in the "Casino," on the estate of Squire Hazeldean, chanced to pass by. The sympathetic doctor set Lenny free, and then to convince himself how it felt to sit in the stocks, propped open the huge jaws with a stick, and sitting down on the bank, thrust his long legs into the two half-circles made to receive them. But, unfortunately for him, just as he was fairly in, the prop slipped out, and the doctor was a real prisoner. As Doctor Riccabocca's form was by no means supple, and the twin parts of the wood stuck together with that firmness which things newly painted possess, he resigned himself to his fate, and expanding his red silk umbrella to shade him from the sun, he was soon lost in pleasant dreams.

He was awakened by the voice of the Squire, who, returning from church, was astonished to see the doctor in such a plight, but soon released

him, and together with Parson Dale they went to the cottage of the Widow Fairfield, to comfort Lenny, and assure him of forgiveness.

"Sir, I don't want to be forgiven," said Lenny. "I aint done no wrong, and I've been disgraced — and I won't go to school, never no more."

And so it came about that Leonard Fairfield went to work for Doctor Riccabocca. Under the instruction of his new master, Leonard not only developed into an excellent gardener, but displayed a remarkable aptitude for reading. His taste for study was so evident, that Parson Dale made an effort to induce Leonard's grandparents to give him a college education. This effort resulted in Leonard's being sent to the home of his uncle, Richard Avenel, a wealthy manufacturer, who had made a fortune in America, and had returned to Screwestown, where he bought a vast estate, and settled down as a large manufacturer and tradesman.

It was with regret that Leonard bade good-bye to Doctor Riccabocca and his family. Since he came into his service the doctor had married Miss Jemima, a cousin of Squire Hazeldean, and had sent to Italy for his only child Violante, a bewitching young girl, loved by all who knew her. Then, too, Leonard was enjoying the first virgin sweetness of fame, in praises for an essay on the diffusion of knowledge, which had been published in a local paper.

Leonard had not been two days in his uncle's house before Richard had forbidden all correspondence between the boy and his mother. One day, while a grand *Déjeûner Dansant* was in progress on Richard's ample grounds, the throng of titled ladies and gentlemen in attendance were startled by the sudden appearance in their midst of a woman in a cotton gown, thick shoes, and a little black straw bonnet.

It was Leonard's mother, Mrs. Fairfield, who, anxious to see him, had made her appearance at this inopportune time. Richard hurried his sister into the house, as soon as possible, and once there, his ire burst forth in a torrent of vituperation, and ending up with "Confound you both! You can't be seen creeping out of my house now. Keep her here, you young viper, you; keep her here till I come back, and then if you choose to go, go and be—." Mr. Avenel hurried out of the room and locked the door behind him. Before he returned, Leonard and his mother fled through an open window; Leonard resolving never again to return.

Before we follow Leonard further, let us turn back in our history, and learn the story of Mrs. Fairfield's sister, Nora Avenel.

Nora had fled from the boyish love of Harley L'Estrange, in the home of whose mother, Lady Lansmere, she was serving, to take the position of companion to Lady Jane Horton.

There she met a young soliciter, who afterward ripened into Baron Levy. Vanity in Levy was a powerful passion, and with the vain, hatred is strong,

revenge is rankling. So when Levy formally proposed to Nora and was rejected, his self-love was bitterly wounded.

Now, Harley had ever believed that Nora returned his love, and he discovered, not without difficulty, Nora's new residence. He presented himself at Lady Jane's, and she forbade him the house. His young heart swelled with rage. He dropped threats, which alarmed all the fears of Lady Lansmere, and even the prudent apprehension of his friend, Audley Egerton, who, sincerely anxious to save Harley from an indiscretion which his own notions led him to regard as fatal, had resolved to examine this boasted pearl, and to find out its flaws.

At the first interview, the effect that Nora produced on Egerton was profound and strange. He was prepared for a simple, blushing village girl, and involuntarily he bowed low his proud front at the first sight of that delicate bloom, and that exquisite gentleness which is woman's surest passport to the respect of man.

When at last, after many interviews, he summoned up courage to allude to Harley, and saw that Harley was not loved, a joy, which he felt as guilty, darted through his whole frame.

"I will go there no more," said he abruptly to Harley.

"But why?"

"The girl does not love you. Cease then to think of her."

Harley disbelieved him, and grew indignant. One day he came to him in great grief; he had heard that Nora was ill. He implored Audley to go once more and ascertain. Audley went. He forgot his friend—his trust; he forgot ambition—he forgot the world. It was his own cause that he pleaded—his own love that burst forth from his lips, and when the two that day parted, they were betrothed.

To terminate a suspense, that every interview with Harley tortured alike by jealousy and shame, Audley pressed for speedy and secret nuptials. He represented to Lady Lansmere that Nora was no longer safe from Harley's pursuit, and Nora went to a house in a remote quarter, which Egerton selected as their bridal home, and where she lived under the name of Bertram.

Egerton's business affairs were all in the hands of Levy, and when he accidentally discovered who Egerton had married, he determined to have his revenge. On pretense of assisting Egerton in the arrangement of his affairs, he went frequently to Egerton Hall, and watched the effect Nora's almost daily letters produced on the bridegroom, now more and more irritated by his business affairs, and constantly instilled into the mind of the ambitious man a regret for the imprudence of hasty passion. Calling on Nora, under the pretense of bringing her a letter from Audley, he impressed her

with the idea that she held a second place in Audley's heart, ambition being first.

His way thus prepared, he next began to drop hints of gossip and slander. And now Levy went further still in his determination to alienate these two hearts. He circulated in Nora's own neighborhood the very slanders at which he had hinted ; and having thrown her into a wild state of indefinite alarm, in which he obtained her solemn promise not to divulge to Audley what he was about to say, he told her, with villainous hypocrisy of reluctant shame, "that her marriage was not strictly legal, and that Audley had left himself free to disown the rite and desert the bride."

Then Nora's anger burst forth. She believed such a stain on Audley's honor ! "I will go to him !" she cried impetuously.

"Go to him in his own house ! What a scene, what a scandal ! Could he ever forgive you ?"

"At least then I will implore him to come to me. I cannot write such horrible words ; I cannot — I cannot — Go, go."

Levy went, and had things so arranged that when the letter reached Audley it found him with his house surrounded with eager creditors, who, at the instigation of Levy, were ready to seize him the moment he attempted to leave. Unable to go to Nora, he was prevailed upon by Levy to trust to him for an explanation. At Levy's dictation Audley wrote : "All that you ask me to explain I have instructed Levy, my solicitor, to say for me, and you may believe him as you would myself." Of that letter Levy made such use that the day after he had given it to Nora she had left the house — the neighborhood ; fled, and not a trace.

Audley had received no line from Nora. He was surprised and perplexed, but had no suspicion of the truth. He now grew more seriously alarmed, and in the midst of that alarm Levy contrived that he should be arrested for debt. Before the disgrace got wind the writs were discharged — Levy baffled. He was free through the intervention of Lord L'Estrange. The benefit was conferred before Audley knew of it or could prevent it. Then a new emotion, and perhaps scarce less stinging than the loss of Nora, tortured him.

Meanwhile, the miserable Nora, deceived by the arts and representations of Levy, had no thought save to hide herself forever from Audley's eyes, and shortly after she left England with an Italian lady, as a companion.

All this time the poor girl was under a moral delirium — a confused fever ; but when the seas rolled and the dreary leagues interposed between her and her lover — doubt broke upon the previous despair. She was destined to become a mother. At that thought her high nature bowed. She would return to England, see Audley, and learn from his lips the truth.

When, after some delay, she did return, Audley was not at home. Looking at the newspapers, in hopes she might discover his whereabouts, this paragraph met her eye :

“ Among the guests at the country seat of the Earl of Lansmere, is Miss Leslie, whose wealth and beauty have created such sensation in the fashionable world. To the disappointment of numerous aspirants among the aristocracy, we hear that this lady will soon be married to Mr. Audley Egerton.”

Again the anchor snapped, again the storm descended, again the stars vanished. When that fatal newspaper paragraph, which lied so like truth, met Nora's eyes, she obeyed the first impulse of her passionate heart, she tore the wedding ring from her finger and inclosed it with the paragraph itself, in a letter to Audley, and left London by the first coach, which went within a few miles of her old home. Those last few miles she traveled on foot, and exhausted and fainting, she fell down under the old pollard tree by the side of her father's house.

Nora died in giving birth to a child — died delirious. In her delirium she had spoken of shame, of disgrace ; there was no holy nuptial ring on her finger !

When Nora's letter reached Audley, the wedding ring fell on the ground and rolled under his feet. And those burning, passionate reproaches explained to him the mystery of her return — her unjust suspicions — the cause of her sudden death, which he ascribed to brain fever, for Nora did not speak of the child about to be born.

Jane Fairfield had a sanguine belief in her sister's innocence. All her suspicions naturally pointed to Lord L'Estrange, and she prevailed upon Parson Dale to make inquiries ; accordingly, he went to Harley's friend, Audley Egerton, who seemed much agitated when he heard that Nora had left a child, but, without committing himself, he declared Harley's innocence. Audley now made search for his son, and was told that the child was dead. In reality it was the child of Jane Fairfield that died, while Nora's child lived, and was adopted by Jane as her own.

Believing the child dead, the sole reason for acknowledging his marriage seemed to Audley to be now removed. Levy was ever urging him to propose to the rich Miss Leslie, and somehow or other the marriage with all its rich advantages to the ruined gentleman, was thus made up.

A few days after Leonard had escaped from his uncle Richard's house, he started on foot to seek his fortune in London. His first stop was at a little village near the great city. As he was passing the village churchyard, his heart was touched by the distress of a young girl weeping by a new-made grave. He strove to comfort her, but in vain. He learned at the inn

where he stopped that her name was Helen Digby ; that her father had died there, without leaving any clue to his home or relatives, except to say, just as he was expiring : " Write to Lord Les—," and never finishing the name. The landlady said he spoke of a Dr. Morgan, who lived in London, and was a " homy—something."

" Homicide," suggested Leonard ignorantly.

" Ah—homicide ; something like that, only a great deal longer and worse, but we don't know his address, and Lunnion is a vast place, sir."

" I am going to London, and will find it out," said Leonard.

" I wish she was going with you," replied the landlady.

Acting on this suggestion, the next morning Leonard and Helen started out on foot. Arrived at London, Leonard was fortunate in finding Doctor Morgan, who recognized him at once as the grandson of his old friend, John Avenel, and found a situation for both him and Helen. But their good fortune lasted only for a short time ; the bookseller, for whom Leonard worked, died, and he was thrown out of employment.

At this time he met a Mr. Burley, a brilliant writer, but a victim of intemperance. Through him Leonard became a regular contributor to the *Beehive*. One morning, as Leonard sat with Burley, a fashionable cabriolet stopped at the door—a loud knock—a quick step on the stair, and Randal Leslie entered. Randal was the protege of Squire Hazeldean's half-brother Audley Egerton, and was himself distantly related to the Squire. He recognized Leonard, but said very little to him, his business being with Mr. Burley, with whom he discussed a political question, which made the then war-cry between the two great Parliamentary parties. For five days did Randal call, and discuss the question in all its bearings ; then he came no more ; but there soon appeared a pamphlet on the subject, really the thoughts and views of Mr. Burley, but over the signature of Randal Leslie, who had skillfully used Burley's brains to make himself famous.

For a time Leonard was able to earn enough with his pen to support himself and Helen comfortably ; but trouble came ; the *Beehive* was no longer to be published, and Helen was smitten with a fever. Leonard watched anxiously by her side ; money grew scarce, and things looked exceedingly dismal.

One day, when Leonard was sitting in a nook in the Thames Bridge, he heard some one who was approaching, call, " Nero, sir, come here."

" Nero !" That was the name by which Helen said her father's friend Les— had called his dog. Leonard spoke to the man.

" Pardon me, but can it be possible, that you are the one for whom I have sought in vain on behalf of the child of Captain Digby ?"

Harley L'Estrange stopped short. "Digby!" he exclaimed, "where is he?" A very few moments, and a very few words, sufficed to explain to Harley the state of his old fellow-soldier's orphan, and Harley himself soon stood in the young sufferer's room, whispering into ears that heard him as in a happy dream, "Comfort, comfort; your father still lives in me."

Harley now had Helen removed to a cottage, where with pure air and careful nursing she was soon out of danger. For Leonard, he obtained a situation as amanuensis to a Mr. Norreys. Helen he decided to take with him when he went abroad, to be educated, as was befitting the child of his old comrade Captain Digby.

One day Leonard met upon the street his friend Dr. Morgan, and rode with him, at his invitation, to see a patient a few miles out in the country.

"A very interesting patient is Burley," said the doctor. "Coats of his stomach quite worn out, sir — man of great learning, with a very inflamed cerebellum."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Leonard. "Are you speaking of John Burley?"

"To be sure; that is his name — John Burley."

Leonard having thus found his old friend, devoted his time to caring for him until he died. The night of Burley's death, wearied as Leonard was with watching, he had no thought of sleep, and taking up a package of papers which Burley left on the table, he began to read — to read the journal of his own mother, Nora Avenel. And while this discovery is dawning upon Leonard Fairfield, revealing a relationship which he had long suspected, let us follow the fortunes of Dr. Riccabocca.

Giulio Franzini, Count di Peschiera, was the present incumbent of Riccabocca's large estates in Italy. A general amnesty had already been extended to the other refugees, and fearing he would lose all he now possessed, Peschiera with his sister Beatrice, Marchesa di Negra, had come to England, determined to find his exiled kinsman, and by marrying his daughter, secure to himself an interest in the estate.

"Dear Beatrice," said the Count, "you say that you know some one whom you believe to be acquainted with the lurking-place of my father-in-law — that is to be!"

"I think so. You remind me that I have an appointment with him this day; it is near the hour — I must leave you."

Half an hour after the Marchesa regained her house, a knock at the door was heard, and in a few moments there entered a visitor with the easy familiarity of an intimate acquaintance — a young man, but with none of the bloom of youth. It was Randal Leslie, and to him Beatrice disclosed the plans of her brother, and begged him to tell the hiding place of Violante, Riccabocca's charming daughter, and prospective heir.

As Randal glided along the streets, on leaving the Italian's house, he thought that, if the exile's daughter were heiress to such wealth, perhaps he himself might win her ; so calling upon Riccabocca at the Casino, and informing him of Peschiera's designs, he prevailed upon him to move with his family to London, where he could keep him posted from day to day regarding Peschiera's movements. Thus Randal ingratiated himself into the heart of Riccabocca, who thought to discover in the marriage of Violante and Randal, a way of defeating any designs Peschiera might have.

Soon after Riccabocca moved to London, Harley L'Estrange returned to England, and called upon him. As soon as he announced his name, the door flew open, as did that of the mystic cavern at the sound of "Open Sesame ;" and Harley was warmly welcomed by Violante and Riccabocca. A long time was spent talking over affairs in Italy, and measures to be pursued to baffle Peschiera. When Harley heard that Violante had been promised to Randal Leslie, he showed marked vexation, and said : "It is madness for you to countenance such a marriage ; it may destroy all chance of your restoration. At all events, pause, till we know more of this young man."

At the invitation of Harley's mother, Violante went to stay with her and Helen, as a safer retreat, and one which would be unknown to Randal Leslie ; but Randal surmised where she had gone, and within a few days he saw her walking in the garden with Lady Lansmere.

Baron Levy informed Randal that he had bought up Madame di Negra's debts, and, to secure himself, he offered Randal £10,000 if he would reveal the hiding place of Violante, to be paid the day Count Peschiera married her. Randal was greatly agitated, and after a silent self-commune, said :

"Look you, sir, I am poor and ambitious ; you have tempted me at the right moment, and with the right inducement. I succumb."

Randal now proceeded to Riccabocca's house, where, under false representations of imminent danger to Violante, he obtained a letter addressed to her, in which her father requested her to receive Mr. Leslie with favor, and informed her that it was necessary to his peace and happiness that she should marry Randal at once. When Randal presented this letter to Violante she recoiled.

"I cannot marry you," she said passionately.

"Indeed !" answered Randal dryly. "You will be then the first daughter of your house who disobeyed a father."

Violante wrung her hands. "Is there no choice, no escape ?"

"One person might perhaps have preserved you from the misery you seem to anticipate with me ; that person is the sister of your father's enemy — the Marchesa di Negra. I am convinced that she has great influence

with her brother and might defeat his plans." Randal then bowed with formal ceremony, and left the house.

Violante was thus prepared to comply with the request in the following letter, which she received the next morning :

"I would gladly see you, but I cannot call openly at the house in which you live. Perhaps I may have it in my power to arrange family dissensions — to render you an essential service. Will you meet me, an hour after noon, in the lane, just outside the private gate of your gardens? I shall be alone. Come I beseech you."

"BEATRICE."

A little before the appointed hour Violante stole unobserved through the trees, opened the little gate and found herself in the quiet, solitary lane with Beatrice.

"We cannot talk here," said Beatrice impatiently, "and I have much to say. My carriage waits yonder. Come home with me — I will not detain you an hour; and I will bring you back."

Violante, at first startled, was at length persuaded to consent, and after a ride so long that her suspicions were aroused that all was not right, the carriage stopped before a tall dull house, standing at the end of a narrow lane, bounded on one side by the Thames, which was crowded with gloomy, dark-looking crafts, all lying lifeless under the wintry sky. As the door closed on Violante — who now, waking to suspicion, to alarm, looked fearfully around the dark and dismal hall — Beatrice turned: "Let the carriage wait," she said.

The Italian who received the order bowed and smiled, but when the two ladies had ascended the stairs he reopened the street door and said to the driver, "Back to the Count, and say all is safe."

One of the reasons which led Beatrice to assist her brother in his scheme was jealousy. She thought she saw in Violante a rival; but a few quick and fierce questions had cleared away every doubt, and her conscience startled her with the magnitude of her treachery.

"I have deceived you!" she cried, "but I will save you at any cost. Return with me quick, to the home from which I have snared you."

Beatrice's hand was on the door while she spoke. Suddenly her face fell — her lips grew white; the door was locked from without. Both of them were prisoners. She called — no one answered; the windows were high and barred. Not a hope to save Violante from a fate that now appalled her seemed to remain. Night came on. No one broke the solitude. At length, about midnight, a bell rang at the street door. Then there was a quick sound of steps — the door opened, and two Italians, bearing tapers, entered, and the Count di Peschiera followed. Beatrice sprang up and rushed toward her brother. He motioned the Italians to withdraw, then, putting aside his sister, addressed Violante.

"Fair kinswoman," said he, "I have sworn to win you, and I have had no opportunities to woo. Fear not; the worst that can befall you is to be my bride. Stand aside, my sister, stand aside."

Violante darted across the room, opened the door, and closed it hastily behind her. Beatrice clung firmly to the Count to detain him from pursuit. But just without the door, close, as if listening to what passed within, stood a man wrapped from head to foot, in a large boat-cloak.

"Hist!" whispered the man in English, and passing his arm around her, "in this house you are in that ruffian's power; out of it, safe. Ah! I am by your side—I, Violante!"

The voice thrilled to Violante's heart. She started—looked up, but nothing was seen of the man's face, save a mass of raven curls, and a beard of the same hue.

The Count now threw open the door, dragging after him his sister.

"Ha—that is well!" he cried to the man in Italian. "Bear the lady after me gently, but if she attempt to cry out—why, force enough to silence her, not more."

He caught his sister in his arms as he spoke, and, regardless of her cries and struggles sprang down the stairs. The hall was crowded with fierce swarthy men. In an instant, the Marchesa was seized and gagged, and preceded by some of his hirelings, Peschiera entered a boat, which was moored on the bank of the river. The two females were next lifted in, and Violante felt her hand pressed almost convulsively by the man who stood by the plank. The rest followed, and in another minute, the boat bounded swiftly over the waves toward a vessel that lay several furlongs adown the river. Violante was first helped from the small boat on to the deck of the vessel; Beatrice followed, and then Peschiera.

As the Count leaped upon the deck, a flood of light poured upon him from lifted torches. That light streamed full on the face and form of a man of commanding stature, whose arm was around Violante, and whose dark eyes flashed upon the Count more luminously than the torches. At his side stood Lord L'Estrange. The Count strove to speak, but his voice faltered. Suddenly there burst from all the Italians present, a hoot of unutterable scorn—"Il traditore! il traditore!" (the traitor! the traitor!)

The Count advanced toward L'Estrange with a bold stride.

"What trick is this?" he said fiercely.

"*Pardieu, Monsieur le Comte*," answered Harley, "this vessel——"

"Is mine!" cried the Count. "Those men who insult me should be in my pay."

"The men in your pay, Monsieur le Comte, are on shore, drinking success to your voyage. Your grand mistake is in thinking the "Flying

Dutchman" is yours. I have bought it. Nevertheless, for the next few weeks, I place it — men and all — at your service, to commence by an excursion to the seas of the Baltic, the sentence of banishment, which accompanies the same act, that restores to the chief of your house his lands and his honors. Kneel then, Guilio Franzini — kneel at the feet of Alphonso, Duke of Serrano."

At the name with which Harley concluded his address to the Count, a cry from the Italians broke forth, and forgetful even of the Count, they crowded around the tall form of Riccabocca, shouting: "Viva, viva, Alphonso the good! Duke of Serrano!"

The Count stood glaring around him, like one at bay. As the Duke approached, he exclaimed: "Back, pedant, back. You have not triumphed yet;" and made a rush toward the side of the vessel, but was dragged back, pinioned down, and in spite of his struggles, fairly carried down into the cabin.

Leaving Beatrice to accompany her brother on his enforced cruise, the rescuers returned home, rejoicing that the villainous scheme of Peschiera had been thwarted.

In the journal of Nora Avenel, which we left Leonard reading, Harley L'Estrange seemed clearly indicated in the boy-lover. If so, Harley must know all that was left dark to Leonard, and to him Leonard resolved to confide the manuscript, which he did at the first opportunity.

Harley L'Estrange sat in his room, a stern, gloomy, brooding man. He had read that fragment of a memoir, in which, out of all the chasm of his bare and melancholy past, there rose two malignant truths: The woman, whose remembrance had darkened all the sunshine of his life, had loved another: the friend, in whom he had confided all his affectionate, loyal soul, had been his perfidious rival. His nature, in the war of its elements, seemed to change and harden into the forms of granite. Love, humanity, trust, vanished away. Hate, revenge, misanthropy, suspicion and scorn settled down in his heart, grim and menacing; and he wrote a letter to Leonard, in which he requested him to suspend all questions, and forbear all reference to the subject for the present. He also urged him to comply with the request of his uncle, Richard Avenel, and stand for the borough of Lansmere at the coming election, as opponent of Audley Egerton and Randal Leslie.

Harley determined to ruin Egerton, thinking in his ruin to find revenge for his years of deceit, and in this plan he secured the aid of Baron Levy, who, as we know, was a bitter enemy of Audley's.

Harley had meant never to have revealed to Audley the secret he had gained, until the moment when revenge was consummated; but willing, per-

haps, to hail some extenuation of perfidy, he determined on an interview with Audley, who, though he knew nothing of the memoir, had heard that Harley had been closeted with Parson Dale, whom he knew held his secret.

As Harley entered, Egerton said, "You have seen Mr. Dale? You know——"

"All!" said Harley, completing the sentence.

Audley drew a long sigh. "Be it so; but no, Harley, you deceive yourself. You cannot know all from anyone living save myself."

"My knowledge comes from the dead," answered Harley, and the fatal memoir dropped from his hand upon the table.

"Audley Egerton, you took from me the gravest trust one man can confide to another. You knew I loved Leonora Avenel. You saw her whom I thus loved; you wooed her for yourself. Is this so?"

"Harley, I deny it not. Cease here. Spare me, spare me!"

"You took from me the heart of Nora Avenel. You abandoned her; you destroyed. And her memory cast no shadow over your daily sunshine, while over my thoughts, over my life, oh, Egerton—Audley, Audley—how could you have deceived me thus! You suffered me to nurse the remorse that should have been yours—her life slain, mine wasted—and shall neither of us have revenge?"

"Revenge! Ah, Harley, you have had it!"

"No, but I await it! And whom did fate select to discover the wrongs of the mother?—whom appoint as her avenger? Your son—your own son, your abandoned, nameless son!"

"Son—son?"

"Whom I delivered from famine, or from worse, and who, in return, has given into my hands the evidence which proclaims in you the perjured friend of Harley L'Estrange, and the fraudulent seducer, under mock marriage forms, of Leonora Avenel."

"It is false—false!" exclaimed Egerton.

"Ah," said Harley, startled. "Ah, false! Prove that and revenge is over."

Then Egerton told all; his own love for Nora—his struggles against what he felt as treason to his friend—their secret marriage, Nora's flight, her death—his conquest of his own grief, that he might spare Harley the abrupt shock of learning her decease. He spoke of his journey to the village, where Mr. Dale told him Nora's child was placed—"and, hearing that child and mother were alike gone, whom could I right by acknowledging a bond that I feared would so wring your heart?"

"And now, Harley, all is told. You spoke of revenge."

"Revenge," muttered Harley, starting. "Audley! You have told me your offense, never can I name to you my own. Rejoice that we have both

to exchange forgiveness, and in that exchange we are equal. Still I have much to do and undo. You are saved from the grasp of Levy; your election will be won. Let me go — your hand again! Ah! Audley, we shall be so happy yet!"

The election is over. All the town know that Audley Egerton and Richard Avenel are the members for Lansmere. Randal Leslie, who had secured the support of Avenel, if he should withdraw from the field as he talked of doing, was a disappointed man.

That evening, nerving himself to all that could task his power, he attended a reception, given at the Earl of Lansmere's. Congratulations on Randal's engagement to Violante led Harley, who had heard something of his duplicity, to question him in public regarding his relations with Count Peschiera. Randal stoutly denied all imputations against his character, till Peschiera, summoned back by Harley, suddenly appeared on the scene.

"Monsieur le Comte," said Harley, "I presume to inquire, who informed you that this young lady was a guest under my father's roof?"

"My informant stands yonder — Mr. Randal Leslie. And I call upon Baron Levy to confirm my statement."

"It is true," said the Baron slowly.

Randal remained mute, and as pale as death. He felt that all present were shrinking from his side.

"The fact is," said the Baron, "that Mr. Leslie was anxious to complete a purchase of certain estates that had once belonged to his family, and that the Count's marriage with the Signora, and his sister's marriage with Squire Hazeldean's son, would have enabled me to have accommodated Mr. Leslie with a loan to effect that purchase."

"What! what!" exclaimed the Squire — "my son's marriage! You lent yourself to that too?"

"I abet Frank's marriage! Oh!" cried Randal, clinging to a straw, "if Frank himself were but here!"

Harley's compassion vanished before this sustained hypocrisy. He opened the door of the inner room, and Frank appeared at the entrance.

"My son — my son!" cried the Squire, rushing forward and clasping Frank to his broad fatherly breast.

This affecting incident gave a sudden change to the feelings of the audience, and for a moment Randal was forgotten. Then they sought him, but he was gone; a baffled schemer, to wander in foreign lands.

The strain of the last few days had been too much for Audley Egerton's overtaxed system, and he was confined to his room when the news of his election came, and a message from Harley, saying: "Before night you shall embrace your son. We will come to your rooms."

Harley entered first. Leonard came next — Leonard Fairfield, whom Audley had known as his opponent. He began to suspect — to conjecture — to see the mother's tender eyes in the son's manly face.

"Friend," said Harley, "I give to you a son, proved in adversity, and who has fought his way to fame. Leonard, kneel to your father! the husband of Nora Avenel."

"Here — here," exclaimed Egerton, "here to my heart!" and his proud head sunk on his son's shoulder.

"But this is not enough," said Harley, leading Helen, and placing her by Leonard's side. "You must open your heart for more. Take into its folds my sweet ward and daughter. They have loved each other from children. Audley, yours be the hand to join, yours be the lips to bless."

"As for myself," said Harley, "another home woos you, Audley. He whom you long so vainly sought to reconcile to life, he too presents you to his bride. But for her, I should have been a blinded, vindictive, guilty, repentant man, and ——" Violante's soft hand was on his lips.

"Thus," said Parson Dale, with mild solemnity, "man finds that the Saviour's precepts, 'Let not the sun go down on your wrath,' and 'Love one another,' are clues that conduct us through the labyrinth of human life, when the schemes of fraud and hate snap asunder, and leave us lost amid the maze."

Egerton reared his head, as if to answer. Suddenly, both hands were still; his head fell back. Joy had burst asunder the last ligaments so fretted away in unrevealing sorrow. The weakened heart ceased to act, and amidst promises of home and union, death strode into the household ring, and, seating itself calm and still, looked life-like; warm hearts throbbing round it; love kneeling at its feet; religion, with lifted finger, standing by its side.

QUOTATIONS.

"If one don't give Justice the first place at the table, all the other Virtues eat up her share."

"Life suggests to a quiet contemplator, the image of one of those rotary entertainments commonly seen in fairs, and known by the name of 'Whirligigs or Roundabouts,' in which each participator in the pastime, seated on his hobby, is always apparently in the act of pursuing some one before him, while he is pursued by some one behind him."

"The man who wants his wedding garments to fit him must allow plenty of time for the measure."

"Trees are trees, and twigs twigs, but man is always growing, till he falls into the grave."

"Fate is the Isis whose veil no mortal can ever raise."

"There is something very strange, and almost mesmeric, in the *rapproch* between two evil natures. Bring two honest men together, and it is ten to one if they recognize each other as honest. But bring together two men, unprincipled and perverted—men who, if born in a cellar, would have been food for the hulks or gallows—and they understand each other by instant sympathy."

"One may judge of the spirits and disposition of a man by his ordinary gait and mein in walking. He who habitually pursues abstract thought, looks down on the ground. He who is accustomed to sudden impulses, looks up with a kind of jerk. He who is a steady, cautious, merely practical man, walks on deliberately, his eyes straight before him. But the man of pushing, lively temperament, who, though practical, is yet speculative, walks with a spring,—his port has something of defiance—his form is erect, but without stiffness."

"Who shall say—who conjecture how near two hearts can become, when no guilt lies between them, and time brings the ties all its own? Rarest of all things on earth is the union in which both, by their contrasts, make harmonious their blending: each supplying the defects of the helpmate, and completing, by fusion, one strong human soul. Where man's thoughts are all noble and generous, woman's feelings all gentle and pure, love may follow, if it does not precede;—and if not,—if the roses be missed from the garland, one may sigh for the rose, but one is safe from the thorn."

"When we look back upon human records, how the eye settles upon writers as the main land-marks of the past! We talk of the age of Augustus, of Elizabeth, of Louis XIV., of Anne, as the notable eras of the world. Why? Because it is their writers who have made them so. Intervals between one age of authors and another lie unnoticed, as the flats and common lands of uncultured history."

"'Pray, Mr. ———, will you answer me one question: You are said to have two millions, and you spend £600 a year. In order to rest and enjoy, what will content you?' 'A little more,' answered the millionaire. That 'little more' is the main-spring of civilization. Nobody ever gets it!'"

"Of all the agonies in life, that which is most poignant and harrowing—that which for the time most annihilates reason and leaves our whole organization one lacerated, mangled heart—is the conviction that we have been deceived where we placed all the trust of love. The moment the anchor snaps, the storm comes on—the stars vanish behind the cloud."



ALEXANDER DUMAS.

BORN 1803.

FRANCE.

DIED 1870.

ALEXANDER DUMAS.

The real name of the great Parisian playwright and novelist, known to the world as Alexander Dumas, was the Marquis Davy de la Pailletterie. His grandfather, the old Marquis, married a negress of St. Domingo, Louise Dumas. Their son named, some say, Mathieu, others, Alexander Davy, upon arriving at maturity, took his mother's family name. The son of this son was, consequently, known as Alexander Davy Dumas. He was born at Villers Cotterets, Department of the Aisne, France, 24th of July, 1803. His father died during the infancy of his son, and Alexander was reared, in an indefinite sort of way, by his mother. As the father left only a small property, the support of the mother fell at length to the son. For this purpose he went, at the age of eighteen, to Paris, in search of employment, and was engaged as copying clerk to the secretary of the Duke of Orleans— afterwards Louis Philippe— at a salary of one hundred francs (\$20.00) per month. His leisure was occupied in the composition of plays. After having written several, which were refused by one dramatic manager after another, he finally, in 1829, secured a hit with his "Henri III.," and from that moment, for thirty years, his plays were all the rage.

He became immensely rich, and being rich, suffered himself to become wildly and wickedly extravagant. He lavished money on horses, women and other luxuries; the brilliancy of his costumes and the sumptuousness of his banquets became the talk of Paris. He built a magnificent theatre for himself, and a wonder in the way of a residence, known as the Chateau de Monte Cristo. On the Chateau alone he expended 450,000 francs.

Dumas claimed an important share in overthrowing the Bourbon dynasty. Whether the claim was true or false, he received a decoration from Louis Philippe. He was chosen by the Duke de Montpensier as the historian of his marriage with the sister of Isabella, and accompanied him to Spain for the purpose. His signature, hampered by numerous titles, was attached to the marriage contract. From Spain, the French government gave him a man-of-war wherewith to make a visit to Africa.

The attempt to enumerate and characterize the swarm of plays produced by Dumas would be hopeless. Their reputation is largely local, only one, "*La Tour de Nesle*," having gained anything like cosmopolitan fame. As a novelist Dumas became conspicuous all at once, and that by the publication of *The Three Musketeers* and *Monte Cristo*, in 1844. These are the works by which he will be remembered; nearly all that he has written besides has already passed out of mind. For years he gave employment to nearly a hundred collaborators, so that no one can tell how much of his multitudinous writings was really his own.

He was accustomed to say: "There is enough of me in my work that bears my name to make it mine." He was an incredibly rapid writer—he must have been, to produce even a portion of the publications which he claimed.

In 1842 Dumas married Mlle. Ida Ferrier, an actress of the Porte St. Martin. As was likely, the marriage proved unhappy—how could it have been otherwise with infidelity on both sides? At the end of three years Madame Dumas abandoned her husband, and they were never reconciled.

Dumas was at once sensualist and profligate. His god was his belly. His nature was coarse ; his instincts were brutal ; his life was a round of debauchery. It was, after all, the animal which was in him, that enabled him to accomplish so prodigious an amount of literary work. There is everything to condemn in him as a man ; little to copy in him as a writer. He died at Dieppe, December 9, 1870, bequeathing

“ his name to after times
Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes.”

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO.

The ship Pharaon, belonging to M. Morrel & Son, of Marseilles, arrived at that port, after a three months' voyage, February 28, 1815. Her captain, Leclere, had died of fever during the home passage, and had been buried at sea. The command of the vessel was thereupon assumed by Edmond Dantes, captain's mate, a resident of Marseilles. The dying instructions of the captain to Dantes were that he should call on his way home at the Isle of Elba, which history calls “the halting-place of the great Napoleon,” and deliver a packet to the Maréchal Bertrand, from whom he would receive another packet for a certain party in Paris, which packet he was to hand to the party in person, as soon as possible after his arrival at Marseilles. Danglars, supercargo of the Pharaon, who was jealous of Dantes, overheard the conversation between the captain and his mate.

Arriving at Marseilles, Dantes reported to M. Morrel, who had at once come on board, the particulars of the passage, the condition of the cargo, and the death of Leclere. M. Morrel promptly intimates to Dantes the desire that he should become the captain's successor. Their conversation is also overheard by Danglars. His ship duties being now discharged, Dantes proceeds to visit his father, an old man, who lives in the fourth story of a small house in the Allées de Meillan.

During their interview, Caderousse, a neighboring tailor, comes in, having been sent by Danglars as a spy. Having heard what father and neighbor have to say, Edmond asks his father's consent to visit the village of the Catalans, occupying a bare and barren promontory belonging to Marseilles. The reason for this haste upon the part of the young sailor was that he was in love with, and engaged to, Mercedes, a Catalan, who is described as “A young and beautiful girl—hair as black as jet—eyes as velvety as the gazelle's—slender fingers, moulded after the antique—arms resembling those of the Venus at Arles.”

Mercedes is an orphan, living quite alone. When Edmond arrives at her abode, he finds not only his betrothed, but Fernand, her cousin, a conscript on leave, who, during the absence of Dantes, had been making fierce love to Mercedes. Maddened by the embraces and impassioned ejaculations of the lovers, Fernand rushes into the street, where he is suddenly hailed by name and, turning, discovers Caderousse and Danglers sitting together under an arbor connected with *La Réserve*, a house of entertainment, with a full bottle before them. Fernand having joined them, they cause him readily to consent to a plot for the ruin of Dantes. Danglers writes in a disguised hand a letter to M. le Procureur du Roi informing him that one Edmond Dantes, mate of the ship *Pharaon*, just arrived at Marseilles, has been intrusted by Murat with a letter for the usurper, and by the usurper with a letter for the Bonapartist committee in Paris, and that the letter will be found upon him, or at his father's, or in his cabin on board the *Pharaon*. The letter concocted by Danglers was delivered by Fernand.

In the meantime, preparations for the marriage of Edmond and Mercedes were swiftly progressing. The wedding feast was prepared at *La Réserve*, and the ceremony was appointed to take place at the *Hôtel de Ville*, the Mayor to officiate. The guests had assembled, the feast was in progress, when Dantes was arrested and borne away.

Another wedding feast was in progress at the same moment with that given by Dantes. It was in the mansion of the Marquis de Saint-Méran, whose daughter Renée was now to be formally betrothed to M. de Villefort, the Procureur du Roi. The law officer was a royalist; his father, Noirtier de Villefort, was a Girondin, and had become a senator under the new government. The son had dropped a portion of his family name to show his disapprobation of his father's course. It happened that at the time of Edmond's arrest the Procureur du Roi was absent. His secretary was authorized to open the procureur's letters at such a time, and, consequently, had opened the anonymous one written by Danglers at *La Réserve*. Regarding it as of great importance, he sent for Villefort, but not finding him, took upon himself the necessary orders for arresting the person whom it implicated. Ascertaining afterwards, that the law officer was at the residence of the Marquis de Saint-Méran, he sent the letter there, with a message requesting the immediate presence of Villefort at his residence, which adjoined the Palais de Justice. Tearing himself from Renée, his fiancée, who besought him to "be merciful on this day of our betrothal," Villefort hastened home, and ordered that Dantes should be brought before him.

The examination brought out the facts concerning the packet sent by Leclere to Maréchal Bertrand, and the letter received from him to be delivered in Paris, as already related, and the joy of Dantes cannot be described.

when, having listened to his simple, truthful story, the law officer told him that all he had to do was to give up the letter brought from Elba, and pass his word that he would appear should he be required, when he would be at liberty to rejoin his friends. But Edmond's joy was fully matched by the consternation of Villefort, when he found that the fatal letter was addressed to his own father, M. Noirtier ! Having satisfied himself that none but Edmond and the person from whom he received it, knew to whom the letter was addressed, and that Edmond was wholly ignorant of the contents of the letter itself, Villefort resolved to save his father at the expense of Dantes. He therefore burns the letter in his presence, tells him that, before finally freeing him, it is necessary that the judge of instruction should be consulted, and that, in the meantime, he must be detained, calls in an agent of the police, whispers some words in his ear, and straightway dismisses Dantes, who is taken by the officer to the Palais de Justice, where he is locked up. The same night he is conducted to the Chateau d'If, a notorious prison for political prisoners, built upon a gloomy rock outside the harbor of Marseilles, where at first he occupies a lighted cell, but, after a day or two, by reason of having threatened his gaoler, is removed to a subterranean dungeon, where he is left in utter darkness.

That very night Villefort went to Paris, obtained audience with the King Louis XVIII., and informed him of a conspiracy which threatened his throne. The facts thus asserted were gained from the letter which had been delivered to Edmond for Villefort's father. He, however, claimed that they had been extorted from a sailor of turbulent character, whom he had long suspected, and at last arrested, and who, but for this, would have executed a verbal mission to some Bonapartist in Paris, whose name the deputy could not remember, with which he had been secretly charged at Elba, where his vessel had touched on her return to Marseilles.

The pith of the communication made by Villefort to the King was that Napoleon was on the eve of leaving Elba with the expectation of attaching to himself a sufficient number of followers to justify him in attacking Paris, in the hope of re-establishing his Empire. For this service, Villefort received from the King the cross of the Legion of Honor. While the discussion provoked by Villefort's tidings was in progress, the minister of police was ushered in, who gave information concerning the murder of General Quesnel, a loyal servant of the King.

Returning from his interview with the King, to his hotel, the deputy was surprised and alarmed by a visit from his father. To him Villefort disclosed the facts connected with the letter taken from Dantes, to which M. Noirtier replied that the news was stale, and that the Emperor would be in Paris within three weeks. Villefort then brought up the subject of General

Quesnel's murder, and repeated the description of the person who had called to invite him to a meeting in the Rue Saint-Jacques. Noirtier immediately repaired to the toilette table, shaved off his whiskers, changed his clothes for garments belonging to his son, counselled him to remove the things left in his care, and bade him return to Marseilles, and there remain quiet, secret and inoffensive ; after which he sailed forth, passing at the street corner the very men who had been posted there to arrest him, without the slightest suspicion on their part, that he was the man for whom they were looking.

Noirtier was a true prophet. Napoleon returned to Paris. The famous Hundred Days succeeded. Then Louis XVIII. remounted the throne. Under the brief reign of the Emperor, during which Villefort was chief magistrate of Marseilles, M. Morrel sought to gain his influence in favor of the release of Dantes, but was continually chafed by prevarication and delay. Nothing came of it ; Villefort ever insisted that he did not know where Edmond was. Royalty re-established, Villefort was appointed King's procureur at Toulouse, and a fortnight afterward married Renée Saint-Meran. Danglers, fearing all the time the re-appearance of Edmond, left for Madrid, where he entered the service of a Spanish merchant. Fernand and Caderousse had both been enrolled in the army of the empire ; the latter, on account of his age and the fact that he was married, was merely sent to the frontier. Five months after the arrest of his son, old Dantes died.

One night, after four years of solitary imprisonment in his lonely dungeon, Edward Dantes heard a sound in the wall against which he was lying—a continual scratching, as if made by some instrument attacking the stones. Judging that some fellow prisoner was thus making a desperate attempt at freedom, he resolved to establish communication with him. By dint of patient stealthy work, this was finally accomplished. The occupant of the adjoining dungeon proved to be the Abbe Faria, who had been imprisoned for many years, as the author of a plan to consolidate the petty principalities of Italy into a compact and powerful empire. The Abbe had been in former years, the secretary and intimate friend of the Comte de Spada, the last representative of that illustrious family. Caesar Spada, one of his ancestors was supposed to be immensely rich, and had, it was supposed, willed his great fortune to his nephew, Guido Spada. Caesar Spada, in the year 1498, was made a cardinal by Pope Alexander VI., and both the Cardinal and his heir were poisoned at Alexander's instigation, to the end that he might possess himself of the Spada resources.

It turned out that the inheritance consisted only of a scrap of paper, on which Spada had written, "I bequeath to my beloved nephew my coffers, my books, and amongst other, my breviary and the gold corners, which I beg he will preserve in remembrance of his affectionate uncle." So the Pope

was foiled in his unholy purpose, and the heirs were permitted to inherit the property. This breviary had been handed down to the successive inheritors of the Spada property, and was regarded by them as an object of special veneration. In 1807 the Comte de Spada died, bequeathing to the Abbe Faria his family papers, his library, and the famous breviary. The Abbe was preparing to leave Rome and settle in Florence. One afternoon he fell asleep in the library and did not awake until darkness had set in. Desiring to strike a light, and fearing to make use of any valuable piece of paper, he suddenly remembered that in the breviary, which lay beside him upon the table, was an old paper, quite yellow with age, which had served for centuries as a marker, and had been kept there at the request of the heirs. This he twisted and applied to the expiring flame in the grate. Whereupon there appeared upon the undamaged portion of the paper certain words which had been traced in invisible ink. Hastily putting out the flame, and so securing one-half of the record, the Abbe lighted a taper at the embers and proceeded to examine the paper.

It was the Cardinal's will ! Bringing to his help his intimate knowledge of the affairs of the Spada family, he was, after long study, enabled to supply the missing words of the document. When completed, it read as follows :

" This 25th day of April, 1498, being invited to dine with his Holiness Alexander VI., and fearing that, not . . content with making me pay for my hat, he may desire to become my heir and re . . serves for me the fate of Cardinals Caprara and Bentivoglio, who were poisoned, . . I declare to my nephew Guido Spada, my sole heir, that I have bu . . ried in a place he knows and has visited with me, . . that is, in . . the caves of the small island of Monte-Cristo, all I poss . . essed of ingots, gold, money, jewels, diamonds, gems ; that I alone . . know of the existence of this treasure, which may amount to nearly two mil . . lions of Roman crowns, and which he will find on raising the twentieth ro . . ck from the small creek to the east in a right line. Two open . . ings have been made in these caves ; the treasure I bequeath and leave en . . tire to him as my sole heir.

" 25th April, 1498.

" CÆS . . AR † SPADA."

This document having been read by Dantes, the Abbe caused him to commit it to memory. The Abbe's whole talk was of the treasure. He had abandoned all idea of ever profiting by it himself ; it was to be Edmond's, in case he was ever at liberty to seek and enjoy it. At last the end came. The Abbe, in the dead of the night, was seized with paralysis, and in a short time all was over. His dying words to Edmond were : " Hasten to Monte-Cristo ; avail yourself of the fortune ! "

It was the custom of the Chateau d'If when a prisoner died to inclose the body in a sack and cast it into the sea. The Abbe's death having been discovered by the prison officials, his body was so prepared. A sudden idea smote Edmond's mind, which he lost no time in following. He removed the

body of the Abbe to his own bed and took the place of his friend in the sack. The ruse was successful. At the appointed time Dantes, instead of the Abbe, was carried away by the unsuspecting bearers and thrown into the sea. Thus ended his imprisonment of fourteen years.

With a knife, which he had the precaution to secrete about his person, Dantes, after being cast into the water, ripped open the sack in which he was inclosed, and severed the cord of the weight which was dragging him down, and, being free from impediment, struck out for the land. Rescue was close at hand. He was taken on board a Genoese tartan, "*La Jeune Amelie*," which turned out to be a smuggler. Declaring that he was a Maltese sailor who had been wrecked, he was engaged by the captain, with whom he made several trips. At Leghorn he caused his beard to be shaved clean off, and his long hair to be sheared, after which, considering the change in his physique during his fourteen years' imprisonment, he felt sure that no one could possibly recognize him. What was the joy of Dantes to find soon after, that certain exchanges having been agreed upon between himself and other smugglers, the captain of the tartan had proposed the island of Monte Cristo as a safe and convenient place for the transaction, and that the proposition was accepted. The next night the tartan reached the island. During the day following, Dantes managed to injure himself by a fall. The tartan must leave immediately; Edmond declared that he could not bear the pain of being carried on board, and it was finally settled that he should remain on the island for three days, when they would return for him. Having provided what might be needed for his comfort, his comrades sailed away, and Dantes was alone in Monte Cristo. It may well be imagined that he lost no time in searching for the treasure. Carefully following the direction contained in Cardinal Spada's letter, every word of which was embedded in his brain, his efforts were finally rewarded with success. In an oaken coffer, bound with cut steel, the lid of which bore a silver plate engraved with the arms of the Spada family, was found the very treasure over which he and the Abbe Faria had so often gloated in expectation; a thousand ingots of gold, each weighing from two to three pounds, thousands upon thousands of Roman crowns, and whole handfuls of precious stones, some of fabulous size, and all of surpassing richness and beauty. A treasure worth nearly thirteen millions, and all his own. After six days the smugglers returned and Dantes sailed for Leghorn, where he bid farewell to the captain, secured a yacht, and removed the whole of this immense treasure; proceeding to Marseilles, he ascertained that his father was dead and that Mercedes had disappeared.

While there he purchased the house in the Allées de Meillan, rendered sacred to him by his father's death. Having at length ascertained all that

was possible concerning what most interested him, he gave orders where to proceed with his yacht, and left Marseilles on horseback, his destination being a small inn, midway between Beaucaire and the village of Bellegarde, which he had learned was kept by Caderousse. To him Edmond appeared, disguised as a priest, saying that Edmond Dantes, who died in prison, had left to him (the Abbe), as his testamentary executor, a diamond valued at 50,000 francs, which he had received from a fellow prisoner, a rich Englishman, as a token of gratitude for the kindness he had received from Dantes during a severe illness. This diamond Dantes had desired the Abbe to sell, and divide the proceeds among four dear and faithful friends; Caderousse, Danglers, Fernand and Mercedes. The aubergiste eagerly swallowed the bait thus offered to him, and, in the conversation that followed, put Dantes in possession of the very information which he coveted. Old Dantes had died of starvation, though M. Morrel had often called upon him, and had, at one time, left his purse, a red silk one, behind him.

Mr. Morrel had done everything in his power to effect Edmond's release, but without avail. The good man was now reduced to almost the last extremity, having lost five ships and suffered from the bankruptcy of three large houses. His only hope was in the Pharaon, which was expected from the Indies with a cargo of cochineal and indigo.

His wife had behaved through all like an angel; his only son was a lieutenant in the army; and his daughter was prevented by this change in her father's circumstances from marrying the man she loved. As for Danglers, he left Marseilles to become cashier in a Spanish bank. During the war with Spain he was employed in the commissariat of the French army, and made a fortune. Then he trebled his capital by speculating in the funds. He had married twice; first his banker's daughter, next the widow, Madame de Nargonne, daughter of M. de Servieux, the King's chamberlain. He was now a millionaire, was known as Le Comte Danglers, with an hotel in the Rue de Mont Blanc, ten horses in his stables, six footmen in his ante-chamber, and more money than he could count. And Fernand? He was enrolled in the active troop at the time of Napoleon's escapade from Elba; was at the battle of Ligny, deserted with his general to the English; returned to France as a sub-lieutenant; under the favor of the Bourbons, and through the influence of his general, was made a captain in 1823; was sent to Spain during the Spanish war, on a secret errand; found Danglers there, procured his general support from the royalists of the capital and the provinces, guided his regiment by paths known to himself alone, and, in short, rendered such important service, that, after the taking of Trocadero, he was made colonel, and received the title of the Comte de Morcerf and the cross of an officer of the Legion of Honor. As if all this was not

enough, he afterwards joined the Greek army, when Greece rose against Turkey, but, after a time, went over to the Turks, entered the service of Ali Pacha as instructor general, was left by Ali at his death with an immense sum, with which he returned to France. He was now living in a magnificent hotel, No. 27 Rue du Helder, Paris.

Mercedes? O, she nearly died with despair at Edmond's absence and silence, but, after a time, Fernand came back and made desperate love to her, and, finally, supposing that Dantes was dead, eighteen months after her lover's disappearance, she and Fernand were married. They immediately left Marseilles. The last time Caderousse had seen Mercedes was at Perpignan, in Spain, where she was attending to the education of her little son Albert, the Viscount de Morcerf. Of Villefort, Caderousse knew nothing more than that he had married Mademoiselle de Saint-Meran, and soon after left Marseilles. Bewailing, that Danglars and Fernand should be rich, while he was miserably poor, the Abbe handed to the loquacious aubergiste the wonderful diamond, saying, that as he alone had seemed to be poor Dantes' friend, he alone was, according to the spirit of the instructions given concerning its disposal, entitled to receive it.

Edmond's next business was to relieve M. Morrel. To carry out this intention, he visits the Mayor of Marseilles; informs him that he is the chief clerk of the house of Thomson & French of Rome; that they have heavy dealings with a firm in Marseilles, styled M. Morrel & Son; and that having heard reports affecting the credit of the firm, he has come to make inquiries concerning its standing in the community. The Mayor replies that Morrel & Son are his debtors in the sum of ten thousand francs; but that M. de Boville, inspector of prisons, is their creditor to the amount of two hundred thousand francs, and would be more likely than himself to know just how it was with Morrel & Son. Dantes thereupon seeks an interview with M. de Boville. The result was that Dantes bought the inspector's claim for its face value, stipulating only that, in lieu of brokerage, he should be permitted to inspect the registers of the Chateau d'If, saying that he had been educated in Rome by the Abbe Faria, who, he learned, had died in the prison, and the particulars of whose death he desired to obtain. The inspector was very ready to comply with this easy arrangement, and Edmond was soon in possession of the registers with their accompanying documents. There he found everything; the denunciatory letter written by Danglars, which he coolly put in his pocket, the examination, M. Morrel's petition, and Villefort's marginal notes. He was not astonished to find against his name on the prison register: "An inveterate Bonapartist. To be kept in complete solitary confinement, and strictly watched and guarded." And all this in Villefort's own writing! Below this was written in another hand: "See

note above — nothing can be done," which he now knew was placed there by the inspector to whom he had appealed, while in prison, for some settlement of his case.

The following day, Dantes, still pretending to be the clerk of Thomson & French, called upon M. Morrel, whom he informed that the house he represented had collected all bills bearing his signature, in all, 287,500 francs, which amount they wished to realize, as they desired to employ the money otherwise. M. Morrel frankly admitted that his affairs were in a sorry state, and that his sole hope centered in the Pharaon. Hardly had these words been uttered, when his wife, his daughter Julie, Emmanuel, a clerk, and a company of half-naked sailors entered the apartment. The Pharaon had been totally wrecked ! After all, save Morrel and Dantes, had left the apartment, the latter asked Morrel if a delay of three months on the part of Thomson & French would serve him. It would save his honor and consequently his life, the shipowner replied. "This is the 5th of June," said Dantes ; "renew these bills for three months ; on the 5th of September, at the same hour, eleven o'clock, I will come for the money." This having been done, Dantes took his leave. On the stairs he encountered Julie Morrel, to whom he said, "One day you will receive a letter signed Sinbad, the Sailor ; do whatever it bids you ;" which she promised to do.

After this, matters went on as usual. Morrel & Son had resources which enabled them to meet their successively maturing bills now that Thomson & French had relieved the strain. But there was always the 5th of September to remember, with its pledge of 287,500 francs. As the time approached, Morrel became very uneasy. On the night of the fourth, he struck a balance. Only something over 15,000 francs ! Even his son, Maximilian, who had been summoned home from the garrison at Nismes, and of whom he had made a confident, applauded his purpose, saying : "Death is preferable to shame." But this was not to be, for Julie had received a letter bidding her to proceed to the house No. 15 Allées de Meillan, ask the porter for the key of the rooms on the fifth floor, take from the mantel-piece a purse netted in red silk, and return with it to her father, before eleven o'clock, on the 5th of September, and signed : "Sinbad, the Sailor." This was done, with the result that just at that hour, Julie rushed into her father's room, crying : "My father, you are saved !" at the same time extending to him a purse which he recognized as the one he had left in the room occupied by Edmond's father. The purse was found to contain the bill for the 287,500 francs owed to Thomson & French, receipted ; also a diamond as large as a hazelnut, inclosed in a slip of parchment ; on which was written, "Julie's Dowry."

At this moment Emanuel entered, his face all aglow. "The Pharaon!" he shouted; "The Pharaon!" Hastening one and all to the pier, there sure enough was a new "Pharaon," the exact counterpart of the other, loaded with the same cargo, and manned by the old crew to a man.

Soon after the above occurrence, a stranger of great wealth and influence, known as the Count of Monte-Cristo, was instrumental in releasing Viscount Albert de Morcerf, who will be recognized as the son of Fernand and Mercedes, from a band of robbers in the vicinity of Rome.

The only service asked by the Count in return for freeing Morcerf was that he should introduce him into Parisian society; the Count expecting to visit Paris in three months. This interim having expired, Monte-Cristo visits Albert's rooms in Paris, where he is introduced to Comte de Chateau-Redaud, a French aristocrat; M. Lucien Debray, secretary to the Ministre de l'Interieur; M. Beauchamp, an editor; and M. Maximilian Morrel, captain of Spahis. In the course of the long conversation which they had together, it came out that Albert was engaged to Eugenie, daughter of Baron Danglars.

The next day, Albert introduced the Count to his father and mother—the Fernand and Mercedes of his younger days—who overwhelmed him with their gratitude at what he had done for their son. Monte-Cristo was calm and cool; Madame Morcerf was greatly agitated and evidently suspicious. Returning to his hotel the Count found there a notary from Auteuil who had come to Paris by his orders, and with whom he promptly negotiated the purchase of house No. 28 Rue de la Fontaine, Auteuil, which will be recognized by the reader as the former residence of the Marquis de Saint-Meran. Thither he at once proceeded with Bertuccio, with whose former history he was familiar, although Bertuccio little suspected it. Bertuccio had been a prisoner at Nimes, and upon his release had been recommended to the service of the Count by the Abbe Busoni, the chaplain. On going over the house, Bertuccio exhibited so much agitation that the Count insisted upon an explanation. At length Bertuccio confessed that in the garden of that very house he had assassinated M. de Villefort, a procureur du roi, against whom he had a grudge, while in the act of burying his new-born and illegitimate child. Bertuccio, however, believing Villefort to be dead, exhumed the body, which proved to be that of a male child, and, discovering in it signs of life, bore it to his sister, Assunta, by whom it was reared under the name of Benedetto. Bertuccio also informed his master that he had been a witness to the murder, by Caderousse, of a jeweler, whom he had invited to his house to purchase a magnificent diamond; that after the aubergiste had received 45,000 francs for the jewel, he had fallen upon his guest and assassinated him, that he might have both diamonds and ducats. For this murder, Caderousse was sentenced to the galleys for life.

Benedetto, during an absence of Bertuccio, stole everything in Assunta's house, set it on fire, and decamped, since which time nothing had been heard of him.

Returning to Paris, the Count gave orders that apartments be prepared for a visitor whom he was hourly expecting; who soon appeared in the person of a Greek girl named Haydée, who had been purchased by the Count in Constantinople. The next day Baron Danglars called upon the Count to say that Thomson & French had given him unlimited credit with the house represented by the Baron, whereupon the Count instantly drew for six millions.

About this time Ali, a Nubian in the Count's service, saved Madame Villefort and her little son from the danger of a runaway, which brought Villefort himself to the Count for the purpose of expressing his gratitude. During their conversation Villefort informed him, among other things, that his father, M. Noirtier, was a hopeless, speechless, paralytic.

When the Count returned this call he was introduced to Madame de Villefort and to her daughter Valentine, who was in love with Maximilian Morrel, though her parents intended her for M. Franz de Quesnel. The Count in conversing with the Madame, warily introduced the subject of toxicology, and promised to send her, which he afterwards did, the recipe for a certain elixir, cautioning her, that while one drop was a remedy, six would kill, although so stealthily as to defy detection. At the opera Haydée recognizes in the Count de Morcerf (Fernand) a traitor, who had sold her father to the Turks.

The Viscount Albert de Morcerf was paying court to Eugenie Danglars, at the special request of his father. His mother (Mercedes) bitterly opposed the alliance, and Albert himself was repugnant to it. Mentioning these facts to Monte Cristo, he promises to aid him by substituting a person, who will, he thinks, be a more desirable match in the estimation of Baron Danglars. To favor this end, he causes Benedetto, whom he had found, to assume the name of Andrea Cavalcanti, and to represent himself as immensely rich. Old Noirtier, learning that his son is determined that Valentine shall marry M. de Quesnel, alters his will, giving 900,000 francs, originally intended for Valentine, to public charities. The Count, by means of a false telegram, causes Danglars to lose a million.

He invites to the house at Auteuil the Villeforts, the Danglars, Chateaufort, Debray, Max Morrel, and the pretended Cavalcanti, and his pretended father. In Madame Danglars Bertuccio recognized the mother of Villefort's illegitimate son—the rascal Benedetto. The Count, in relating the history of the house, causes his guests to be brought into the very room where the child was born, and to the very spot in the garden where

it was buried ; so exciting Villefort and Madame Danglars that they are well nigh besides themselves. As the Count expected, Danglars was at once attracted by Andrea Cavalcanti. While the latter is driving home, he was overhauled by Caderousse, who had escaped from prison, and knowing his secret, forced him to pledge to him 150 francs per month.

Danglars remonstrates with his wife over her extravagance. The Count encourages Danglars to lend money to Cavalcanti, although he knows that Danglars has lost 1,700,000 francs within a month. Madame Danglars visits Villefort, to talk over the incidents of the dinner at Auteuil, the interview ending with a pledge on the part of the procureur that he will find out all about this Monte Cristo who has dared to "speak in our presence of children who have been disinterred in a garden." He, therefore, writes to M. de Boville, who recommends him to call upon Lord Wilmore and the Abbe Busoni (other names, remember, for Dantes himself), which he does, but learns nothing satisfactory. Danglars again loses 200,000 francs by the failure of a house in Frankfort.

The Marquis and Madame Saint-Meran start for Paris, to help on the marriage of Valentine with Franz. Just after leaving Marseilles, the Marquis dies. The Madame, after her arrival, takes to her bed, and very soon dies of poison placed in orangeade by Madame Villefort ; the very elixir for which Monte Cristo had given her the recipe. Valentine being Madame de Saint-Meran's sole heiress, Madame Villefort believed the legacy would help on her marriage. Max Morrel and Valentine prepare to elope. Valentine confesses their intention to her grandfather, who promptly forbids it, assuring Valentine that she shall not be forced to marry Franz ; that he himself will prevent it. When Franz comes to the Villefort Hotel, to arrange the settlements, M. Noirtier sends for him, and overwhelms him by the confession that it was he (M. Noirtier) who assassinated his father, and Franz, as Noirtier intended, refuses alliance with the granddaughter of his father's murderer.

All this time, matters are progressing between Eugenie Danglars and Cavalcanti, according to Monte Cristo's wishes. Danglar's himself takes kindly to the project, moved perhaps by another loss, this time of 200,000 francs. The Count now arranges for an interview between Albert de Mercerf and Haydée, during which the lovely Greek girl relates to the Viscount her history. Her father was Ali Tebelen, pacha of Yanina, who had been betrayed by a French volunteer officer during the Turko-Greek war, and had been beheaded. Haydée's mother died of grief, and Haydée herself was sold as a slave, first to a rich Armenian, then to the Sultan Mahmoud, and finally to Monte Cristo ; her price in the latter instance being an enormous emerald. The French officer just named was, as the reader knows, Albert de Morcerf's father. M. Noirtier, at Madame de Villefort's request, now re-

stores the name of Valentine to his will. Again the Madame seeks to remove one who has successfully opposed her, by introducing poison into her orangeade. Barrois, an old servant who first tastes it, dies of the poison. Danglars refuses Albert de Morcerf as a suitor for Eugenie, in favor of Cavalcanti.

Caderousse and Cavalcanti (Benedetto) arrange for a burglary at Monte Cristo's house. Benedetto remains outside; Caderousse enters, and is confronted by the Count, disguised as the Abbe Busoni. From Caderousse the Count wrings a confession that Benedetto is his accomplice, and that they were fellow-prisoners at Toulon. He also causes the villain to write a note to Danglars, saying that the man to whom he intends to marry his daughter is an escaped felon named Benedetto. This note, for the present, the Count suppresses. After this, Caderousse is allowed to depart, but has no sooner reached the street than he is murdered by Benedetto. The Count, hearing his cries, hastens to him and receives his dying deposition. At the very last he reveals his name to the expiring robber. "O, my God! my God!" exclaimed Caderousse. The blood no longer flowed from his wounds. He was dead. "*One!*" said the Count of Monte Cristo.

By this time the treachery of the Count de Morcerf (Fernand) had, in some mysterious way, been imparted to the Paris newspapers, in which it was promptly published. Morcerf was thereupon summoned to trial before the House of Peers. The Count of Monte Cristo, at this moment, was absent, having gone to Normandy. At a certain stage of the trial, Haydée came forward as a voluntary witness against Morcerf. At the conclusion of her testimony, Morcerf rushed insanelly from the chamber, after which a verdict of treason was unanimously recorded against him.

Albert, suspecting that Danglars was in some way responsible for the conveyance of the damning information to the newspapers, sought an interview with him. The banker admitted having written to Yanina, alleging as a reason, that he desired to know all about the antecedents of the man who might become his daughter's father-in-law, but insisted that he had done this at the instance of Monte Cristo. Then Albert and the Count had a scene, terminating in arrangements for a duel the next morning. In the evening the Count was surprised by a visit from the Countess de Morcerf, who, on entering the room, exclaimed: "Edmond, you will not kill my son?" showing what he had already suspected, that she had guessed his secret. The interview was most touching; Edmond for a long time hesitated to grant the prayer of Mercedes, but at length the memories of their old love prevailed, and he gave the promise she desired. The event proved that Mercedes was equal to himself in magnanimity, for, on arriving home, she summoned her son and acquainted him with the Count's whole history—their ill-fated love—the treachery of his father when he was only Fer-

nand the conscript—and the Count's long period of suffering in the *Chateau d'If*. Under the influence of these revelations, Albert offered to the Count, on the duelling ground the next morning, an unconditional apology, which was promptly accepted. M. de Morcerf, seeing Albert return, rushes off to the Count to demand an explanation of his conduct towards his son, or, in its absence, to challenge the Count himself. In the course of their excited talk, Morcerf sneered at the Count's many names. "You shall know me as I am," was the reply, and stepping from the room he returned in a few moments in the full dress of a sailor. "Edmond Dantes!" cried the terrified man; then, rushing home, he seized a pistol and blew out his brains. And when the Count heard of it: "*Two!*" was all he said.

Valentine was accustomed to drink of the orangeade prepared for her grandfather; the same into which poison was constantly introduced by her stepmother. From its consequences he was exempt, though the murderers did not know it, by reason of having been in the habit of taking diluted poisons at the instance of his physician. One day Max Morrel had called on Valentine, when she suddenly fainted, and became cold and inanimate. A physician was called, who decided that she would not die, and young Morrel hastened to acquaint Monte Cristo with what had happened.

All through her illness Valentine Morrel was watched over by Monte Cristo, impersonating the Abbe Busoni, who, by reason of his chemical knowledge, was able to frustrate the designs of her stepmother, who still continued to poison her drink. At first the young girl was greatly alarmed by his appearance in her chamber, but soon learned to trust him implicitly; so much so, that she readily swallowed a pastile which he gave her, and under the influence of which she was pronounced dead. Monte Cristo draws from the banking house of Danglars & Co. 5,000,000 francs, to be repaid by Thompson & French of Rome. He then sought Max Morrel, who, unmanned by Valentine's death, was evidently making preparations for suicide. The Count bids him hope, saying that he has a method for his cure. Morrel finally promises to wait for a month. "In a month, then," said Monte Cristo, "if I do not cure you, I will place loaded pistols before you, and a cup full of the deadliest Italian poison." And in the meantime, the Count insisted that Morrel should come and live with him, Haydée having departed to await his coming.

The company assembled at the hotel of Baron Danglars, to witness the signing of the marriage contract between Eugenie and Cavalcanti, were surprised in the midst of the proceedings by the appearance of officers, who had come to arrest the bridegroom as an escaped felon. But the bird had flown. The same night Eugenie, dressed in male attire, ran away from home with her music teacher Louise d'Armilly, and put up at the Bell Hotel. Through some irony of fate Cavalcanti, after his sudden flight, chose the same hotel.

Having gained his room, he discovered, on looking out of the window, the presence of gendarmes in the court. In his terror he fled to the roof by means of the chimney. He then descended another chimney and found himself in the room occupied by Eugenie and Louise, whose screams quickly brought officers, by whom the miscreant was arrested and borne away.

The trial of Benedetto came on. Before going to the Hall of Justice, Villefort accused his wife of the poisoning of Madame de Saint-Meran and Valentine, and the attempted poisoning of M. Noirtier, and informed her that if he found her alive on his return he would cause her arrest as a murderess. Benedetto having been arraigned, was asked to give his name. "I do not know it," he answered; "but I know that of my father. His name is Villefort." He then went on to tell the same story which Bertuccio had told to Monte Cristo, Bertuccio having previously visited Benedetto in prison and communicated to him its particulars. Villefort thereupon acknowledged the truth of the statement, resigned his office, proceeded home, found that his wife had poisoned herself and her son, and straightway went mad.

When the month pledged by Max Morrel to the Count had nearly expired, he was taken to the cave of Monte Cristo, and, still insisting upon suicide, was given by the Count a spoonful of greenish paste, and soon after, in the midst of a delicious languor, Valentine, who was saved by the Count, and cared for by Haydée, appeared to him, and thus after all their trials and hardships, the lovers were re-united.

Almost at the same time, Haydée confesses her love for Monte Cristo, who gladly accepts it as the most precious gift of his life. And so the man of vengeance becomes a man of love. The next morning, as Valentine and Maximilian were walking on the sea-shore, a sailor handed them a letter. It was from the Count, and it said :

"My Dear Maximilian :— There is a felucca for you at anchor. Jacopo will conduct you to Leghorn, where M. Noirtier waits his granddaughter, whom he wishes to bless before you lead her to the altar. All that is in this grotto, my friend, my house in the Champ Elysées and my Chateau in Tréport are the marriage gifts bestowed by Edmond Dantes upon the son of his old master Morrel. Mademoiselle de Villefort will share them with you ; for I intreat her to give to the poor the immense fortune reverting to her from her father, now a madman, and her brother, who died with his mother. . . . Live and be happy, beloved children of my heart ! and never forget that until the day when God will deign to reveal the future to man, all human wisdom is contained in these two words—*'Wait and Hope.'*

"Your friend, EDMOND DANTES, *Count of Monte Cristo."*

And when Maximilian asked for the Count, that he might protest against his excess of generosity, the sailor pointed towards the horizon, where was to be discovered a large, white sail. "Who can say whether we shall ever see him again," sighed Maximilian. "My friend," replied Valentine, "Wait and Hope."



WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

BORN 1811.

ENGLAND.

DIED 1863.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

In an age of esoteric, erotic and licentious literature the legacy left to the reading and thinking public by William Makepeace Thackeray looms like "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." To the younger generation of novel readers the name of this genius of letters has a far-off and unreal sound, though little more than three-quarters of a century has elapsed since he first saw the light of day. Thackeray was born at Calcutta in 1811. His father, of good, old Yorkshire stock, held office in the Civil Service of the East India Company. When a very little child Thackeray was sent to England to be educated. Of a naturally shrinking and timid disposition, this early separation from his parents left an indelible impress on his character. One incident of his voyage to England seems to have retained a place in his memory for many years — an incident which must have appealed strongly to his keen sense of the ridiculous when his mind had attained that particular bent which his writings display. He relates it in the following words: "Our ship touched at an island on the way home, where my black servant took me for a walk over rocks and hills till we passed a garden, where we saw a man walking. 'That is Bonaparte,' said the black; 'he eats three sheep every day and all the children he can lay his hands on.' Truthful picture of the exiled Napoleon as conceived by the British mind!"

On arriving in England, Thackeray was placed in the old Charter-house schools, which afterwards appears in his works as "Slaughter-house" and "Smithfield." But as time softened his memory of the scenes of his earliest encounters with "The world, the flesh, and Devil," these savage terms gave way to the mellow one of "Grey Friars," where the gentle "Colonel Newcome" ended his days. After spending some time at Cambridge, which he left in 1830, without taking a degree, he resolved upon art as a vocation. In pursuance of this resolution, he proceeded to Rome and some of the German cities, particularly Weimar, where he prepared himself, unconsciously, perhaps, for painting those pen-pictures that were destined to delight thousands. On attaining his majority, in 1832, he inherited a considerable fortune, the income of which reached the comfortable living figure of five hundred pounds a year. But the failure of an Indian bank, and an unfortunate speculation in a newspaper enterprise, soon dissipated the young artist's patrimony and forced him to seek some lucrative livelihood. Abandoning, therefore, the brush and easel, Thackeray entered at the Middle Temple and commenced his literary career by contributing to the pages of *Fraser's Magazine*. Month by month there appeared tales and sketches by "Michael Angelo Titmarsh" and "George Fitz-boodle, Esquire;" which, although slow in attracting general attention, caught the eye of such men as John Sterling, who saw in them the evidence of great talent in the bud. *Punch* was the next periodical to publish the ebullitions of Thackeray's genius, and nowhere among the pages of the merry little gentleman's namesake is there to be found such richness as emanated from his pen.

In 1846 appeared Thackeray's first and greatest novel, *Vanity Fair*. Published as a serial, it rapidly became a universal favorite, and soon raised its author to the proud eminence in English literature which he has ever since occupied. In rapid succession followed the best known of Thackeray's novels, namely: *Pendennis*, *Henry Esmond* and *The Newcomes*.

In 1837 Thackeray married Isabella, daughter of Colonel Matthew Shaw. Trollope, in referring to this matrimonial episode, says: "Mrs. Thackeray became ill, and her mind failed her, and Thackeray thereupon became, as it were, a widower till the end of his days." In person and general characteristics Thackeray is described as: "A tall, ruddy, simple-looking Englishman. . . . There was nothing like a scowl on the face, and it was neither thin, bilious, nor ill-natured; but plump, rubicund, and indicative of an excellent digestion. . . . He was a large man; his height was above six feet. His eyes were mild in expression; his hair nearly gray; his dress plain and unpretending. Everything about the individual produced the impression that pretence was hateful to him. He was quiet in his manner, and spoke slowly and deliberately in a low tone—apparently uttering his thought as it rose to his lips, without selecting his words. . . . There was, indeed, almost nothing of the typical *litterateur* about him. His face and figure indicated a decided fondness for roast beef, canvas-back ducks—of which he spoke in terms of enthusiasm, —plum-pudding, 'Bordeaux,'—and all the material good things of life. . . . The fact is, Mr. Thackeray was a *bon vivant*—not given to wearing his heart upon his sleeve, but prone to good-fellowship, fond of his ease, and liked nothing better than to loll in his arm-chair, tell or listen to a good story, sing a good song, smoke a good cigar, and 'have his talk out' with his chosen friends." During an interview with an American admirer, the conversation naturally turned upon Thackeray's *chef-d'œuvre*, *Vanity Fair*. In discussing this book, Thackeray delivered himself of the following entertaining little homily, illustrative of the man: "I married early, and wrote for bread, and *Vanity Fair* was my first successful work. I like Becky in that book. Sometimes I think I have myself some of her tastes. I like what are called Bohemians, and fellows of that sort. I have seen all sorts of society—dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies, authors, actors and painters—and, taken altogether, I think I like painters the best, and 'Bohemians' generally. They are more natural and unconventional; they wear their hair on their shoulders if they wish, and dress picturesquely and carelessly. You see how I made 'Becky' prefer them, and that sort of life, to all the fine society she moved in."

Perhaps these lovable traits in the character of Thackeray, which must have necessitated more or less of a disregard for the "early to bed and early to rise" theory, hastened the close of a short but phenomenally brilliant career. On the eve of Christmas, 1863, while the chimes, which his great contemporary, Dickens, loved so well, were quivering with their message of peace and good-will, the summons came suddenly while he rested quietly in his bed, and the sun of Christmas morning smiled upon the face of William Makepeace Thackeray, cold in death.

Naturally, the pen that devoted itself to the humiliation of empty pride and the destruction of those shams which flourish thickly in the atmosphere of fashionable life, provoked censure and abuse. But time has taught the readers of *Vanity Fair* the truthfulness of Thackeray's models, and his genius has triumphed over adverse criticism. One of his contemporaries, analyzing his work, has paid him the following just and glowing tribute: "His genius resembles some tart and sparkling wine, which has ripened with age into a mellow cordial—golden, sweet and strong. His later works, though somewhat less pungent, possess a deeper human wisdom and a sunnier glow of benevolence. His language is fresh and idiomatic English, abounding in the better coinage from the mint of *slang*, though never descending to its baser metals. Words that would have shocked Dr. Johnson, and which still startle gentlemen of the old school, by their direct expressiveness, rise to his pen continually. And he talks to his readers out of the pleasant page he gives them, with a playful, genial artlessness, which not unfrequently changes to a sudden shower of sharp, satiric hits. That which especially distinguishes his work among the crowd of English novels that load our shelves and tables lies in his portrayal of human character *as it is*."

Following is a list of the principal writings of William Makepeace Thackeray, in chronological order — a liberal education for every English-reading man and woman: *Timbuctoo* (lines written on the subject for a prize poem, Cambridge, 1829); *The History of Mr. Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggarty Diamond*, *Yellow-plush Papers*, *Catherine*, *Fitz-Boodlé's Confessions and Professions*, *Men's Wives*, *The Shabby Genteel Story* (*Fraser's Magazine*, 1840); *The Paris Sketch Book* (1840); *Snob Papers*, *Ballads of Policeman X*, *Codlingsby*, *A Legend of the Rhine*, *Cox's Diary*, *Fatal Boots*, *Rebecca and Rowena* (1843-'53); *Irish Sketch Book* (1843); *From Cornhill to Grand Cairo* (1844); *The Luck of Barry Lyndon*, *a Romance of the Last Century* (*Fraser's Magazine* 1844); *Vanity Fair* (1846); *Pendennis* (1850); *Henry Esmond* (1852); *The Newcomes* (1854); *The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century* (1851, delivered as a series of lectures in England, and in the United States in 1852 and 1853); *The Virginians* (1857); *Roundabout Papers*, *The Adventuress of Philip*, *Lovel the Widower* (*Cornhill Magazine*, 1860-'62); *Denis Duval* (not completed at the author's death in 1863).

VANITY FAIR.

A NOVEL WITHOUT A HERO.

Among the crowd of puppets that throng Vanity Fair there may be no one that merits the title of hero; but the fantastic Becky puppet has become so famous that she certainly may, with propriety, be called the heroine; and around this interesting female figure, so flexible in the joints and so lively on the wire, the rest of the show merrily revolves.

When Miss Pinkerton's select school for young ladies closed for the season, one young lady took her departure amid such universal grief as can only be found in an institution where young women form those sentimental friendships that lead to promises of perennial correspondence and protestations of undying love and regret. Amelia Sedley was finished in music, in dancing, in orthography, in every variety of embroidery and needle work, and in that dignified deportment and carriage so requisite for every young lady of *fashion*, as the Misses Pinkerton expressed it in a note to Miss Sedley's mamma, and was to return no more to the precincts of Chiswick Mall, famous for having been honored by the presence of *The Great Lexicographer*.

Miss Sedley was accompanied by her dear friend Rebecca Sharp, but while the former was returning to a home of affluence, the latter was going forth to accept a position as governess, appropriate sphere for a poor orphan girl with her own way to make in the world. Miss Sharp's father was an artist, and in that quality had given lessons in drawing at Miss Pinkerton's

school. He was a clever man and a pleasant companion, with a great propensity for running in debt, and a partiality for the tavern. When he was drunk he used to beat his wife and daughter, and the next morning, with a headache, he would rail at the world for its neglect of his genius. Rebecca's mother, a French lady, was something at the theater, with a strong suspicion that a flexibility of lower limbs was more her stock in trade than any histrionic genius. She had had some education somewhere, and when she died she left to Becky a pure Parisian accent, which enabled that young woman to speak French fluently and correctly, in those days rather a rare accomplishment, and led to her engagement at Chiswick Mall. At her mother's death, her father, finding himself not likely to recover after his third attack of *delirium tremens*, wrote a manly and pathetic letter to Miss Pinkerton, recommending the orphan child to her protection, and so descended to the grave, after two bailiffs had quarreled over his corpse. Rebecca was seventeen when she came to Chiswick, and was bound over as an articulated pupil; her duties being to talk French; and her privileges, to live cost free, and, with a few guineas a year, to gather scraps of knowledge from the professors who attended the school. She was small and slight in person; pale, sandy-haired, and with eyes habitually cast down. When they looked up they were very large, odd, and attractive. She looked like a child, but she had the dismal precocity of poverty. Many a dun had she talked to and turned away from her father's door, many a tradesman had she coaxed and wheedled into good humor, and into the granting of one meal more. The happiness, the superior advantages of the young women round her at Miss Pinkerton's, gave Rebecca inexpressible pangs of envy. She determined at any rate to get free from the prison in which she found herself, and so took advantage of the means of study the place afforded. So apt a pupil did she prove that, at the period at which this story opens, she had fitted herself for the position of governess, and had prevailed upon Miss Pinkerton to cancel her indentures and procure for her a situation in the household of Sir Pitt Crawley.

And so Amelia and Rebecca bade farewell to Chiswick, and went out into the world. Rebecca was to pay a visit at the home of her friend, Miss Sedley, before commencing her duties with Sir Pitt Crawley. The attachment which existed between these two young girls was a source of wonder to all the inmates of Chiswick. Amelia was all gentleness, goodness, and truth, while Rebecca was the incarnation of selfishness and worldly wisdom. But so clearly did Rebecca dwell upon her orphan and unprotected state that the kind-hearted Amelia warmed toward her, and that pity which is akin to love took the lonely governess to her heart and also into the bosom of the Sedley family.

Once thoroughly at home with Amelia's surroundings, our little friend Rebecca began to cast about for an opportunity to better her condition. The opportunity soon presented itself in the person of Amelia's brother Joseph. Joseph Sedley was twelve years older than his sister Amelia. He was in the East India Company's Civil Service as Collector of Boggley Wallah, in which position he had acquired a large fortune and a beautiful specimen of Anglo-Indian liver. It was this last acquisition that had brought Joseph home on an extended leave, and placed him under the immediate control of Doctor Jollop. He did not live with his family while in London, although presenting himself at the house every day, but had lodgings of his own, like a gay young bachelor. Before he went to India he was too young to partake of the delightful pleasures of a man about town, and plunged into them on his return with considerable assiduity. On returning to India, and ever after, he used to talk of the pleasures of this period of his existence, and gave you to understand that he and Brummel were the leading bucks of the day. He was lazy, peevish, and a *bon vivant*, and the appearance of a lady frightened him beyond measure.

To this formidable young gentleman Rebecca devoted herself. Her success was remarkable, and had not an unforeseen accident supervened, the poor little orphan might have shared Joseph's regard for his liver to the end of his days, and found a resting place on his expansive bosom from the storms of the world, which, however, fate had decreed she must endure.

One evening Joseph proposed a visit to Vauxhall, and so a merry little company was made up consisting of Amelia and George Osborne, a captain of foot, to whom Amelia had been betrothed from childhood, George's faithful friend, Captain William Dobbin, large of frame and heart, but clumsy of foot and speech, and lastly Joseph and Rebecca. The little orphan was in the seventh heaven of bliss, Joseph was complacent and fascinated, while Amelia beamed on Rebecca's efforts benignly. But in a fatal moment Joseph ordered a bowl of rack punch, and, under the influence of several tumblers of it, made love to Rebecca before the whole assemblage, and wound up by singing a comic song and calling Rebecca his "diddle — diddle — darling." The united efforts of Osborne and the faithful Dobbin succeeded in carrying off Joseph to his lodgings, where, on the following morning, the full knowledge of his performance came home to him, and he fled incontinently from London, leaving Rebecca with a heart filled with rage and bitterness, which was scarcely mollified by a present of a large proportion of her friend Amelia's wardrobe. Under the circumstances there was nothing left for Rebecca to do but bid farewell to the Sedley household, and begin operations all over again in her new field with Sir Pitt Crawley's family.

Among the most respected of the names beginning with C, which the *Court-Guide* contained in the year 18—, was that of Crawley, Sir Pitt, Baronet, Great Gaunt Street, and Queen's Crawley, Hants. This gentleman of such a distinguished lineage, upon Rebecca's first introduction to him, appeared in drab breeches and gaiters, with a dirty old coat, and a foul old neckcloth lashed round his bristly neck. This faithful picture of an English baronet was completed by a shining bald head, a leering red face, a pair of twinkling gray eyes, and a mouth perpetually on the grin. To Rebecca, who had imagined that a baronet must be handsomely dressed in a Court suit, with ruffles, and his hair a little powdered, this apparition was a severe disappointment; but, with the recollection of her recent failure before her mental vision, she resolved that this uncouth peer should be subjugated, even if all her preconceived notions of the nobility and gentry were shattered at a blow. Meeting Sir Pitt by appointment at the Gaunt-street town-house, where she was regaled with a lunch of bread, cheese and beer, shared with Mrs. Tinker, the charwoman, Rebecca accompanied him to Hampshire by coach, and soon found herself installed as governess at Queen's Crawley.

The family at Queen's Crawley was composed of Sir Pitt Crawley, a philosopher, with a taste for what is called low life, and who was a dreadful screw besides, Lady Crawley, a mere machine in her husband's house, receiving Sir Pitt's abuse in apathetic silence, without character enough to take to drinking, and who moaned about, slip-shod and in curl papers all day, and two little daughters, who had, before the advent of Rebecca, come up of their own sweet will. In addition to these personages who composed the immediate family of the baronet, there was Sir Pitt's eldest son by his first wife, who, on his return from Christ Church, had taken up his residence at the hall. This Mr. Pitt Crawley was a man of rigid refinement, who would rather have starved than dined without a white neckcloth. At Eton he had been known as Miss Crawley; but at college his career had been highly creditable, and he had there prepared himself for public life. But though he had a fine flux of words, and delivered his little voice with great pomposity and pleasure to himself, he had not been a success in his chosen field, and, after having had a try at the diplomatic service, which he quitted in disgust, he had settled down to the life of a country gentleman. He was in London, if not for the Parliament session, at least in May, for the religious meetings. In the country, he was a magistrate, and an active visitor and speaker among those destitute of religious instruction. He was said to be paying his addresses to Lady Jane Sheepshanks, Lord Southdown's third daughter, and whose sister, Lady Emily, wrote those sweet tracts, *The Sailor's True Binnacle*, and *The Apple-woman of Finchley Common*.

Being domiciled as a member of this amiable family it became naturally Rebecca's duty to make herself, as she said, agreeable to her benefactors and so gain their confidence to the utmost of her powers. Who can but admire this quality of gratitude in an unprotected orphan? "I am alone in the world," said the friendless girl. "I have nothing to look for but what my own labor can bring me; and while that little pink-faced chit, Amelia, with not half my sense, has ten thousand pounds and an establishment secure, poor Rebecca (and my figure is far better than her's) has only herself and her own wits to trust to." Before she had been a year at Queen's Crawley she had quite won the Baronet's confidence, and was almost mistress of the house when Mr. Crawley, who was the only living being of whom Sir Pitt stood in awe, was absent.

There were two individuals who made periodical visits to the hall, that, because of the prominent part they play in this serio-comic tragedy of *Vanity Fair*, must now be presented to the reader. One was Miss Crawley, the Baronet's maiden sister, and the other was Rawdon Crawley, the Baronet's younger son. Old Miss Crawley was possessed of one great good quality; she had seventy thousand pounds, and had almost adopted Rawdon. She was certainly one of the reprobate, but those seventy thousand pounds proved a much more efficacious garment than even the mantle of charity. She was the most hospitable and jovial of old vestals, and had been a beauty in her day, she said. She had been in France (where St. Just, they say, inspired her with an unfortunate passion), and loved ever after French novels, French cookery, and French wines. This worthy old lady took a fancy to Rawdon Crawley when a boy, sent him to Cambridge (in opposition to his brother at Oxford), and when the young man was requested by the authorities of the first-named university to quit after a residence of two years, she bought him his commission in the Life Guards Green. A perfect and celebrated "blood," or dandy about town, was this young officer. Boxing, rat-hunting, the fives court, and four-in-hand driving were then the fashion of our British aristocracy; and he was an adept in all these noble sciences. Although he had seen no foreign service he had already fought three bloody duels, *apropos* of play, of which he was immoderately fond.

Rebecca's ready wit and adaptability soon subjugated Miss Crawley, and on that vivacious old lady's return to town she carried Becky away with her for a visit. But the little orphan had made good use of her time at the hall. The poor, washed-out Lady Crawley had gradually faded from the picture, and finally from the world altogether. Sir Pitt wore a wide band of crape, and in six weeks came up to London and laid his fortune at the feet of Becky. But that young lady had burned her bridges behind her by a secret

marriage with Rawdon Crawley, and, with tears of regret, was forced to bid the aged suitor to think no more of matrimony with the friendless girl who had won his confidence and made herself so useful to the master of Queen's Crawley.

When the smoke of the explosion caused by the announcement of Rebecca's marriage had cleared away, the puppets in *Vanity Fair* had materially changed their positions. Miss Crawley promptly disinherited the luckless dragoon and took up Pitt Crawley. The Baronet returned to Queen's Crawley more under his elder son's influence than ever, while Becky was forced to try the experiment of living on nothing a year. But her fertility of expedient never deserted her. Gradually she forced her way upward through the mass of untoward circumstances that bore down upon her. She conquered Mr. Pitt Crawley, by her grace. She took up her residence in Gaunt Street; she borrowed the means to keep up a grand establishment, and finally attached to herself Lord Steyne, a noble peer of the realm. My Lord's influence and means were all at Becky's command. But in the meantime Rawdon had been plunging deeper and deeper in debt, and the bailiffs were sharp after the unfortunate guardsman. He had gradually dropped out of Becky's calculations. And now that the poor, friendless little girl had, by her own unaided efforts, succeeded in surrounding herself with all those luxuries which she had considered the reward of merit, the wires were destined to experience a violent jerk that would upset Becky entirely and set this ambitious little puppet to cutting a sorry figure indeed. One night, as Rawdon was returning from his club, the bailiffs pounced upon him and bore him off to the sponging house. From there he sent a note to Becky in Gaunt Street, to which she replied that she was disconsolate, but that while she wept in her chamber she had no money to release her poor, dear soldier, but on the morrow would fly to the rescue. Nevertheless, Rawdon was released that night and, returning home, let himself quietly into the house. He could hear laughter in the upper rooms. He went silently up stairs. Rawdon heard laughter within — laughter and singing. Becky was singing a snatch of song he knew well; a hoarse voice shouted "Brava! Brava!" — it was Lord Steyne's. Rawdon opened the door and went in. A little table with a dinner was laid out — and wine and plate. Steyne was hanging over the sofa on which Becky sat. The wretched woman was in a brilliant full toilette, her arms and all her fingers sparkling with bracelets and rings; and the brilliants on her breast which Steyne had given her. He had her hand in his, and was bowing over it to kiss it, when Becky started up with a faint scream as she caught sight of Rawdon's white face. At the next instant she tried a smile, a horrid smile, as if to welcome her husband; and Steyne rose up, grinding his teeth, pale, and with fury in his looks.

There was that in Rawdon's face which caused Becky to fling herself before him. "I am innocent, Rawdon," she said; "before God, I am innocent." She clung hold of his coat, of his hands; her own were all covered with serpents, and rings, and baubles. "I am innocent—say I am innocent," she said to Lord Steyne. But Rawdon Crawley springing out, seized him by the neckcloth, until Steyne, almost strangled, writhed and bent under his arm. And Rawdon struck the peer twice over the face with his open hand, and flung him bleeding to the ground. It was all done before Rebecca could interpose. She stood there trembling before him. She admired her husband, strong, brave, and victorious.

Then Rawdon Crawley left his wife forever. In the morning she arose to find herself an outcast from the house in Gamut Street. The bailiffs were in possession, her servants in revolt, and nothing left for her to do but go out into the world once more and begin all over again. And as she crept away she pondered.

What had happened. Was she guilty or not? She said, not; but who could tell what was truth which came from those lips; or, if that corrupt heart was in this case pure? All her lies and her schemes, all her selfishness and her wiles, all her wit and genius had come to this bankruptcy.

While we have been watching the clever Becky at her antics, there have been other characters in *Vanity Fair* playing their little parts, but none so entertaining as her. Amelia Sedley has passed through the fires of misfortune, has been married to George Osborne, who was utterly unworthy of her, has been widowed by a bullet of the enemy, and has finally been wooed and won by the faithful William Dobbin, who has worshiped her from afar in his clumsy way for ever so long a time.

Before we ring down the curtain, we may catch a glimpse or two of a few of our puppets; just long enough to see Rawdon Crawley die of fever far from his home and faithless wife; Becky, a wanderer and adventuress, once more running across Joseph Sedley, and living off of his plethoric purse, until death pulls its strings close; Amelia and her William happy and contented; and most of the rest of the puppets shut up in their little boxes forever.

The following selection from *Vanity Fair*, to be found at the end of the eighth chapter, affords an excellent example of Thackeray's style:

He has explained how he wishes to describe men and women as they actually are, good, bad, and indifferent, and to claim a privilege—"Occasionally to step down from the platform, and talk about them: if they are good and kindly, to love and shake them by the hand; if they are silly, to laugh at them confidentially in the reader's sleeve; if they are wicked and

heartless, to abuse them in the strongest terms politeness admits of. Otherwise you might fancy it was I who was sneering at the practice of devotion, which Miss Sharp finds so ridiculous; that it was I who laughed good-humoredly at the reeling old Silenus of a baronet — whereas the laughter comes from one who has no reverence for anything except prosperity, and no eye for anything beyond success. Such people there are living and flourishing in the world — faithless, hopeless, charityless: let us have at them, dear friends, with might and main. Some there are, and very successful too, mere quacks and fools; and it was to combat and expose such as those, no doubt, that laughter was made."

HENRY ESMOND.

'Tis known that the name of Esmond and the estate of Castlewood came into possession of the present family through Dorothea, daughter and heiress of Edward, Earl and Marquis Esmond, and Lord of Castlewood, which lady married Henry Poyns, gent, a page in the household of her father. Francis, son and heir of the above Henry and Dorothea, being of military disposition, remained long in Germany with the Elector-Palatine, lending large sums of money to that unfortunate prince, and receiving many wounds fighting for him. Returning home, Sir Francis was rewarded by his late Majesty, James I., who was pleased to advance Sir Francis to the dignity of Viscount Castlewood; and the Viscount's estates being impoverished by loans to the King, his Majesty gave him a grant of land in the plantations of Virginia.

In the course of events — deaths and such like — Thomas Esmond became heir to the title. My Lord Castlewood, much enraged that his title should pass to a rascally Roundhead (for the father of Thomas Esmond had taken the Parliament side in the quarrels), would have had a match between his daughter Isabel and her cousin Francis Esmond. It was said the lady herself took a fancy to the young man, her junior by several years. Frank Esmond, however, coolly refused the lady, settled on a small property he had of his mother, and never came near the court again in King Charles' time. Then Thomas Esmond thought to mend his fortune, which he had dissipated in brawling, vice and play, by marrying the lady himself. She was now of more than middle age, and had nobody's word save her own for the beauty she said she once possessed. Lean, yellow, and long in the tooth, Mr. Killigrew was wont to call her the Sybil and the Death's head

put up at the King's feast. She was indeed a woman who might be easy of conquest, but whom only a very bold man would think of conquering. Madame Isabel was said to have royal jewels of great value, whereas poor Tom Esmond's last coat but one was in pawn, and, feeling that the game was worth the candle, bold Tom succeeded in wedding the fair (?) Isabel. This marriage took place shortly before King Charles died; whom the Viscount of Castlewood speedily followed.

My Lady Castlewood was no favorite at court. Holding the purse strings in her own control, the lady broke up her establishment in London, and with her household, her lap-dogs, and her husband, retired to Castlewood Hall. My Lady intended to have a triumphal entry into Castlewood village, but the country was then in no-popery fervor, and 'twas known that Lady Castlewood and her husband had joined the Catholic church. Moreover, the folks in the village were scared at the sight of her Ladyship's painted cheeks and eyelids, as she bobbed her head out of the carriage, intending to be very gracious, and one old lady cried out: "Lady Isabel! Lord-a-mercy, its Lady Jezebel!"

But in a short time the village people became reconciled to their lady, who, if she was old and high tempered, was also generous and kind.

Coming up to London a short time after his retreat, Lord Castlewood sent a retainer of his to the village of Ealing, near London, where dwelt an old French refugee named Pastoureau. With this man lived a little boy who went by the name of Henry Thomas. The child, who had no recollections of his parents, got little else but blows and ill names from Mr. Pastoureau's wife, consequently he was very glad when a gentleman clad in black, accompanied by a mounted servant, came to fetch him away from Ealing. The lackey, before whom Henry rode, told the boy that he was now to be called Master Harry Esmond, and that the Lord Viscount Castlewood was his godfather. Meeting Lord Castlewood in London, the party set out for Castlewood, which they reached after three days' time. When Harry saw my lady sitting in state by the fire he was indeed amazed at her appearance. The awe (indeed it was anything but admiration) exhibited by the child pleased the lady immensely.

"Page Esmond," said she graciously to Harry, who was down on his knees, as Father Holt, the gentleman in black, had directed, "my groom of the chamber will inform you of your duties, and good Father Holt, our chaplain, will instruct you as becomes a gentleman of our name. You will pay him obedience in everything, and I pray you may grow as learned and as good as your tutor."

During the few months they spent together at Castlewood, Mr. Holt obtained an entire mastery over the boy's intellect and affection. Indeed, by

dint of that extraordinary personal magnetism for which he was distinguished, Father Holt seemed to acquire a quiet sort of mastery over everyone. My lord and lady were seldom without visitors, for the Catholic gentry, of whom there were a pretty many in the country, came not seldom to Castlewood to partake of the hospitalities there. Mr. Holt moved among the highest as quite their equal, and as commanding them all. While poor Dr. Tusher, having once been chaplain at the hall, and still to the Protestant servants there, seemed at a disadvantage, and usually rose to leave after the first course.

A few months after he began life at Castlewood, Harry was left alone with the domestics, my lord and lady and Mr. Holt having left the country for London. A kingdom was changing hands while my lord and lady were away. King James II. was flying; the Dutchmen were coming; nevertheless the time passed pleasantly for the idle little page. One morning about four o'clock, while lying awake, Harry heard the door of the chaplain's room open. He jumped up, and flinging wide his door, Harry saw a light in the room opposite, and a figure standing in the doorway, while a great smoke issued from the room. Father Holt, for it was he, after giving Harry a hasty greeting, continued to burn in a brazier some papers, drawn from a secret cupboard over the mantel. Opening a wardrobe, always kept locked, Mr. Holt, taking out several suits of clothing and wigs of different colors, and two small swords, placed them in the cupboard, saying:

"If they miss the cupboard, they will not find these; and if they find them, they will tell no tales, save that Father Holt wore more suits of clothes than one." Then, laughing gayly, the father threw into the brazier, only half burning them, however, some Latin sermons he had been writing. Having done which, Mr. Holt cautioned Harry not to mention that he had been in the house, and then let himself down to the ground by means of the frame-work of a window which could be dropped down to the cavity below. Replacing the frame, Harry locked the door, put the key on the book-shelf in the priest's study, and returned to his own room. That day the Prince of Orange was at Salisbury, and Dr. Tusher, in silk cassock and a great orange cockade in his broad-leafed hat, went over to pay his respects to His Highness. While Dr. Tusher was away, there came (did the doctor send them?) a troop of dragoons, who quartered at Castlewood, some of them coming up to the Hall, where they took possession. Father Holt had not been too soon. The first room they asked for was his. Henry bringing them the key, they ransacked the room, but could find nothing, and Harry, being a staunch little fellow, told nothing. When my lord and lady returned, which they did in a few months, a guard was stationed in the village, for well was it known that the allegiance of the Catholic family at the Hall was with the

banished King James, and not the Prince of Orange, whom my lady defiantly called "Tyrant of Orange—the beast! the wretch!" My Lord, equally loyal, had of late thrown off his listless manner, entered heart and soul into the cause of King James, and even then was preparing to lead a great uprising of his Majesty's party in that section of the country.

One day in July, 1690, bidding his family an affectionate farewell, the Lord Viscount Castlewood, accompanied by Mr. Holt and two servants, rode out of Castlewood gate, and were delayed, on reaching the bridge, for a few minutes by an officer in scarlet. It seems that the officer requested my lord not to ride out, as he was under surveillance. My lord answered that he rode for his health, and the officer might accompany them if he wished. Coming to a cross-road the party halted, and the officer, again interfering, Mr. Holt shot him dead.

"About two o'clock," continued the servant who brought the news, "as we watered our horses at an inn, we heard that our plans of attack had fallen through. Father Holt bade me to return to Castlewood and deliver these." He gave Harry two notes, one for himself, the other for his mistress.

"Burn the papers in the cupboard; burn this; you know nothing about anything," was what Harry read. Delivering my lady's note, Harry rushed into the Chaplain's room, fulfilled his orders, then half burning some sermons in the brazier, as he had seen Father Holt do, Harry locked the door and ran back to his mistress.

"Order the coach," she said, "and I will ride away anon."

The coach was ordered, but the mysteries of her ladyship's toilet were not yet completed, when three officers and three and twenty soldiers entered the court-yard.

At first my lady was for dying, like Mary, Queen of Scots (to whom she fancied she bore a resemblance in beauty), but her gentlewoman persuaded her to adopt a more sensible course, and feign illness. Deception was useless, however, for entering the bed-chamber, Captain Westbury said quietly:

"My duty is to arrest the person of Thomas, Viscount Castlewood, of Robert Tusher, Vicar of Castlewood, and of Henry Holt, a Jesuit known under various names, who is now at the head of the conspiracy about to break out in this country against the authorities of their Majesties King William and Queen Mary. My orders are to search the house for such papers or traces of conspiracy as may be found here."

Having searched the room, he said sternly, "Madame, if you are too ill to leave your bed, I'll have in four of my men to lift you off in the sheet. I must examine this bed." Without further delay he seized the pillows, my lady being still in bed, and found one bolster stuffed with papers. Her trunks were packed, and my lady taken a prisoner to Hexton Castle.

The troopers remained some months encamped in Castlewood, Captain Westbury and Corporal Dick Steele, the scholar, taking a great fancy to Harry Esmond. It happened one morning that a letter coming for Lady Castlewood, who was still at Hexton Castle, Captain Westbury opened the epistle, and reading, informed Harry Esmond that Thomas Esmond, Viscount of Castlewood, had been fatally wounded at the battle of the Boyne, fighting for his exiled king, and that to Francis Esmond, faithful subject of Prince of Orange, would descend the title of Viscount of Castlewood. That night, as Harry lay in his little room, the boy, with many a pang of grief and shame, thought of his friendless condition. Save Dick the scholar, and Father Holt, he had never had a friend; so, when Francis Esmond took possession, and his beautiful wife, hardly more than a child, going through the house for the first time, appeared to Harry Esmond, as he sat in the book room all alone, the boy's heart went out to the noble lady who spoke kindly to him. It could not be called love that he gave her, but rather worship — worship quite as deep as that of my lady for her husband. She saw nothing, did nothing, thought nothing, save through the glass of which her husband was the focus, and this husband of hers was a very ordinary man. In truth, good looking, but little else was there to commend him, save his good nature, which, by the way, could not always be depended upon. All exercises of the body he performed to perfection; that is, he thought he did them to perfection. My lady thought the same — for a while. My lord was fond of the parade of dress, and my lady, to please him, spared no pains with her own toilet.

Henry Esmond, being much with his kinspeople, for they treated him as if he were their own child, could not forbear learning — he was a sharp youth — that my lady bestowed much more adoration upon her lord than that worthy gave to his wife. To tell the melancholy truth, my lord firmly believed that self-preservation was the first law of nature, and, what is more, had the courage of his convictions; so did not scruple to take up his departure from Castlewood as soon as it was learned that Henry Esmond, calling on the blacksmith's Nancy, had held her little sick brother on his knee the very afternoon of the evening the child's ailment developed into small-pox. Poor Henry! My lady spoke to him as he had never heard her address anyone. But, considering that her two children, Beatrix and Frank, had both been talking to Henry when Dr. Tusher brought the news, one could not blame her. Moreover, my lady knew that my lord loved her beauty, and not the mother of his two children, so 'twas no wonder the prospect of possible contagion caused her to lose her temper, and act unjustly to the orphan. But Henry had little time to worry over her treatment, for presently he was laid up with the small-pox himself; and upon recovering, he found that Lady

Castlewood, too, had contracted the disease. My lord, returning when the danger was over, and finding that Lady Castlewood no longer possessed that dazzling beauty for which she had been noted, the beacon light of love no longer shone in his eyes. Discovering this, and finding that her efforts to win him back were futile, my lady gave all her attention to Beatrix and Frank. By her father, the Dean, Lady Castlewood had been well grounded in the Latin, French, and Italian languages, and so she read much with Henry, who was well up in the languages, thanks to his early life with Mr. Pastoureau, and the teachings of good Father Holt. Henry had been tutor to Lady Castlewood and her children about two years, when one day comes a messenger from Winchester, saying that the Dean's sister had died, and left her fortune of two thousand pounds to be divided among her six nieces, the Dean's daughters. When my lord, who was generous with his own, and, indeed, with other folks' money, heard the good news, he immediately promised Trix, as he called her, and Frank all kinds of good things.

"I have another use for the money, my lord," says my lady, turning very red; "I intend to give the money — can't you fancy how, my lord?"

My lord, swearing one of his big oaths, said he did not know in the least what she meant.

"There," says my lady, "I intend it for Cousin Harry Esmond to go to college and make a name for himself. But he will come back and this will always be his home."

Due preparations having been made, Harry Esmond went to Cambridge, but did little good there. My lady's heart was set on his receiving holy orders and becoming chaplain of Castlewood, and Harry, although he had no taste for the life, tried to fit himself for it rather than cause a pang of disappointment to his kind mistress. Father Holt had instructed him in the rudiments of the Catholic religion, and the Lady Isabel had intended him to be a priest. But the present Lady Castlewood, being a Protestant, had had Harry instructed in that religion. However, spite of the efforts of both ladies, Harry never became a gentleman of the cloth.

Returning home after two years Harry found the gentlest and kindest of women suffering ill usage and shedding tears in secret. My lord was drinking more heavily than ever, and leading anything but a virtuous life. One day, during Henry's vacation, among a noble company, came one, my Lord Mohun, a bold, handsome, and profligate man. Lady Castlewood expressed objections to this person, but roused the Viscount's ire, and the two lords became more intimate than ever. They played much, and my Lord Mohun won much. Mistress Beatrix chose to be jealous of the latter, and her father, laughing, was wont to say :

"Thou shalt marry Lord Mohun, Beatrix, when thou art older."

And one evening, in answer to this old joke, Trix said :

"I think my lord would rather marry mamma, than marry me ; and is waiting till you die to ask her !"

The two lords were at cards ; both gave a start, and my lady, turning as red as scarlet, bade Mistress Beatrix go to her own chamber. Thereupon the girl, as was her wont, putting on an innocent air, added :

"I am sure mamma talks a great deal more to Harry Esmond than she does to papa. She cried when Harry went away, and she never does when papa goes away. And last night she talked for ever so long to Lord Mohun, and sent us out of the room, and cried when we came back, and ——"

"D——n," cried out my Lord Castlewood. "Go out of the room, you little viper !"

Beatrix clung to her mother, and the pair left the room. My Lord Mohun tried to explain that Lady Castlewood had asked him to play no more cards or dice with her husband ; but my Lord Castlewood was angry and suspicious. One word led to another, and the two men would have fought had not Harry Esmond talked them into reason and good nature. The quarrel was averted for that night ; but my Lord Viscount, now on the alert, saw my Lord Mohun, under the pretext of devoted friendship, trying to weave the spell of his charms about my Lady Castlewood, who, spite of the small-pox, was developing into a woman of regal beauty. After some few days, Lord Mohun went to London, whither Lord Castlewood followed him. Harry Esmond insisted upon going with his patron, and in the words that ensued between their lordships, he, seeing the danger that menaced, tried to draw the quarrel upon himself.

But the two men, who really liked the boy, refused to see his object. The duel was fought ; Lord Castlewood was mortally wounded, and Henry, acting as his second, received a painful cut on his wrist. Lord Castlewood was carried into the inn, and in accordance with his urgent request, a clergyman was sent for, to whom my lord made a dying confession. This the clergyman wrote down, which my lord signed, and requested the paper to be given to Henry Esmond. Esmond read the document ; went to the fire, and threw the paper into it. Then he went into the next room where the Viscount lay.

"My Lord Viscount," says Mr. Atterbury, the minister, "Mr. Esmond wants no witness, and hath destroyed the paper."

"My dearest master," Esmond said, kneeling down and kissing his hand. The dying lord sprang up in bed, and flung his arm around Esmond.

"God bl — bless ——" was all he said.

The blood rushed from his mouth, deluging the young man. His dearest lord was no more. After kissing the cold lips of his benefactor, Henry

Esmond gave himself up at the prison. It was on the third day after he had come to Gatehouse prison, that my Lady Castlewood, clad in the deepest black, visited and upbraided him for her husband's death. Poor Esmond, who, as we well know, had done his best, at this charge, being still weak, and overcome with grief, fell back, striking his wounded hand. He fainted, became delirious, and was ill for many days.

While Henry lay in the prison, Dr. Tusher died, and Lady Castlewood appointed Thomas Tusher, his son, to the vacant parish; thus throwing Henry Esmond out of his only prospect of making a living. But good fortune in the guise of the Dowager, Lady Isabel, came to his aid. She sent him liberal allowances while in prison, and when he was released, one of her servants escorted him to her ladyship's house. Esmond lost no time in acquainting the Dowager with the dying statement of her cousin Francis, Viscount of Castlewood. In brief, it was this: Thomas Esmond, late lord, but one of Castlewood, and husband of Isabel, the present Dowager, being in Flanders, fighting for his King, became enamoured of a gentle, innocent, Flemish girl, whom, three weeks before the birth of her son, he married under the name of Captain Thomas. Deserting his bride, Thomas Esmond returned to England, and married Isabel, while his wronged wife, entering a convent, died there some four years afterwards. Her son, Harry Esmond, grown to manhood, fighting likewise for his country, happened by chance in his mother's village home; and assisted by Father Holt (who was always appearing and vanishing most mysteriously), he found the grave, where, under the name of Soeur Marie Magdelenie, reposed his mother's ashes. So, when Thomas, Viscount of Castlewood, was killed at the battle of the Boyne, Henry Esmond became, and still was, rightful heir to the titles and estates. Generously refusing, however, to advance his claims, he obtained a commission in the army three weeks before King William's death placed the crown upon the head of the Princess Anne. Henry Esmond served on the continent under the famous Brigadier-General John Richmond Webb, in the campaigns of 1706-1707 and 1708; was honorably mentioned in the despatches, and retired from the army with the title of Lieutenant-Colonel.

But if Harry Esmond proved himself a brave and successful soldier, truth compels us to acknowledge that he did not make a great display of these qualities, when storming Cupid's citadel. Coming home from his first campaign, he wished to see if his former mistress, Lady Castlewood, still cherished towards him those feelings she manifested so cruelly when visiting him in the prison, after her husband's death. He called, and, learning that my lady was assisting at prayers in the church, went thither. In the affectionate meeting that followed, Esmond, filled with all his old love for his mistress, discovered that she, although a few years his senior, loved him with

an intensity that burst through all cold formalities. It shone in her eyes, glowed on her cheeks, and dropped from her tongue in loving words. Esmond, gazing enraptured, thought he had never seen her look more beautiful. He begged her to become his wife ; to go with him to the estate of Castlewood in Virginia, and there begin a new life in a new world. They entered the house together. Lady Castlewood, pressing his arm, whispered "Welcome," and Harry, with eyes aflame, smiled down in her face.

But, alas ! why are men so fickle ? Just then Mistress Beatrix descended the staircase, the lighted wax candle in her hand illuminating the exquisite beauty of her face and neck, and displaying the matchless grace of her figure. Harry looked at her with eyes of delight. He had left a child ; and returning, found a woman grown into a dazzling completeness of beauty.

"N'est-ce pas ?" says my lady in a low sweet voice, still hanging on his arm. Harry turned round, and with a startled blush met his mistress's clear eyes. He had forgotten her, wrapped in admiration of the beautiful daughter. Moreover, Esmond did not stop here ; he fell most hopelessly in love with Mistress Beatrix, who, having very high notions about marriage, taunted the young man with his nameless birth, and at times treated him as so much dirt under her feet. And with that rare innocence, about the only kind a man possesses, Harry poured the burden of his woes into my Lady Castlewood's ears. And she, being not even a private, to say nothing of an officer, made no sign of the pain these love confidences cost her. After the famous battle of Blenheim, where Esmond fought with honor, being favorably mentioned in the despatches, he again humbled himself before the capricious Beatrix, now one of the maids of honor at the Court of Queen Anne. But she, having all the great men of the kingdom on their knees before her, disdained Harry Esmond. And so he sighed and moaned, and bewailed his fate.

One day, during that same winter, Harry Esmond and his old friend, Dick, the scholar, now Corporal Steele, making their way down Germain Street, met Mr. Addison, who invited the gentlemen to his lodgings. Learning that Colonel Esmond had been at Blenheim, he begged that young man to describe certain portions of the battlefield, for Joseph Addison was even then working on his noble poem of the *Campaign*. Within a month from that day all the town was in an uproar. Addison was saluted as the greatest poet seen for ages. The people huzzaed for the Duke of Marlborough and Addison. The latter was appointed Commissioner of Excise, and rising from this honor to others, Addison enjoyed unlimited prosperity the remainder of his life.

While Colonel Esmond was away on his last campaign, the Dowager of Chelsey died. Feeling that her life was nearing its end, the Dowager had

sent for my Lady Castlewood, whom she alternately ignored and tolerated, and told her the true history of Henry Esmond, to whom she left her entire fortune. Lady Castlewood sent immediate word to Esmond, but the letter miscarried, and the Colonel arrived in London, having quit the army, had the story of the Dowager's death from my Lady Castlewood herself. She besought Harry to decide affairs and take his rightful due.

"By my dear lord's bedside, ten years since, it was settled," said Harry. "The children must know nothing of this. Frank and his heirs must bear our name. 'Tis his right fully"

Lady Castlewood fell on her knees at his feet. "Don't raise me," she said in a wild way. "Let me kneel — kneel — and worship you!"

But to his credit, be it said, Colonel Esmond would allow nothing of the kind. He placed her upon a chair, and when she had become calm, Esmond told her of a letter he had received from Frank, just as he was starting for London. The letter contained the somewhat startling news that he, Castlewood, being anxious to sow his wild oats, had married one Clotilda, a German Countess, with a large family of brothers and sisters, who, it afterwards transpired, shifted the burden of their support upon the youthful Castlewood.

Esmond took a lodging near his mistress, at Kensington, glad enough to be with his friends, for his health was quite shattered. Here, having nothing else to do, he dabbled some in letters, and when particularly displeased with Beatrix he wrote satires to relieve his mind. Ye gods! what a life the lady led him, as indeed she did everyone, her mother included. At length, fortunately for Esmond's peace (and that of his friends), her ladyship Beatrix condescended to promise herself in marriage to the Duke of Hamilton, one of the most distinguished men in the kingdom, and who, immediately after his marriage, was to go to France as Ambassador Extraordinary.

One evening, shortly after the announcement, Colonel Esmond had just given as a wedding gift the diamonds left him by the Dowager when the Duke of Hamilton was announced.

"Look, my lord Duke," said Beatrix; "they are a present on my marriage."

"From her Majesty? The Queen is very kind."

But when my lord Duke learned that the gift was from Colonel Esmond, he haughtily commanded it to be returned, saying that the Duchess of Hamilton was not to receive presents from gentlemen that bear a name they have no right to. At this, my Lady Castlewood broke out, telling the Duke that Colonel Esmond's name was as old and honorable as his Grace's own, at which remark my lord Duke smiled. But after listening to my lady's further explanation, his Grace, with a low bow, said:

"Marquis of Esmond, my lord, permit me to ask your lordship's pardon, and beg for the favor of your friendship. I shall esteem it a favor if my lord Colonel Esmond will give the bride away."

But a few days after London rang with the startling news that the Duke of Hamilton had been murdered ! To decide a quarrel over some property, the Duke had fought with the notorious Lord Mohun, his brother-in-law. In the duel the Duke killed Mohun ; thereupon Macartney, my lord Mohun's second, stabbed the Duke as he lay wounded beside the dead lord. Thus again the ambitious hopes of Beatrix were circumvented ; but whatever her feelings, she made no sign, proudly refusing all consolation, and, indeed, would not acknowledge that she needed any.

The country at this time was rent with political strifes. As the Queen was timid by nature, and the tool of her ministers, the Whigs were in a panic lest she should forsake their Hanoverian Prince George ; while the Tories, wishing to have a prince of the royal blood on the throne, were anxious to recall the exile Prince James, and used all their influence to bring about this end.

The Esmond family had always been on the Tory side, and Colonel Esmond, still infatuated, hoped that by bringing the Prince to England he would merit the hand of the most beautiful woman in England. Accordingly, going quietly to France, he met the Prince and induced him to return to London and play boldly for the English crown. My Lord Castlewood, then in France, and who bore a strong resemblance to the Prince, accompanied the party to Kensington, where my Lady Castlewood and Beatrix, delighted to harbor their prince, had apartments prepared. The Prince played the part of my Lord Castlewood, while Frank, disguised, passed for my lord's secretary. Frank not having been at home for so long a time, and the old servants having been all sent away, this plan worked remarkably well for a time. The Prince, anything but a good man, acted the part of brother to Beatrix so lovingly, thereby almost driving Colonel Esmond to desperation, made love to the servants, and drank so heavily that all in the house, save perhaps Beatrix, regretted his coming.

When he had been at Kensington some time, by the connivance of members of the royal household, the Prince was presented to the Queen, as the brother of Beatrix, by that lady herself. Then, watching his opportunity, the prince revealed his identity to the Queen, who thereupon took a fit, in which she lay many hours. The prince stayed two days after this with the Bishop of Rochester, during which time Beatrix, with the air of an injured empress, by the advice of her mother, retired to Castlewood Hall. His lordship returning and making inquiries for Beatrix, he received some plain talking from Colonel Esmond, whereat my lord, vowing vengeance, left the house and took up his residence with the Bishop of Rochester.

Meanwhile, although opinions differed, Mr. Esmond was for having the prince, under escort of troops of Horse Guards, boldly to present himself before the council, message having come on July 30th that the committee of the council was then sitting at Kensington Palace. In spite of the Whigs and the Duke of Marlborough, the Tories had still a majority in the Council, and now or never was the time. Their captain had the guards within and without the palace. Twenty-one members of the House of Commons, eleven peers of Parliament, and many of the most brilliant generals in the army, were with Prince James. The Queen was with him, and she was dying. The council was with him. Success was sure; and Colonel Esmond, who had not slept for three nights, so busy had he been summoning the friends of the prince, with a beating heart, walked rapidly to the bishop's palace. The prince was not there! Esmond hastened back to his friends with the news. Consternation on every face, they sought Prince James in every direction. Then entered Frank Castlewood into the room at the inn where the officers were assembled, and handed Colonel Esmond a note. It was from Beatrix to the prince, telling him that she was a prisoner at Castlewood Hall.

"Gentlemen," said Esmond, very pale, "something has happened to the Prince. You had best settle up with the landlord and go home. There can be no game where there is no one to play it."

Then Esmond and my Lord Castlewood rode to Castlewood Hall, arriving there late at night. Effecting an entrance, by means of the window in Father Holt's study, they confronted the Prince; and Esmond, taking from the cupboard the Father's two swords, would have fought him, but the Prince apologized. Just then Beatrix entered the room. Her astonishment at seeing her brother and Colonel Esmond was indeed great. The latter gazed sternly at her. How had he ever loved this woman so desperately for the past ten years! He left the room without a word, and never saw her again.

As for the Prince, overcome with remorse (and no wonder, when a crown was at stake), he hastened to London, with Colonel Esmond and my Lord Castlewood, thinking to be still in time. Too late! For as they neared the Palace, the herald at arms came forward and proclaimed:

"George, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith!" And the people shouted:

"God save the King!"

Father Holt's sad face was seen among the crowd. Again his plans for the king had failed. This most unlucky man, but indefatigable worker, went over to Maryland as a missionary, and often appeared at Castlewood, Va., where Colonel Esmond and his wife, his dear mistress of old, my Lady Cas-

tlewood, lived in peace and prosperity. And it is to his daughter and only child, Rachel Esmond Warrington, that we are indebted for the publication of these memoirs, written by her dear and honored father himself.

ANALYTICAL EXTRACTS.

The world deals good-naturedly with good-natured people, and I never knew a sulky misanthropist who quarreled with it, but it was he, and not the world that was in the wrong.

Sure, occasion is the father of most that is in us; 'tis misfortune that awakens ingenuity, or fortitude, or endurance, in hearts where these qualities had never come to life but for the circumstances which gave them a being.

'Tis an error, surely, to talk of the simplicity of youth. I think no persons are more hypocritical, and have a more affected behavior towards each other than the young. We get to understand truth better, and grow simpler as we grow older.

'Tis strange what a man may do, and a woman yet think him an angel.

I say unto you, that all my troubles, and joys, too, for that matter, have come from a woman. 'Twas a woman that made a soldier of me, and set me intriguing afterwards, and I believe I would have spun smocks for her, had she so bidden me.

A kindness or a slight, puts a man under one flag or the other, and he marches with it to the end of the campaign.

I suppose a man's vanity is stronger than any other passion in him.

What is the meaning of fidelity in love, and whence the birth of it. 'Tis a state of mind that men fall into, and depending on the man rather than the woman. We love being in love, that's the truth of it. If we had not met Joan, we should have met Kate, and adored her.

One of the greatest of a great man's qualities is success; 'tis a latent power in him, which compels the favor of the gods, and subjugates fortune.

Of all the weeds grown on earth, surely the nicotine is the most soothing and salutary.

A young fellow cannot be cast down by grief and misfortune ever so severe, but some night he begins to sleep sound, and some day, when dinner time comes, to feel hungry for a beefsteak.

We have but to change the point of view, and the greatest action looks mean; as we turn the perspective glass, and a giant appears a pygmy.



CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

BORN 1816.

ENGLAND.

DIED 1855.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

Jane Eyre, a novel, by "Currer Bell," was, like *Vanity Fair*, the initial work of a new era. Owing but little to favorable notice from contemporary critics, it achieved at once a surprising success. The whole reading world of England was in a ferment to discover the unknown author; even the publishers were ignorant whether "Currer Bell" was a real or assumed name; whether it belonged to a man or woman, and it was not until the book reached its second edition that Charlotte Brontë revealed herself as the author, and the parsonage at Haworth became famous.

Patrick Brontë, Charlotte's father, accepted the perpetual curacy of Haworth in 1820. His family at that time consisted of his wife and six children; but within the next four years, Mrs. Brontë and the two older daughters, Maria and Elizabeth, died. Mr. Brontë was eccentric and unsocial in his habits, and the children were thrown much upon their own resources; Charlotte and Emily amused themselves by writing stories and childish "magazines," extracts from which, given by Mrs. Gaskell, in her admirable *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, shows remarkable indications of imaginative power.

Up to 1844 Charlotte's time was spent as pupil and teacher in school, as governess, and as instructor of French one year in Brussels, when she returned to Haworth, where she spent the remainder of her life. In 1846, the three sisters, Charlotte, Emily and Anne, published a small volume of collected poems, under the pseudonyms of "Currer," "Ellis" and "Acton" Bell.

They next offered three novels: *The Professor*, *Wuthering Heights*, and *Agnes Grey*, to various publishing houses; Emily and Anne's stories found publishers, but Charlotte's novel, *The Professor*, was rejected. This failure did not deter her from offering to the publishers *Jane Eyre*, which was accepted, and received by the public with one burst of acclamation.

In 1848 Mr. Brontë's only son, Branwell, died, and soon after, death claimed Emily and Anne, leaving Charlotte, then in her thirty-third year, sole survivor of six children, to comfort and care for her father. At this time she suffered frequently from nervous depression; yet she still persevered in literary composition, and *Shirley*, the least melancholy of her novels, was published in 1849, and three years after, despite many interruptions caused by depression and ill-health, she produced *Villette*, a novel which is to a large extent, autobiographical.

In 1854, she was married to Mr. Nicholls, her father's curate, and while health lasted, her life was a happy one; the next winter, however, her health failed, and she sank gradually, and died March 31, 1855, aged thirty-nine years.

Much of her life had been sad and solitary; "her little figure, her earnest eye, her smooth, brown hair, and her quiet movement, present the woman to us, as she must have always seemed. Contrasted with the splendors of De Staël and the lurid brilliancy of George Sand, and with all the flickering, fading gleams of the female novelists of her time, her light shines pure and planetary. It is to that calm power that the literature of England will long be indebted for a truer tone, and the lives of Saxon women for a sweeter inspiration."

JANE EYRE.

My childhood was a sad one ; from my earliest recollection, I was a member of the family of my aunt, Mrs. Reed ; treated by her daughters, Eliza and Georgiana, with proud indifference, and bullied and punished continually by her son John, a school boy, my senior by four years.

My very first recollections of existence included hints of my obligations to my aunt, and insinuations that, if she were to turn me off, I would have to go to the poorhouse. Not until my tenth year did I learn for the first time that my father had been a poor clergyman ; that my mother had married him against the wishes of her friends ; that my grandfather Reed had cut her off without a shilling, and that after my mother and father had been married a year, they both died from typhus fever within a month of each other.

At this age, Mrs. Reed placed me in Lowood School, a charitable institution in —shire. Mrs. Reed informed the treasurer, Mr. Brockelhurst, that she wished me to be brought up in a manner suiting my prospects ; to be made useful, to be kept humble, and as for the vacations, that I was to spend them always at Lowood.

I remained an inmate of Lowood School eight years—six of them as pupil. In time I rose to be the first girl of the first class ; then I was invested with the office of teacher, which I discharged with zeal for two years, and then came a change. In reply to an advertisement, I found a position as governess in the family of a Mr. Rochester, the owner of Thornfield, near Millcote, —shire.

Soon after my introduction to Thornfield occurred an event, which made a deep impression upon my mind. Mrs. Fairfax, Mr. Rochester's housekeeper, was showing me about the Hall, and we ascended to the roof to view the beautiful landscape. In coming down, while Mrs. Fairfax staid behind to fasten the trap-door, I proceeded to descend the narrow garret staircase, when the last sound I expected to hear in so still a region, a laugh, struck my ear. It was a curious laugh, distinct, formal, mirthless.

"Mrs. Fairfax !" I called out ; "did you hear that loud laugh ? Who is it ?"

"Some of the servants, very likely," she answered ; "perhaps Grace Poole."

"Grace !" exclaimed Mrs. Fairfax.

The door nearest me opened, and a servant came out—a woman of between thirty and forty ; red-haired, and with a hard plain face.

"Too much noise, Grace," said Mrs. Fairfax ; "remember directions !"

Grace courtesied silently and went in.

"She is a person we have to sew, and assist Leah in the housemaid's work," continued the widow ; "by-the-by, Miss Eyre, how have you got on with your new pupil this morning ?"

The conversation thus turned on Adèle, continued till we reached the light and cheerful region below.

The promise of a smooth career as governess in Thornfield Hall was not belied on a longer acquaintance with the place and its inmates. Mrs. Fairfax turned out to be what she appeared, a placid-tempered, kind-natured woman. My pupil, Miss Adèle Varens, Mr. Rochester's ward, was a lively child, who had been spoiled and indulged, and therefore was sometimes wayward ; but under my care soon became obedient and teachable. Mr. Rochester was absent from home when I first arrived at the hall, and did not return for three months. On the evening after his arrival the following January, while I sat musing by the fireside, Mrs. Fairfax came in and announced that Mr. Rochester would be glad to have me and Adèle take tea with him in the drawing-room. The day previous, while walking in the lane leading from Thornfield, I had assisted a stranger to remount his horse, which, as I was passing, had shied and slipped on an icy spot, and fallen with his rider, who sustained a slight sprain of the ankle. The traveler, who I afterward learned was Mr. Rochester, was a man past youth ; perhaps he might be thirty-five. He had a dark face, with stern features and a heavy brow, and accepted my offer of assistance with a curtness and gruffness of speech which, while it was disagreeable, did not disconcert me at the time ; but to-night, unused as I was to strangers, it was rather a trial to appear thus formally summoned into his presence, and I let Mrs. Fairfax precede me into the dining-room. Half reclined on a couch appeared Mr. Rochester ; his foot supported by a cushion. He was looking at Adèle and the dog Pilot.

"Here is Miss Eyre, sir ;" said Mrs. Fairfax.

"Let Miss Eyre be seated," said he.

He went on as a statue would ; that is, he neither spoke nor moved. Mrs. Fairfax began to talk.

"Madame, I should like some tea," was the sole rejoinder she got.

"Come to the fire," said the master when tea was over and the tray taken away.

"You have been a resident of my house three months ?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you came from —— ?"

"From Lowood School, in ——shire."

"Ah, a charitable concern. How long were you there?"

"Eight years."

"What age were you when you went to Lowood?"

"About ten."

"You are now, then, about eighteen. Adèle showed me some sketches this morning which she said were yours; fetch me your portfolio."

I brought the portfolio from the library. He deliberately scrutinized each sketch and painting. Three he laid aside; the others, when he had examined them, he swept from him. After a critical examination of these three he said: "There, put the drawings away!" and, looking at his watch, added abruptly: "It is nine o'clock; what are you about, Miss Eyre, to let Adèle sit up so long? Take her to bed."

For several subsequent days I saw but little of Mr. Rochester; one afternoon, when he chanced to meet me and Adèle in the grounds, and while she played with Pilot and her shuttlecock, he asked me to walk up and down a long beech avenue, within sight of her. He then said that she was the daughter of a French opera-dancer, Céline Varens, towards whom he once cherished what he called a "grande passion." This passion Céline had professed to return with even superior ardor, but proved false to him, abandoned her child Adèle, and ran away to Italy with a musician. "I acknowledge no natural claim on Adèle's part," he continued, "to be supported by me, but, hearing that she was quite destitute, I took the poor thing out of the slime and mud of Paris, and transplanted it here, to grow up clean in the wholesome soil of an English country garden."

It was not until I had withdrawn to my own chamber for the night that I steadily reviewed the tale Mr. Rochester had told me. His deportment had now for some weeks been more uniform towards me than at the first. I felt at times as if he were my relation rather than my master. He was imperious sometimes still, but I did not mind that; I saw it was his way. Gratitude, and many associations, all pleasurable and genial, made his face the object I best liked to see. Yet I had not forgotten his faults; he was proud, sardonic, harsh to inferiority of every description. He was moody, too, but I believed his moodiness, his harshness and his former faults of morality, had their source in some cruel cross of fate.

I hardly know whether I had slept or not after this musing; at any rate, I started wide awake on hearing a vague murmur which sounded, I thought, just above me. I rose and sat up in bed listening. Just then it seemed as if my chamber door was touched; as if fingers had swept the panels in groping a way along the dark gallery outside; I thought that it might be Pilot, the dog, when all at once I heard a demoniac laugh—low, suppressed and deep—uttered, as it seemed, at the very key-hole of my

chamber door. Ere long, steps retreated up the gallery towards the third story staircase. I heard a door open and close, and all was still.

"Was that Grace Poole, and is she possessed of a devil?" thought I. Impossible, now, to remain longer by myself, I hurried on my frock and shawl and opened the door with a trembling hand. I was amazed to find the air filled with smoke; Mr. Rochester's door was ajar and the smoke rushed in a cloud from his room. In an instant I was within the chamber. Tongues of flame darted round the bed where Mr. Rochester lay in a deep sleep.

"Wake! wake!" I cried — then rushed to his basin and ewer, deluged the bed with water, and, by God's aid, succeeded in extinguishing the flames which were devouring it. The splash of the shower bath roused Mr. Rochester from his stupor.

"Is there a flood!" he cried.

"No, sir," I answered, "but there has been a fire."

"What is it, and who did it?" he asked.

I briefly related to him what had transpired, to which he listened with more concern than astonishment, and then said:

"I am going to leave you a few minutes here; I must pay a visit to the third story. Don't move or call any one."

He re-entered pale and gloomy, and saying, "I have found it all out," told me to say nothing about it, and return to my own room. Bidding him good-night, I rose to leave, when he spoke:

"I knew you would do me good in some way, at some time; I saw it in your eyes when I first beheld you. My cherished preserver, good-night."

The next morning Mr. Rochester left Thornfield, and was gone for nearly two weeks; when he did return, he brought with him a number of friends — and though I pondered much over the enigmatical character of Grace Poole, I was obliged to dismiss the subject without a solution of the mystery.

Merry days were those at Thornfield Hall, when the house was filled with guests, and you could not traverse the gallery, once so hushed, without encountering a smart lady's maid, or a dandy valet; but I saw very little of Mr. Rochester.

I had learned to love him; I could not unlove him now, though I found that he had ceased to notice me, or because I saw all his attentions appropriated by the beautiful Miss Ingram, one of his guests, who scorned to touch me with the hem of her robes as she passed; I could not unlove him, though I felt sure he would soon marry this very lady, because her rank and connections suited him. It surprised me when I first discovered that such was his intention, but the longer I considered, the less I felt justified in judging and blaming him.

One day, while Mr. Rochester was away, a stranger arrived in the post-chaise, who gave his name as Mason ; and, bowing to Lady Ingram, said : " I arrive from a very long journey, and I think I may presume so far on old acquaintance, as to install myself here till Mr. Rochester returns."

When I announced the stranger's arrival to Mr. Rochester that evening, and pronounced his name, adding, " he comes from the West Indies ; from Spanish Town, in Jamaica, I think," he gave my wrist a convulsive grip ; apparently a spasm caught his breath.

" Mason — the West Indies !" he repeated three times, growing whiter than ashes. " Jane, I've got a blow — I've got a blow, Jane !" He staggered, sat down, and made me sit beside him.

" My little friend," said he, " I wish I were in a quiet island with only you ; and trouble and danger, and hideous recollections removed from me." He then asked me to fetch him a glass of wine from the dining-room. When I returned with it, his extreme pallor had disappeared, and he looked, once more, firm and stern.

" Jane," he said, " go back now into the room ; step quietly up to Mason, and whisper in his ear that Mr. Rochester is come, and wishes to see him. Show him in here, and then leave me."

I did his behest. At a late hour I heard the visitors repair to their chambers ; I heard Mr. Rochester say : " This way, Mason ; this is your room." He spoke cheerfully. The gay tones set my heart at ease, and I was soon asleep. For a month succeeding this, I was absent from Thornfield attending my aunt, Mrs. Reed, who sent for me, and on her dying bed confessed that she had twice wronged me ; first, in not keeping her promise to her husband to bring me up as her own child, and second, in writing to an uncle of mine in Maderia, who was desirous of adopting me, that I had died of typhus fever at Lowood. Though I freely forgave her, she could not change her habitual frame of mind ; living, she had ever hated me — dying, she must hate me still.

A fortnight of dubious calm succeeded my return to Thornfield Hall. Nothing was said of the master's marriage to Miss Ingram, and I began to cherish the hopes that the match was broken off, and that rumor had been mistaken.

One midsummer eve I watched Adèle till she dropped asleep and then I sought the garden. As I made for the wicket leading to the shrubbery, I saw Mr. Rochester entering ; he greeted me pleasantly ; I did not like to walk at this hour, alone with him in the shadowy orchard ; but I could not find a reason to allege for leaving him.

" Jane," he said, " Thornfield is a pleasant place in summer, is it not ?"

" Yes, sir."

"You must have become in some degree attached to the house, and to Adèle, too."

"Yes, sir; in different ways, I have an affection for both."

"And would be sorry to part with them."

"Yes, I would grieve to leave Thornfield; I love Thornfield. I love it, because I have lived in it a full and delightful life. I have known you, Mr. Rochester; and it strikes me with terror and anguish to feel I absolutely must be torn from you forever; I see the necessity of departure, and it is like looking on the necessity of death."

"Where do you see the necessity?" he asked suddenly.

"In the shape of Miss Ingram — a noble and beautiful woman — your bride."

"My bride? What bride? I have no bride."

"But you will have."

"Yes: I will! — I will!"

"Then I must go."

"No; you must stay! I swear it, and the oath shall be kept; come, Jane — come hither."

"Your bride stands between us."

He rose and, with a stride, reached me. "My bride is here," he said, "because my equal is here, and my likeness. Jane, will you marry me? I would not — I could not marry Miss Ingram. You, — I love as my own flesh. I entreat you to accept me as a husband."

"What, me?" I ejaculated, beginning to credit his sincerity. "Are you in earnest? Do you truly love me? Do you sincerely wish me to be your wife?"

"I do; and if an oath is necessary to satisfy you, I swear it."

"Then, sir, I will marry you."

"God pardon me!" he ejaculated, "and man meddle not with me; I have her and will hold her. Come to me — come to me entirely now; make my happiness — I will make yours."

The month of courtship wasted; all the preparations for the wedding were complete. I, at least, had nothing more to do; but I had at heart a strange and anxious thought. Something had happened which I could not comprehend; no one knew of or had seen the event but myself; it had taken place the preceding night. Mr. Rochester was absent from home, nor was he yet returned, but when he did come that evening I told him the whole story, for he noticed my melancholy and depressed appearance.

"On awaking during the night," I said, "a gleam dazzled my eyes; there was a light on the dressing table, and the door of the closet, where my wedding dress and veil hung, stood open. I heard a rustling; and a form

emerged from the closet. I had risen up in bed ; I bent forward ; first surprise, then bewilderment came over me ; and then my blood crept cold through my veins. Mr. Rochester, this was not Leah, it was not Mrs. Fairfax ; it was not even that strange woman, Grace Poole."

"It must have been one of them," interrupted my master, "Did you see her face?"

"Not at first, but presently she took my veil from its place, held it up, gazed at it long, and then she threw it over her own head and turned to the mirror. At that moment I saw the reflection of her face — oh, sir, I never saw a face like it ! It was a discolored face ; I wish I could forget it."

"Ah ! what did she do?"

"Sir, she removed my veil from her gaunt head, rent it in two parts, and flinging both on the floor, trampled on them, and, taking the candle, retreated to the door ; for the second time in my life — only the second time, I became insensible."

"Who was with you when you revived?"

"No one, sir, but the broad day. Now, tell me, who and what that woman was."

He drew his breath short, and strained me close to him. After some minutes' silence he continued cheerily :

"Now, Janet, I'll explain to you all about it. It was half dream and half reality ; that woman was — must have been — Grace Poole. I see you would ask why I keep such a woman in my house ; when we have been married a year and a day, I will tell you. Are you satisfied?"

I reflected ; satisfied I was not, but to please him I endeavored to appear so, and now, as it was long past one, I prepared to leave him.

The next morning we walked quietly to the church, which was just beyond the gates. There were no groomsmen, no bridesmaids, no relatives to wait for, or marshal — none but Mr. Rochester and I.

We entered the quiet and humble temple ; all was still. The priest waited in his white surplice at the lowly altar, the clerk beside him. Two shadows only moved in the remote corner. Our place was taken at the communion rails. Hearing a cautious step behind me, I glanced over my shoulder ; one of the strangers — a gentleman, evidently — was advancing up the chancel. The service began. The explanation of the intent of matrimony was gone through, and the clergyman, Mr. Wood, was proceeding, when a distinct and near voice said :

"The marriage cannot go on. I declare the existence of an impediment."

The clergyman looked up at the speaker and stood mute ; Mr. Rochester moved slightly, as if an earthquake had rolled under his feet. Taking a firmer footing, and not turning his head or eyes, he said, "Proceed."

Presently Mr. Wood said, "I cannot proceed without some investigation into what has been asserted, and evidence of its truth or falsehood. What is the nature of the impediment?" he asked.

The stranger came forward. "It simply consists in the existence of a previous marriage; Mr. Rochester has a wife now living."

My nerves vibrated to those low spoken words, as they had never vibrated to thunder; but I was collected and in no danger of swooning. The stranger then produced and read a certificate of marriage between Edward Fairfax Rochester and Bertha Antoinetta Mason, at Spanish Town, Jamaica. I looked at Mr. Rochester. His whole face was colorless rock, his eye was both spark and flint.

"That," said he, "does not prove that the woman mentioned therein as my wife is still living."

"I have a witness to the fact, whose testimony even you, sir, will scarcely controvert," said the stranger.

"Produce him — or go to hell."

"I will produce him first — he is on the spot; Mr. Mason, have the goodness to step forward."

"Sir," said the clergyman, "are you aware whether or not this gentleman's wife is still living?"

"She is now living at Thornfield Hall," said Mason; "I saw her there last April. I am her brother."

I saw a grim smile contort Mr. Rochester's lips. He mused — for ten minutes he held counsel with himself; he formed his resolve, and announced it. "Wood, close your book, and take off your surplice; there will be no wedding to-day. Bigamy is an ugly word! I meant, however, to be a bigamist, but fate has outmaneuvered me. I am a little better than a devil at this moment. I have been married, and the woman to whom I was married lives. Bertha Mason is mad; and she comes from a mad family; gentlemen, I invite you all to come up to the house and visit Mrs. Poole's patient, and *my wife*! You shall see whether or not I had the right to break the compact, and seek sympathy with something at least human. This girl," he continued, "knew no more than you, Wood, of the disgusting secret; she thought all was fair and legal, and never dreamt she was going to be entrapped into a feigned union with a defrauded wretch, already bound to a bad, mad, imbruted partner! Come, all of you," and still holding me fast, he left the church.

That night Mr. Rochester gave me the history of his unfortunate alliance, and begged me not to leave him, but my mind was fixed; yet so great was my love for him still, that I could not resist, before we separated for the night — yes, as I fully believed, forever — kneeling down by him, kissing his

cheek and smoothing his hair with my hand. "Farewell!" was the cry of my heart as I left him. Despair added, "Farewell, forever!"

That night I left Thornfield, to wander, I knew not whither. I took nothing but what I could call my own; some linen, a locket, and a ring. Reduced in a moment from comfort to want, from affluence to beggary, I traveled on, till I fell, in utter exhaustion, at the door of Moor House, where I had applied for help. Out of pity for my abject misery, I was received into the house and tenderly cared for by the inmates, St. John Rivers, and his sisters Diana and Mary Rivers.

In a few days I had sufficiently recovered to give an account of myself, but repressed the story of my Thornfield experience, and gave my name as Jane Elliott. After a time Mr. St. John, who was expecting to go as a missionary to India, and now had charge of a large and scattered parish at Morton, secured for me a situation at the head of a school for girls he had recently established. St. John visited often at the school and the little cottage in Morton which I made my home. One stormy winter's night, when the wind was blowing a hurricane, I heard a knock at the door, and opened, to find St. John Rivers.

"Is there any ill news?" I demanded; "has anything happened?"

"No," he replied; "how very easily alarmed you are!"

I soon found, however, that he had important and astounding, if not alarming news. It was to the effect that he had discovered my real name, and that I had fallen heir to a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, left me by my uncle, Mr. Eyre of Madeira, who was also his uncle.

"Then we are cousins," I said, forgetting my fortune for a time, in my joy at finding blood relations. I surveyed him. It seemed I had found a brother—one I could be proud of—one I could love; and two sisters, whose qualities were such that, when I knew them but as mere strangers, they had inspired me with genuine affection and admiration. Glorious discovery to a lonely wretch! This was wealth, indeed—wealth to the heart—a mine of pure genial affection.

In my joy, I insisted upon a division of the legacy, and at last had the pleasure of seeing St. John, Diana, and Mary each become possessed of a competency.

St. John, who became more and more attentive to me, finally proposed marriage, that we might go together as missionaries to India. He made no profession of love, but simply appealed to my sense of Christian duty.

"God and nature," said he, "intended you for a missionary's wife; you are formed for labor, not love. A missionary's wife you must—you shall be. You shall be mine: I claim you—not for my pleasure, but for my Sovereign's service."

I shuddered as he spoke. I felt his influence in my marrow—his hold on my limbs. His appeals to duty became more and more powerful; I had almost yielded to his importunities; my heart beat fast and thick, when suddenly it stood still to an inexpressible feeling that thrilled it through.

"What have you heard? What do you see?" asked St. John.

I saw nothing; but I heard a voice somewhere cry, "Jane! Jane! Jane!"—nothing more. "Oh God! what is it?" I gasped.

I had heard it—where or whence, forever impossible to know! and it was the voice of a human being—a known, loved, well-remembered voice, that of Edward Fairfax Rochester; and it spoke in pain and woe; wildly, eerily, urgently.

"I am coming!" I cried, "wait for me! Oh I will come!" I flew to the door and looked out; it was dark; I ran out into the garden; it was void.

"Where are you?" I exclaimed, and the hills sent the answer back: "Where are you?" Then all was still. I broke from St. John, who had followed, mounted to my chamber, fell on my knees, and prayed, in my way—took a resolve—and lay down, unscared, enlightened, eager for the day.

The next morning I started for Thornfield Hall. Instead of the stately mansion I had expected to see, I found a blackened ruin. From the inn-keeper I heard the sad story.

"Grace Poole," said he, "had but one fault—*she kept a private bottle of gin by her*, and now and then took a drop overmuch. On such occasions Mrs. Rochester, who was as cunning as a witch, would take the keys and go roaming about the house, doing any wild mischief that came into her head. The night of the fire she made her way to the room where the governess used to sleep and set fire to the bed; she then went to the roof, Mr. Rochester following her; we heard him call her 'Bertha,' and then she yelled and gave a spring, and the next minute she lay smashed on the pavement. As Mr. Rochester came down the staircase, there was a great crash—all fell. He was taken out from under the ruins alive but sadly hurt; he lost an eye and a hand. The other eye inflamed; he lost the sight of that also. He is now helpless indeed—blind, and a cripple."

Reader, I went to him. I found him in the manor house, cared for by his old servants, Mary and John. He had just sent for Mary to bring him a glass of water.

"Give me the tray," I said; "I will carry it to him."

"This is you, Mary, is it not?" he asked as I entered.

"Mary is in the kitchen," I answered.

"Who is this? Who is this?" he demanded, trying, as it seemed, to *see* with those sightless eyes.

"Will you have a little more water, sir?"

"Great God!—what delusion has come over me? Where is the speaker? Is it only a voice?" He groped, arrested his wandering hand, and prisoned it in both mine. The muscular hand broke from my custody; my arm was seized, my shoulder, neck, waist. I was entwined and gathered to him. "Jane Eyre!—Jane Eyre!" was all he said.

I pressed my lips to his once brilliant and now rayless eyes. I swept his hair from his brow, and kissed that too; the conviction of the reality of all this seized him.

"It is you—is it, Jane? You are come back to me then?"

"I am."

"And you will stay with me?"

"Certainly.—unless you object. I will be your companion, to read to you, to walk with you, to sit with you, to be eyes and hands to you. You shall not be left desolate so long as I live."

* * * * *

I have now been married to Mr. Rochester ten years. I know what it is to live entirely for and with what I love best on earth. I know no weariness of my Edward's society; he knows none of mine; we are precisely suited in character—perfect concord is the result.

One morning, at the end of two years after our marriage, he came and bent over me and said: "Jane, have you a glittering ornament around your neck?"

I had a gold watch chain. I answered "yes."

"And have you a pale blue dress on?"

I had. He was recovering his sight. He and I went up to London, where he had the advice of an eminent oculist, and his sight was so far restored that he can find his way without being led by the hand.

When his first-born was put into his arms, he could see that the boy inherited his own eyes as they once were—large, brilliant, black, and on that occasion he again, with a full heart, acknowledged that God had tempered his judgment with mercy.

QUOTATIONS.

Nobody knows how many rebellions, besides political rebellions, ferment in the masses of life that people earth.

Most things free-born will submit to anything for a salary.

ON WOMAN.

Women are supposed to be very calm generally ; but women feel, just as men feel ; they need exercise for their faculties, and a field for their efforts as much as their brothers do ; they suffer from too rigid a restraint, too absolute a stagnation, precisely as men would suffer ; and it is narrow-minded in their more privileged fellow-creatures to say that they ought to confine themselves to making puddings and knitting stockings, to playing on the piano and embroidering bags. It is thoughtless to condemn them or laugh at them, if they seek to do more or learn more than custom has pronounced necessary for their sex.

ON PRESENTIMENTS.

Presentiments are strange things ! and so are sympathies ; and so are signs ; and the three combined make one mystery to which humanity has not yet found the key. I never laugh at presentiments in my life, because I have had strange ones of my own. Sympathies, I believe, exist whose workings baffle mortal comprehension. And signs, for aught we know, may be but the sympathies of nature with man.

A HAPPY DAY.

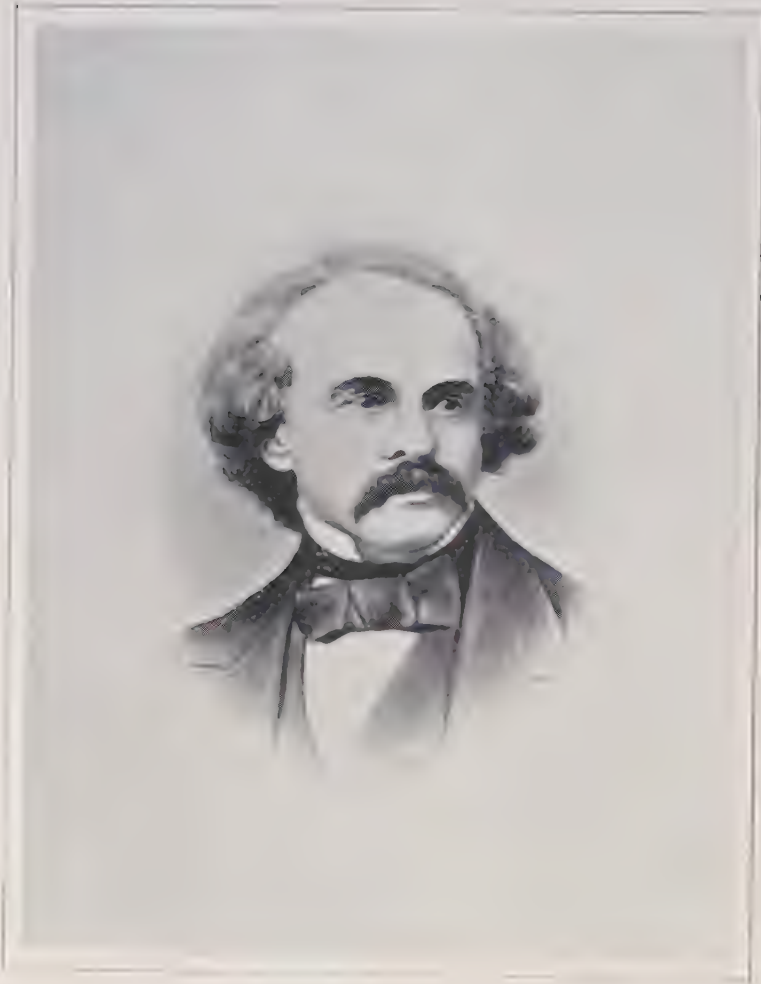
Take one day ; share it into sections ; to each section appropriate its task ; leave no stray, unemployed quarters of an hour, ten minutes, five minutes ; include all ; do each piece of business in its turn with method, with rigid regularity. The day will close almost before you are aware it has begun ; and you are indebted to no one for helping you to get rid of one vacant moment ; you had to seek no one's company, conversation, sympathy, forbearance ; you have lived, in short, as an independent being ought to do.

ON GOD AS SEEN IN NATURE.

We know that God is everywhere ; but, certainly, we feel his presence most when His works are on the grandest scale spread before us ; and it is in the unclouded night-sky, where his worlds wheel their silent course, that we read clearest his infinitude, his omnipotence, his omnipresence.

HEWING OUR OWN WAY.

God has given us, in a measure, the power to make our own fate, and when our energies seem to demand a sustenance they cannot get, we need neither starve from inanition, nor stand still in despair : we have but to seek another nourishment for the mind, and to hew out for the adventurous foot a road as direct and broad as the one fortune has blocked up against us, if rougher than it.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

BORN 1804.

AMERICA.

DIED 1864.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Hawthorne, the most shy and sensitive of American authors, and by no means voluminous, ranks as one of the most refined, accomplished and highly prized of them all. A few remarkable works of fiction are about all that he gave to the public. *Twice Told Tales*, *Mosses from an Old Manse*, *The Scarlet Letter*, *The House of the Seven Gables*, *The Blithedale Romance*, and *The Marble Faun*, were the principal. *Our Old Home* was a sketch of his observations in England; and his *Notes* was a posthumous work of fragmentary character. The story of his life is soon told. Born in Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804, he died in 1864. He was educated at Bowdoin College, being a classmate of Longfellow, who was always his attached friend and admirer. Another dear friend, of life-long constancy, was Franklin Pierce, who became President of the United States, under whom he served four years as consul to Liverpool, and whose life Hawthorne wrote. For three years, under Mr. Polk's administration, he held the office of surveyor of the port of Salem; and one of the most delightful sketches he left was a description (prefixed to his tale of *The Scarlet Letter*) of his life in the custom-house, and of his associates in that queer, old place at the end of the long wharf. Hawthorne's name is connected with the memorable experiment of the Brook Farm enthusiasts, of whom he has dainty morsels of information for the curious. He had an acute and subtle intellect, was meditative, introspective, kindly, charitable; never sullied his page with anything at variance with the strictest morality, nor with reflections and innuendoes against the Christian faith. He left a son, Julian Hawthorne, who is an author of merit, and who has given us, among other things, that strange tale, entitled *Archibald Malmaison*.

THE SCARLET LETTER.

This is a remarkable story; and among all the pieces left by Hawthorne the dispute for pre-eminence would probably lie between the *Scarlet Letter*, and the *Marble Faun*. *Blackwood's Magazine*, and some other critical authorities, have been disposed to censure the former work as destitute of the glow of natural health, and feverish with the hectic of disease. It is a tale of passion, with little plot, with a denouement clearly foreseen after the first few chapters, and yet of well sustained interest throughout. The characters are intense, the analysis of motives is subtle, the descriptions are vivid, and the end is overwhelmingly sorrowful. At the opening of the

tale we are brought in front of a heavily timbered, iron-studded, prison door, in the early days of Boston. A crowd of bearded men with steeple-crowned hats, and of somewhat hard-featured women, await the opening of that door, with gloomy, unpitying faces; while severe and cutting remarks are exchanged about the prisoner whom they are expecting momentarily to appear. A noise of bolts thrown back quickens all their senses. The door opens, and out steps a dark, handsome woman with a babe in her arms, attended by the beadles. She is the mother of the child, whose father is not known; and for the scandal of whose birth, she, in accordance with the severe code of that day, has been imprisoned, and is now to be publicly punished. In that crowd of New England Puritans there is no eye to pity her, no word of tenderness and sympathy for her ear, nor even gentleness for her babe. Even the women have nothing but hard names for her, and freely express opinions that hanging would be no more than she deserves. The punishment, however, awarded her is not to be death, nor stripes; but she is to stand for three hours on a raised scaffold, near the pillory, though not locked into it, exposed to the gaze of the multitude, with a scarlet letter. An initial letter of her crime pinned upon her breast; and this letter she must continue to wear all her days as the badge of her shame, and marking her as a proper object for the public abhorrence. The woman bears herself not defiantly, but proudly, firmly, and with an expression of intense suffering and bitterness, returning the hard, unfeeling stare of the crowd with a look as stony as her beautiful eyes could cast, but with nothing of beseeching or expectation.

Her name was Hester Prynne. On a platform above her were gathered the church and civic dignitaries of the province to be witnesses of the woman's disgrace, and impart a kind of sacredness to the popular abomination in which she was to be held. There was Governor Bellingham, with his sergeants-at-arms; and there were the Rev. John Wilson, Boston's oldest clergyman, a great man and profound scholar, and the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale, a young minister, the woman's own pastor, with other magistrates who need not be mentioned. A moment more and a stern voice from the platform was heard addressing the unhappy woman. It was that of the old clergyman, who, solemnly rebuking her for her sin, said she ought to give up the name of her partner in guilt; but he would commit the task of dealing with her to one who must be presumed to understand her natural temper better than he could pretend to do, viz.: to her own godly pastor, the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale. Summoned thus to the front, while all eyes were fastened upon him, the young clergyman bent his head a moment in silent prayer; and then, leaning over the balcony, he said: "Hester Prynne, if thou feelest it to be for thy soul's peace, and that thy earthly punishment will

thereby be made more effectual to salvation, I charge thee to speak out the name of thy fellow sinner and fellow sufferer. Be not silent from any mistaken tenderness and pity for him ; for believe me, Hester, though he were to step down from a high place, and stand there on thy pedestal of shame, yet better were it so, than to hide a guilty heart through life." The young pastor's voice was "tremulously sweet, deep, and broken." But the woman shook her head. She would not tell. Even when assured that confession and repentance would avail to take the scarlet letter off her breast, she said : "Never ; it is too deeply branded. Ye cannot take it off. And would that I might endure his agony as well as mine." She was led back to prison.

At the moment when Hester Prynne was led up to her exposure on the scaffold, she caught sight of two persons in the crowd that caused her to shudder. One was an Indian, and near him a white man, "in a strange disarray of civilized and savage costume ;" a man small in stature, with a thin furrowed visage, keen and penetrating eyes, slightly deformed and with a look of remarkable intelligence. This man made eager inquiries of the bystanders concerning the woman and her offence ; announced himself as one Roger Chillingworth, who had seen strange mischances by sea and land, had been in captivity among the Indians of the South, and had come hither to arrange for his ransom. He had been a great student, having devoted himself much to the occult sciences, and to medicine, and to his skill in this last had added much from what he had learned concerning the virtues of roots and herbs during his captivity. Physicians of skill were scarce in the colony. The terrible strain to which Hester had been subjected had thrown both her and her babe into so fevered and frenzied a condition, that it was feared she might make away with herself. Roger Chillingworth was called to examine and prescribe for her, and was left alone with her and her infant in prison. Now, this cold, studious and repulsive looking man was Hester Prynne's husband. In Amsterdam she had in some way been persuaded to become his wife, although she neither felt nor pretended any love for him. Taking it into his head to come to the New World, he had sent his wife on before while he remained to settle some affairs, purposing soon to rejoin her. Thus they had been separated ; and after a long period, being able to gain no tidings of him, she concluded, with no sorrow, that he was lost to her forever. And now, at last, after the misstep which had brought her into disgrace, here was the man whom of all others she least desired to behold. The interview between Hester and Roger Chillingworth in the prison was a most painful one, full of horror on her part and bitter malice on his. He would prescribe for her and the babe, and opened a little case of medicines for the purpose. But the woman would receive nothing from his hands, fearing that he meant to poison her, and thus deprive the poor babe of its mother. But Roger did

not intend to do this ; and he soon made her believe that if he imagined a scheme of vengeance he could do nothing better for his object than to keep her alive and in infamy. The babe was quieted by his medicine ; and she also received a soothing draught. He tried to persuade her to give up the name of him who had wrought her ruin. She was unyielding. No power on earth should compel her to reveal it. His pleadings were all in vain. He acknowledged his folly in supposing that any young woman could ever feel for an object like himself,—old, ugly, a book-worm, ungraceful,—the passion of love. But still he bitterly reproached Hester, and persisted in knowing the author of her shame. And when he found that her lips were hopelessly closed on the subject, with a penetrating and burning look, that frightened her, he said impressively, “ I shall seek this man as I have sought truth in books, as I have sought gold in alchemy. Sooner or later he must needs be mine.” He swore, however, that he would not reveal himself as Hester’s husband. The keenness of the quest for the man who had wronged him made concealment of his true relation to Hester a necessity. He would live and die unknown. He would be Roger Chillingworth, a learned foreign physician. But oppose him what would, he would track out and hunt down the secret partner of his wife’s sin. When the term of Hester’s imprisonment had expired, she was set at large and took for herself a poor lonely cottage on a barren spot on the outskirts of the town, where she supported herself by her marvelous skill in embroidery, an art much more in demand for festive garments, robes of honor, wedding finery, funeral habits, and the clothing of well-born babies, in that age than at any time since. Hester’s work, now a lost art, was of the finest ; and by it she kept herself and her little Pearl, as she called the child, in moderate comfort. But no one visited her as a friend. The finger of scorn was pointed at her everywhere ; and she expected nothing else. Kind she was to the poor ; and yet those who received her help or her little charities paid her only with reviling. Children in the streets made a mock of her, and were encouraged so to do. Grave good people drew up their garments for fear of defilement when she approached. And wherever she went that scarlet letter A blazed out upon her breast and burned into her heart.

Pearl was growing up a strange wayward little elf, attached to her mother, but so changeable and fitful in her moods that Hester never could feel that she had her thoughts or her affections for more than a minute at a time. On this little one she lavished all the wealth of her affection, all the pity of her own aching heart, all the instruction she could impart, and all the skill of her needle. There was nothing in her condition to live for but Pearl. Decked out in the clothing with which the poor woman arrayed her, she was a marvel of beauty, flying about in the strangest freaks of play and passion, so

that even her mother sometimes looked upon her with astonishment as being hardly human. The child early became sensible of the antipathy with which she was regarded by the other children, and that she was an object of scorn or suspicion; and this developed in her a spirit of opposition, so that when the urchins gathered about her, as they sometimes did, she would "grow positively terrible in her puny wrath, snatching up stones to fling at them, with shrill, incoherent exclamations, that made her mother tremble, because they had so much the sound of a witch's anathemas in some unknown tongue." One of the first things that excited her childish curiosity was the scarlet letter on her mother's bosom. And the more Hester sought to divert her attention from it, the more persistently she returned to it as an object of wonder, and inquiry. What was it? What was it for? Why did her mother wear it and no other woman? Then she would lay her finger on it, and curiously examine it; and no discouraging nor evasive answers abated her curiosity. The torture which the poor woman endured from her beloved child in this way became almost intolerable. Meantime, there came to her ears a rumor that the authorities were meditating the step of taking the child from her keeping, on the plea that this was for the health of the child's soul; for it could not be supposed that a mother so lost to virtue as Hester Prynne would rear her offspring in godly ways. With all her fears alarmed, Hester straightway proceeded to the house of Governor Bellingham to protest against this additional cruelty. She was ushered, with her child, into a stately hall, hung with old pictures and pieces of armor; and presently the governor came in. He was attended by the two ministers, Wilson and Dimmesdale, and the old physician, Roger Chillingworth. Hester's business was soon made known, and Pearl became at once the subject of earnest discussion. The little elf was questioned as to her religious knowledge; but her answers were so perverse and wayward as to furnish to these worthy gentlemen a colorable argument in favor of putting her under better instruction; and for a time, in spite of the passionate and almost fierce protestations of the mother, it seemed as if her visit had been the means of defeating her purpose. At this juncture she appealed wildly to her pastor, Mr. Dimmesdale, to speak in her behalf. The young minister, with deep feeling, and impressive words, immediately took up her case. "It is good," he said, "for this poor sinful woman that she hath an infant immortality, a being capable of eternal joy or sorrow, confided to her care, to be trained up by her to righteousness, to remind her at every moment of her fall, but yet to teach her, as it were, by the Creator's sacred pledge, that if she bring the child to heaven, the child also will bring its parent thither. Herein is the sinful mother happier than the sinful father." The eloquent and feeling words of Mr. Dimmesdale carried the point, and Hester was left in possession of her Pearl.

The Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale was the only person who exhibited any tenderness and charity for Hester. He was a man of powerful and penetrating intellect, a learned scholar, a deep student, a most eloquent and moving preacher, tireless in the discharge of all parochial duties, admired and revered by old and young, and ever surrounded with the odor of heavenly sanctity. But his health appeared to be giving way, filling his friends with pity and deep concern. He had a habit of laying his hand on his heart. Some secret malady appeared to be preying upon his vitals. His face became paler, his voice more tremulous, and his look more anguished from day to day. This decline was ascribed by his friends to over work, exhausting study, anxiety for the souls of his flock, and frequent vigils and fasting. The services of the old physician, Roger Chillingworth, were devoted unremittingly to the work of restoring the minister's health; and to this work the strange and sinister old man devoted himself with unusual assiduity and skill. He finally took lodgings in the same house in which the minister boarded, and set up his laboratory, with all his books and appliances of occult sciences, in close proximity to the study of the minister. Thus he had opportunity to watch all the symptoms of Mr. Dimmesdale's malady, to visit him frequently, and to be always at hand with counsel and prescription. The two men, having much intellectually in common, became close friends, each passing hours in the study of the other. Roger appeared to devote himself, with the zeal of science and friendship combined, to the care of the minister's health, professing the highest reverence for him, and peering into the very penetralia of his patient's constitution. He searched not only his pulses, his temperature, and his nerves, but his very soul and spirit. But no apparent good came of his attention. The minister became restive under this watchfulness, often refused medicine entirely, shrank from inspection, and finally conceived a rooted aversion for his medical attendant. But Roger slackened nothing of his zeal. He gathered roots and strange plants, distilled and combined them in his laboratory, and became so persistent in his investigations of the clerical patient's trouble as to subject the latter to positive torture. Mr. Dimmesdale grew paler and more attenuated; his hand was often on his heart, as if he were pierced with pain; but still he spoke to the people like an angel from heaven, his wonderful voice, and his powerful appeals, going to the very bottom of their hearts. He practiced fasting; spent long hours in agonizing prayer; lay upon his face in humility; not seldom applied a knotted scourge to his bare back in secret; and on one memorable night wandered out into the darkness and silence, mounted the scaffold where Hester Prynne had been exposed in disgrace, and there kept a vigil with his eyes raised in pleading and penitence to heaven, and his voice often bursting forth in sobs and ejaculatory prayers

for mercy. What was the matter with this poor tormented minister? The reader of Hawthorne's tale divines well enough before this point in it is reached that Arthur Dimmesdale was Pearl's father. And the old physician shrewdly suspected the same; but, instead of bursting out on his patient with accusations tending to force, or hasten a confession, he preferred, with the devilish malice of his nature, to veil his suspicions, and, under the pretense of scientific zeal and concern for his patient, to probe his wound more and more deeply, causing him all the agony which that process, relentlessly and skillfully followed, could produce. On the night of Mr. Dimmesdale's lonely vigil on the scaffold a strange thing happened. While he stood there he heard Hester Prynne's voice. She was returning from a night watch at Governor Winthrop's death bed; and Pearl was with her. The minister spoke to her. In astonishment, she answered, approached, and joined him. And there the three stood together, father, mother and child, as unhappy a trio as could be found on this earth. It is needless to detail their conversation. A lurid meteor, shaping itself to the minister's disordered vision into a letter A, lit up the landscape, "and there stood the minister, with his hand over his heart, and Hester Prynne, with the embroidered letter glimmering on her bosom, and little Pearl, herself a symbol, and the connecting link between those two." The meteor flash revealed another sight. It revealed Roger Chillingworth approaching. He, too, had been at Governor Winthrop's. To the horror of the minister and Hester he drew near. But he gave no token of the infernal joy of discovery that must now have glowed in his heart. On the contrary, professing to see in this singular conduct of Mr. Dimmesdale only a result of brain trouble, he accosted him with, "Pious Master Dimmesdale, can this be you? Well, well, indeed! We men of study, whose heads are in our books, have need to be straitly looked after. We dream in our waking moments, and walk in our sleep. Come, good sir, and my dear friend, I pray you, let me lead you home."

The next day, being Sunday, Mr. Dimmesdale preached a sermon of super-mortal eloquence. At the close, the sexton handed him a glove, which the minister recognized as his own. "It was found," said the sexton, "this morning on the scaffold where evil-doers are set up to public shame. Satan dropped it there, I take it, intending a scurrilous jest against your reverence. But indeed he was blind and foolish, as he ever is. A pure hand needs no glove to cover it." Hester, who in the prison had received from Roger Chillingworth the assurance that he would not proclaim his relation to her, had at the same time promised and sworn that she herself would keep the secret. But seeing the torture to which Roger, with devilish malice and skill, was continually subjecting Mr. Dimmesdale, she resolved to be quit of her oath, and to tell the minister plainly who his tormentor really was. To this end

she sought Roger one day, as he was gathering herbs, and informed him of her purpose. Long did they speak with each other in mutual bitterness and recrimination, he doing all in his power to burn the letter A into her very soul, and she setting before him, with passionate vividness of language, a picture of the fiend into which he had transformed himself. Meantime, a change had gradually made itself manifest in the relation between Hester and the people of the town. By degrees heavenly pity had established itself in their hearts. She had by her unremitting industry, faithfulness, and unweariable goodness to the sick and poor, conquered for herself the respect and love of those among whom she lived. And the scarlet letter upon her dress became less a symbol of disgrace, and almost a mark of honor in their eyes. She was still tormented by the questioning of Pearl, who would never give her rest about that badge, and sometimes asked, "Why the minister was always putting his hand upon his heart."

A crisis was approaching. Mr. Dimmesdale went away from home to visit Eliot, the apostolic missionary to the Indians. He must return by a lonely forest path known to Hester. She stole away from the town, with her little girl, to meet him. They met in the forest. They sat down on a mossy bank, while Pearl played at a distance; and there they poured out their hearts to each other. A weight seemed to be lifted from both their spirits. Then and there they resolved to fly the country, and seek peace and love in some retirement beyond the seas. Hester tore off the scarlet letter and flung it from her. A passage was quietly engaged in a vessel soon to sail. But, alas! the devil became busier than ever. Having made this compact, the minister felt as if he had only added sin to sin, and was tempted to all kinds of blasphemy, and often had the utmost difficulty in restraining himself. Then, to Hester's unspeakable horror, came the information that on the very ship on which the minister and she were to sail a passage had been engaged for Roger Chillingworth. A new governor was to be installed in office, and Mr. Dimmesdale was to preach the "election sermon," a great occasion. Mr. Hawthorne vividly describes the New England holiday. The minister girded himself to his task. The day came. The clanging music was heard. The procession was formed. A dense crowd filled the church, and swarmed around it. The sermon was a masterpiece. Never had Master Dimmesdale so shaken the hearts of his hearers as he did that day. But when it was done, to the bewilderment and amazement of the multitude, he made his way toward the scaffold of the pillory, encountered Hester and Pearl on his way, led them with him, leaned upon her arm (she had again at Pearl's entreaty pinned the letter upon her breast), and with them ascended the bad eminence, and then and there confessed his guilt. "Lo, the scarlet letter which Hester wears," he said, "ye have all shuddered at it. But there

stood one in the midst of you at whose brand of sin and infamy ye have not shuddered. Now at the death hour, he stands up before you. He bids you look again at Hester's scarlet letter. He tells you that with all its mysterious horror it is but the shadow of what he bears upon his own breast. Hester, farewell!" So saying he expired. In the sequel it is related how old Roger Chillingworth died and bequeathed a large property to Pearl; how she and her mother went beyond the sea. Years after, a woman in a gray robe approached the old cottage, and entered. Hester Prynne had returned and taken up her long forsaken shame. Letters came to her often, with armorial seals upon them, though of bearings unknown to English heraldry. She lived in the old place in seclusion and comfort. "And once Hester was seen embroidering a baby garment, with such a lavish richness of golden fancy as would have raised a public tumult, had any infant, thus appareled, been shown to our sober-hued community." The scarlet letter never quit Hester's bosom. After many years a grave was delved near an old sunken one in the burial ground beside which King's Chapel has since been built. It was near that old and sunken grave, yet with a space between, as if the dust of the two sleepers had no right to mingle. Yet one tombstone served for both.

"Let men tremble to win the hand of woman, unless they win along with it the utmost passion of her heart. Else it may be their miserable fortune, as it was Roger Chillingworth's, when some mightier touch than their own may have awakened all her sensibilities, to be reproached even for the calm content, the marble image of happiness, which they will have imposed upon her as the warm reality."



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

BORN 1812.

AMERICA.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

This distinguished American writer sprang into fame at one bound, by giving to the world the tale of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. She was the third daughter, and the sixth child, of the celebrated Dr. Lyman Beecher; was born at Litchfield, Conn., June 14, 1812. She was educated, first by her sister Catherine, and then in the school of a Mr. Brace, and continuously in the stimulating society of the truly remarkable family into which she was born. The brightness and promise of her childhood were early noticed. She took at once with loving interest to Scott's novels, the *Arabian Nights* and *Don Quixote*, and from her school days had, in common with her brothers and sisters, a decided leaning toward theological subjects. In 1836 she was married to Professor Calvin E. Stowe. While residing in Maine she began a serial story in the column of the *National Era* (published at Washington), which immediately caught the ear of the great American public. As the story went on, the interest in it became unprecedented. When the story was finished, it was *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Mrs. Stowe was famous. Nothing that ever was written by reformers, or moralists, or statesmen, contributed so much as this touching tale did to the downfall of slavery. In book form the work sold by the hundred thousand. It was very soon translated into all the European, and into several Asiatic languages. Mrs. Stowe wrote other works, which were not without considerable merit, but were floated mainly on the reputation of her *chef-d'œuvre*. *Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands*, *Dred, a Tale of the Dismal Swamp*, *The Minister's Wooing*, *The Pearl of Orr's Island*, *Agnes of Sorrento*, and *Oldtown Folks*, are her principal works. In a controversy about the private life of Lord Byron, she was severely handled by the critics. At the present writing (July, 1890.) she is still living in a peaceful and retired old age, from which all her literary memories appear to have vanished.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

The inimitable pathos and humor of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* lie largely in the dialogues in which it abounds; in the negro dialect which is very skillfully introduced; in the shrewd remarks of the slaves; in the author's keen reflections on American pro-slavery statesmen and clergymen; and in her wonderful application of scriptural texts to the various incidents and situations she describes.

We are introduced at the opening of this wonderful tale into the parlor of Mr. Shelby, a Kentucky planter, a most humane and enlightened gentleman,

whose debts, unfortunately, have thrown him into the power of a trader in slaves, a loudly dressed, coarse, vulgar person by the name of Haley. Shelby is the owner of a number of slaves, among others of one "Uncle Tom," an invaluable man for every kind of service, and one of those faithful, simple-hearted, affectionate, and piously devoted souls often found among these lowly and oppressed people. Uncle Tom with his wife, Aunt Chloe, and their two boys, in their cabin near the master's house, are set before us, in a most interesting and picturesque description, as an ideally happy slave household, Uncle Tom himself, a powerful giant, but pious, devoted, and gentle as a lamb; Aunt Chloe, a worthy wife, shrewd, industrious, and unrivalled in culinary matters; the boys, irrepressible, fun-loving little darkies of the normal type. Another of Mr. Shelby's slaves was Eliza, a quadroon, handsome, stately, and the wife of an intelligent and handsome young man, George Harris, who was owned on another plantation, but was just now serving in a bagging factory near by to whose proprietor his owner had let him. These two had a handsome, curly-headed little boy, who lived with his mother at the Shelby place, a smart monkey up to all kinds of tricks, and an inimitable mimic. This boy happened to come into the room while Haley and Shelby were in conversation, amused the trader at Shelby's request, and so took his fancy, that he offered at once to buy him. The mother coming in just then made upon Haley a still deeper impression; and he offered a large price for her. But Shelby was firm as to the mother and the boy. He positively refused to part with either. He also groaned inwardly at the thought of parting with Uncle Tom. But the trader had him at a disadvantage, which he relentlessly followed up, so that, finally, it was agreed that Uncle Tom must go to relieve the financial embarrassment. Now Eliza, suspecting that something perilous was in the air, by listening in a closet had overheard the conversation between Shelby and the trader. All her fears were alarmed. She rushed off to Uncle Tom's cabin with the terrible news that he was to be sold in the Southern market. Shelby's wife, also, who had been kept in ignorance of her husband's embarrassed affairs, had now the sad truth broken to her. All were thrown into the very deepest distress, Mrs. Shelby, Eliza, Uncle Tom's household, and George Harris, who coming to visit his wife, learned what was going on. This George, on his part, had rendered himself invaluable at the factory, being not only honest, industrious, and capable, but an inventor of some improvement in the machinery. The coarse and brutal master who had hired him out to the factory, seeing what a man he was becoming, resolved, out of pure maliciousness and envy, that he should stay there no longer. He would teach the "nigger" better than to be stepping about so bright and gentlemanlike. He would have him down a peg, and take

all that presumptuous nonsense out of him. So, in spite of the factory proprietor's protestations and offers of increased wages, George was taken away by his master, and put to the most hard menial work, and was one day tied to the cart tail, for an imaginary offence, and wantonly flogged by his master's boys. This roused the young man to such a pitch of indignation that he resolved to escape or die in the attempt. Very touching is the description of his parting with Eliza. He told her of all the indignities he had suffered, and of his new formed and irreversible determination, showed her a firearm he had concealed on his person, and with breaking hearts they bade each other farewell. It will simplify the tale if, instead of tracing the fortunes of its principal characters intermittently, as the author does, we follow George and Eliza through their principal adventures, and then return to the uninterrupted and sorrowful career of Uncle Tom. Eliza had no sooner been left by her husband than she formed the resolution to attempt an escape for herself and her boy. Bidding a hasty farewell to Uncle Tom and his lowly household, and packing a small bundle, she fled by night in the direction of the Ohio river. Haley, who had succeeded in overcoming Mr. Shelby's reluctance to sell the boy, had bought him. But in the morning, when he sought for his pretty purchase, he found, to his intense vexation, that neither the boy nor his mother were anywhere to be seen. Nobody could give any information about them. He began to reproach Mr. Shelby, but was soon cut short by that gentleman, who would suffer no insinuations that he had dishonorably connived at the woman's disappearance, and professed himself ready to furnish all necessary aid for an immediate pursuit. Horses and hands were ordered to be in readiness as soon as possible to go with Haley upon the track of the fugitives, if it could be discovered. But the "hands," Sam and Andy, two very sharp fellows, discovered at once that Mrs. Shelby was not ill pleased that "the gal and her young 'un" had got away, and that nothing was further from her wishes than to have them retaken. Well knowing which side their bread was buttered, and that it was good for them to "stand in with the Missis," they cunningly brought about all manner of vexatious delays to setting out on the hunt; and one of the most amusing parts of the book is that which describes their capers with the irate and impatient Haley. Pretending to be in great haste to catch the horses, they managed to scare the beasts into a wild scamper about the lots; and when they were finally caught it was dinner time, and all hands must stay till afternoon. When Haley mounted his horse a beechnut, which had been dexterously slipped under the saddle by Sam, being driven by its master's weight into the creature's back, resulted in a violent kick-up that flung the trader sprawling upon the turf. The horse broke away and had to be caught. And so these fellows continued to delay the pursuit for hours.

At last a start was made by Haley with Sam and Andy for guides. Treacherous guides they proved; for in the most artfully innocent manner they continued to lead Haley off upon the wrong road. When they finally got upon the right course and were approaching the Ohio river it was too late. For Eliza and her boy had reached the place a few hours previously, and finding that the ferry had been discontinued were resting, footsore and weary, in dire perplexity about crossing. The river was full of great cakes of floating ice. No boat could venture. And here came the most exciting act of the drama. Catching sight from a riverside house of the approaching pursuers Eliza, like a hunted roe, darted from her concealment, and having snatched her boy, made madly for the stream. Off she went upon the ice, bounding with the energy of despair from cake to cake of the grinding pack, until, bleeding and exhausted, she reached the other side and was helped up the bank by a friendly hand and conveyed with her boy to a temporary refuge. She was in a free state, though not yet beyond the danger of recapture. Falling into the hands of the family of a Senator, who, as a politician, defended the "peculiar institution" of slavery, but whose heart was better than his head, Eliza and her boy were forwarded to a settlement of some Quakers, ever the friends of the oppressed; and there the fugitives were hospitably received, secreted, clothed, fed, and nursed into strength. In the meantime, George Harris, Eliza's husband, disguising himself as a gentleman of fashion, which his fine form, light complexion, and high intelligence enabled him easily to do, and taking with him a fellow fugitive to pose as his valet, started off boldly in another direction, traveling by night until he got beyond the circle of those who knew him, then stopping at the best hotels, finally succeeded in pushing his way, as good fortune would have it, into that very Quaker settlement where his wife and boy were sheltered.

To the intense joy of each, husband and wife were reunited. But there was one more perilous passage for the fugitives before final freedom was assured. They must reach the British Dominions, on which the fetters of every slave drop off. To this end they must be taken to Sandusky and put on board a steamer sailing for Canada. A bold, brutal fellow, Tom Loker, noted for his persistence in catching slaves, accompanied by a sharp, weasel-faced lawyer named Marks, were put on the track of the fugitives. These fellows, with others whom they had enlisted in their service, were making for Sandusky to stop the runaways. Friend Phineas, one of the Quakers, a keen, strenuous, bold man, had wind of the pursuit, and getting ready a covered wagon and a good team, hustled George, Eliza and the boy, with two other fugitives, into it, and drove away toward Sandusky long before daylight. But the horsemen were upon their track, and early in the day were discovered gaining on them. The pursuit became so hot that Phineas and the

fugitives alighted from the wagon, which was sent on, while they took to a cover of rocks near which Phineas had prudently taken his way. This was a kind of Gibraltar, which two or three men could hold against a regiment. Loker made an attempt to penetrate the stronghold, and was promptly hit by a bullet from George's pistol, and was immediately pushed over by the strong arm of Phineas into a crevasse into which he fell wounded, swearing and helpless. Marks and the others, finding the fortress so well defended, fled from the place as fast as their horses could carry them. The end was near. The wagon ride was resumed. A resting place was reached. George, still disguised as a foreign traveling gentleman, Eliza as a slender young man, and the boy as a little girl, were safely bestowed upon a lake steamer, their tickets bought, and they themselves landed securely at Amherstberg, in Canada, where, before the story is finished, we shall have a pleasant glimpse of them again.

We must now return to Uncle Tom. It would carry us beyond the space at our disposal to relate his experience, particularly ; and we must confine ourselves to bare outline. He was put on board a Mississippi steamer for the Southern market. On the passage a sweet, little girl fell into the river. Uncle Tom, who, on account of the confidence that Haley had come to repose in him was left unshackled, plunged into the river and rescued the little girl. This little girl was Evangeline St. Clare, Eva they called her, who with her father was returning from the North to their home in New Orleans. A warm friendship sprang up between her and her deliverer, Uncle Tom ; and she easily persuaded her father to buy him. St. Clare, who had been cruelly disappointed in love, had hastily married a proud, rich woman, whose haughty, selfish and supercilious ways, chilled any love he may have felt for her, and repelled both him, and their child Eva, and all who had anything to do with her. Her great forte was "sick headache." In her own opinion she was a martyr. St. Clare, on the other hand, was a man of noble, generous, loving nature, wealthy, educated, accomplished, and so humane and indulgent to all his slaves that they were spoiled. To help superintend his household he was taking back with him to New Orleans a maiden sister, Miss Ophelia, a shrewd, conscientious, thrifty New England woman, orthodox, pious, and hardly tolerant of slavery in any form. She found every thing at the St. Clare mansion done wastefully and extravagantly, and tried to institute reforms among the "shiftless" servants, in vain. She did not understand the negroes, and they did not understand her. She had particular trouble with one Topsy, a young "nigger" girl, who would dance, and play tricks, and lie, and steal, and whom neither threats nor punishment could reform. She did not know who her father and mother were, nor who created her ; and when asked where she came from, replied, "'spect I growed."

A most devoted friendship sprang up between Eva and Uncle Tom ; and the description of this is one of the most touching things in the book. At last Eva sickens, and dies. Uncle Tom is with her when she breathes her last ; and St. Clare himself is brought under the powerful spell of the unselfish goodness, unfeigned piety, masterful affection of this poor devoted man. One day St. Clare was accidentally killed ; his estate was broken up, his slaves were sold, and an inhuman wretch named Legree bought Uncle Tom. He also bought in the slave mart a comely young woman named Emmeline. With these, whom he treated most harshly, he proceeded to his home, a frouzy, dilapidated, ill-kept mansion, that had once been fine and luxuriously appointed in other hands, and was now a lonely place on a great cotton plantation in the Red River County. Here the master lived a life of tyranny, cruelty, lust, and drunkenness indescribable. A woman named Cassy kept the house ; she was a slave, but had in early life been tenderly reared, educated, and loved. Without legal form, she had been the happy wife of one to whom she had borne children. But by the reverse which came so often under the system of slavery, she had sunk lower and lower, and had finally fallen into the possession of this human brute, Legree, who had nearly tired of her, and was about to put Emmeline in her place. Cassy was driven out to work with the field hands. But there was something in her bearing still so imperious, that Sambo and Quimbo, the wretched negro overseers, dared not lay a finger on her. Uncle Tom, however, drank the cup of misery to the dregs, and was at last beaten so cruelly, that he lay disabled in the gin-house. Cassy ministered to him there, told him the sorrowful story of her life, and imparted to him a scheme that she had devised for the escape of herself and Emmeline ; for Uncle Tom would not be persuaded to attempt an escape for himself.

Legree was superstitious. He was particularly afraid of a lofty garret in the old house, from which uncanny noises, as he thought them, had often proceeded. Cassy, who, by her superior nature, had still a great deal of influence over him, turned this to advantage. She fixed a bottle neck in the floor, through which the wind made a peculiarly alarming sound. After playing upon his fears by this artifice, she, with Emmeline, pretended to run away one night, purposely drawing observation upon herself. She took to the swamp with her companion. Meantime, the alarm was given ; a hunt was organized ; the bloodhounds were set on the trail ; and it was confidently expected that the girls would be run down in an hour. But the cunning Cassy led her charge through the water ; the trail was lost, and the two women returned by a back path to the now deserted house, where Cassy hid Emmeline in the haunted garret with a store of provisions and clothing which she had secreted there. The garret was never visited by anyone.

No money could have hired Simon Legree to venture into it. The rest is soon told. Legree, balked of recovering the fugitives, drank and swore, and accused Uncle Tom of aiding their escape, and finally beat that poor, faithful fellow so cruelly that he died. Meantime the noises in the old mansion became more mysterious ; a sheeted ghost appeared to Legree in his cups ; doors were unaccountably opened and unlocked ; a roll of bills disappeared from a desk. One night two figures glided away in the gloom, and next day a lady, apparently a Creole Spanish lady, with her maid, took passage on a steamer bound up the Mississippi, and were handed on board by George Shelby, son of our old friend, the planter. He had tracked out Uncle Tom, whom he loved as a boy, and whom he had come to buy back with money earned and saved by poor Aunt Chloe. But he came too late, and had only the poor privilege of tenderly burying the lacerated body of the faithful old man. George Shelby became acquainted with the two lady passengers we have mentioned, and with another passenger, one Madame de Thoux, who had been a slave in the West Indies, but had been set free. It is needless to say that the two lady passengers were Cassy and Emmeline, and that they regained freedom. Madame de Thoux turned out to be the sister of George Harris ; and Cassy turned out to be the mother of Eliza, George Harris' wife ; and these suffering ones were all reunited in Canada, and into the land of Canaan they came.

QUOTATIONS.

"Where do you suppose New Jerusalem is, Uncle Tom?" said Eva.

"O, up in the clouds, Miss Eva."

"There, I think I see it," said Eva. "Look in those clouds. They look like great gates of pearl ; and you can see beyond them, far, far off. It's all gold. Tom, sing about 'Spirits Bright.'"

"Has there ever been a child like Eva? Yes, there have been ; but their names are always on grave stones ; and their sweet smiles, their heavenly eyes, their singular words and ways, are among the buried treasures of yearning hearts."

Uncle Tom, in one conversation near Eva's death, says, "You know it says in scripture, 'At midnight there was a great cry made. Behold, the bridegroom cometh.' That's what I'm 'specting now every night, Miss Feely ; and I couldn't sleep out o' hearing' nowadays."

"Why, Uncle Tom, what makes you think so?"

"Miss Eva, she talks to me. The Lord he sends his messenger in the soul. I must be thar, Miss Feely; for when that ar blessed child goes into the kingdom they'll open the door so wide we'll all get a look in at the glory, Miss Feely."

The last words of the book are these. They were prophetic:

"Not by combining together to protect injustice and cruelty and making a common capital of sin is this Union to be saved; but by repentance, justice, and mercy; for not surer is the eternal law by which the millstone sinks in the ocean than that stronger law by which injustice and cruelty shall bring on nations the wrath of Almighty God."



THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

BORN 1800.

ENGLAND.

DIED 1859.

LIFE OF MACAULAY.

Thomas Babington Macaulay, one of the most famous scholars, critics, historians, and statesmen that England has produced, was born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, on the 25th of October, 1800.

His father was a gentleman of Scotch descent; his mother, the daughter of a Bristol bookseller, came of a Quaker family, and young Macaulay's home education was religious and austere. From early childhood he was passionately fond of literature, and especially of poetry and history. At eighteen, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he won great distinction, twice taking the Chancellor's medal for English verse. After graduating he was chosen a Fellow of his college; but he was too ambitious for an academic life, and studied for, and was admitted to the bar.

His literary reputation was established early, by the poem of *The Battle of Ivry* (1824) and the *Essay on Milton* (1825).

The latter, which was published in the *Edinburgh Review*, was the first of his critical and historical articles, and at once placed him in the foremost rank as an essayist. In 1830 he entered public life, having been elected to represent the town of Calne in Parliament. The memorable struggle that led to the passage of the first Reform bill was in progress, and Macaulay took a prominent part in it. Four years later he was made a member of the Supreme Council of India, and placed at the head of a commission to prepare a code for the government of England's great dependency. This task took him to India, where he remained for three years, returning to England in 1838.

He at once reentered Parliament as member for Edinburgh, and was appointed Secretary of War. In 1841 his party, the Whigs, were driven from office, but when they were restored to power in 1846, he became Paymaster-General. The following year he was defeated for re-election. Mortified at this repulse, he retired into private life, and devoted himself to his greatest work, the *History of England*.

The first two volumes appeared in 1848, and were received with universal applause, being read as eagerly as a fresh novel of Scott's or Bulwer's.

In 1849 Macaulay was chosen Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, and in a speech delivered soon afterward, he took a formal leave of public affairs. But in 1852 his former constituents of Edinburgh again returned him to Parliament, although he had in no way offered himself as a candidate. He accepted the seat, but declining health rendered him incapable of doing much active service, and forced him to resign in 1856. A year later he was made a peer, with the title of Baron Macaulay of Rothley.

He still devoted himself to literary work, in spite of his increasing infirmity, until shortly before his death, which occurred suddenly, from an affection of the heart, on the 28th of December, 1859. He was never married.

Macaulay's versatility was extraordinary. He stood high as an orator and as a practical statesman, while in literature his fame as a great historian is secure, as an essayist he has had few equals, and as a poet he won well merited applause. His *Lays of Ancient Rome* are models of their kind, and with several of his shorter poems will not readily be forgotten.

ESSAY ON "MILTON."

This essay appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for August, 1825, being suggested by the publication of a translation, by Charles R. Sumner, of a Latin manuscript entitled *De Doctorina Christiana* (on the Doctrines of Christianity), written by Milton, but subsequently lost, and only discovered, in 1823, by Mr. Lemon, deputy keeper of the State papers.

The book itself, says Macauley, will not add much to the fame of Milton. We propose, however, while this memorial of a great and good man is still in the hands of all, to say something of John Milton, the poet, the statesman, the philosopher, the glory of English literature, the champion and martyr of English liberty.

It is by his poetry that Milton is best known. The civilized world ranks him among the greatest masters of the art. His critics have said, comparing him with poets of earlier ages, that he enjoyed a great advantage in living in an era when education was so much further advanced. But as civilization advances, poetry almost necessarily declines. A great work of imagination is really the more wonderful when produced in modern times. In a rude state of society, men are children with a greater variety of ideas. He who in an enlightened and literary society aspires to be a great poet must first become a little child. No poet, it follows, ever triumphed over greater difficulties than the learned Milton.

The most striking characteristic of the poetry of Milton is the extreme remoteness of the associations by which it acts upon the reader.

Almost every epithet hints at a picture, whose details it does not sketch. In none of his works is this peculiar manner more happily displayed than in *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. The *Samson Agonistes* is marred by Milton's imitation of Euripides. Had he taken Æschylus for his model, he would have given himself up to the lyric inspiration and poured out the treasures of his mind without hampering himself with dramatic proprieties. The *Comus*, which is framed on the model of the Italian Masque, is certainly the noblest performance of the kind that exists in any language. The only poem of modern times that can be compared with the *Paradise Lost* is Dante's *Divine Comedy*. It is interesting to compare the exact details of Dante with the dim intimations of Milton. This difference renders Milton the more successful in his use of the agency of supernatural beings.

Milton lived at one of the most memorable eras in the history of mankind. Of the principles of liberty, then struggling for their infant existence, he was the most devoted and eloquent literary champion. Even those who

sympathize with Charles I. cannot find just cause for attacking Milton's conduct, or his most famous prose work, the *Defensio Populi Anglicani* (Defense of the English People). Milton was neither a Puritan, nor a Free-thinker, nor a Royalist. In his character the noblest qualities of every party were combined in harmonious union. He led the fight not so much against the abuses of the monarchy, as against the more fearful evils of moral and intellectual slavery, and for the liberty of the press, and the unfettered exercise of private judgment.

ESSAY ON MR. ROBERT MONTGOMERY'S POEMS.

A review of *The Omnipresence of the Deity and Satan*, poems by Robert Montgomery; contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* for April, 1830.

Pope was the first Englishman who by the mere sale of his writing realized a sum that enabled him to live in comfort and in perfect independence. From that time originated the art of puffing, which is now so shamefully and so successfully carried on that it is the duty of all who are anxious for the honor of the literary character to join in discountenancing the practice. We select Mr. Robert Montgomery for notice, because his works have received more enthusiastic praise and have deserved more unmixed contempt than any recent ones, so far as our knowledge extends.

The few ingenious lines in *The Omnipresence of the Deity* are stolen from Pope, Dryden and other poets. Byron said, addressing the sea:

"Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow."

Mr. Robert Montgomery steals and twists this into:

"And thou, vast Ocean, on whose awful face
Time's iron feet can print no ruin-trace."

Sir Walter Scott wrote the lines:

"The dew that on the violet lies
Mocks the dark luster of thine eyes."

Mr. Robert Montgomery spoils this in plagiarizing it:

"And the bright dew-bead on the bramble lies,
Like liquid rapture upon beauty's eyes."

But Mr. Robert Montgomery can make similitudes for himself. No one else could write such nonsense as

"The soul, aspiring, pants its source to mount,
As streams meander level with their fount."

Further extracts are given, tasteless, commonplace, and even ungrammatical, as for instance

“For all the thronging woes to life allied
Thy mercy tempers, and Thy cares provide.”

And this tawdry patchwork is what has been described by the puffers in terms which would require some qualification if used respecting *Paradise Lost*!

If our remarks give pain to Mr. Robert Montgomery, we are sorry for it. To show that we are not actuated by any feeling of personal enmity toward him we hereby give notice that as soon as any book shall, by means of any puffing, reach a second edition, our intention is to do unto the writer as we have done unto Mr. Robert Montgomery.

ESSAY ON “JOHN BUNYAN.”

A review contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* for December, 1830, of Robert Southey's *The Pilgrim's Progress, with a Life of John Bunyan*.

Mr. Southey's “Life of Bunyan,” while it cannot add much to the literary reputation of such a writer, is written in excellent English and in excellent spirit. Some of Mr. Heath's illustrations are admirably designed and executed: Mr. Martin's does not please us quite as well.

The characteristic peculiarity of the *Pilgrim's Progress* is that it is the only work of its kind which possesses a strong human interest. The allegories of Johnson, Addison, and even Spenser had not this quality. It is the highest miracle of genius that things which are not should be as though they were—and this miracle, Bunyan, the illiterate tinker, has wrought. His work, while it commands the admiration of the most fastidious critics, and was one of the two or three books which Dr. Johnson wished longer, is also in every nursery a greater favorite than *Jack the Giant Killer*. The Slough of Despond and the Wicket Gate, the Interpreter's House, the House Beautiful, the green Valley of Humiliation, the gloomy and frightful Valley of the Shadow of Death, the dens of the giants, the tumult of Vanity Fair, the Delectable Mountains, the Enchanted Ground, the fair land of Beulah, the black and cold river of Death—all these stages of Christian's pilgrimage seem to the reader to be in actual existence.

Bunyan's own history, as told in his *Grace Abounding*, is the story of a most excitable mind in an age of excitement. He represents himself as a vile sinner, though it is quite clear that he was not a vicious man. At

times he fancied that he was possessed by the devil, or that he had committed the unpardonable sin. Scarcely any mad-house could produce an instance of delusion so strong, or of misery so acute.

There are some characters and scenes in the *Pilgrim's Progress* which can be fully comprehended and enjoyed only by persons familiar with the history of the times through which Bunyan lived. Mr. Greatheart, the guide, for instance, is a sketch of some stout old captain of Naseby and Worcester, who, with the praises of God in his mouth and a two-edged sword in his hand, turned to fight the swearing, drunken bravos of Rupert. There were many such men as the time-serving By-ends in those changeable days; and the trial of Faithful, and Vanity Fair is a satire upon the mode in which state trials were conducted under Charles II.

Though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two minds which possessed the imaginative faculty in a very eminent degree. One of these minds produced *Paradise Lost*, the other the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

ESSAY ON MOORE'S "LIFE OF LORD BYRON."

A review contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* for June, 1831, of Thomas Moore's *Letters and Journals of Lord Byron*.

We have read this book with the greatest pleasure. It deserves to be classed among the best specimens of English prose; nor is the matter inferior to the manner. The extracts from Lord Byron's journals and correspondence are in the highest degree valuable.

So sad and dark a story as that of Byron's life is scarcely to be found in any work of fiction. He was by birth noble, but poor; handsome, yet deformed; brilliantly gifted, yet not wholly sound. At twenty-four he found himself on the highest pinnacle of literary fame. Then, driven from England by a howl of contumely, he plunged into wild excesses at Venice, and then, having drawn his sword in the cause of Grecian liberty, he died at Missolonghi, a worn-out man of thirty-six.

Byron's lot was cast in a time of a great literary revolution. Poetry had been so shackled by artificial rules of supposed correctness that it became feeble and mechanical and fell into utter decay.

Cowper in England, and Alfieri in Italy were the forerunners of the restoration of literature. No writer, not even Sir Walter Scott, contributed so much to its consummation as Byron, although, strangely enough, his sym-

pathies were with the old school, and his greatest admiration was for Pope. But Byron the critic and Byron the poet were two very different men.

Byron is not dramatic. All his men,—Harold, the Giaour, Manfred, and the rest—have the same character, proud, moody, cynical, scorers of their kind. So with all his women—Haidee, Julia, Leila, Zuleika, Gulnare—they are all of one breed, soft and gentle, yet capable of being transformed by passion into tigresses. It was in description and meditation that Byron excelled. From maniac laughter to piercing lamentation there was not a single note of human anguish of which he was not master.

The overwrought admiration of Byron has passed away; but much of his work will only perish with the English language.

ESSAY ON "LORD BACON."

A review contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* for July, 1837, of Basil Montagu's edition of the works of Francis Bacon.

This truly valuable work is an enthusiastic defence of the great Chancellor. It is easy to forgive the faults of the famous men of the past. Plato is never sullen, and Cervantes is never petulant.

Bacon was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, who was for more than twenty years the keeper of Queen Elizabeth's great seal. After three years at Cambridge, which gave him a profound contempt for the university system, he went to Paris, but on his father's death returned to England and studied law. He practiced his profession, was elected to Parliament, published his "Essays," and won the friendship of Essex, the queen's favorite. But when Essex was charged with treason, Bacon turned against him—a piece of treachery which Mr. Montagu cannot explain away. He was knighted at the accession of James I., and was successively appointed Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, and Keeper of the Great Seal. His administration of this office was most reprehensible. He and his dependents accepted large presents from persons engaged in suits that came before him. His illicit gains were stated by his enemies at a hundred thousand pounds.

In 1621 Bacon had reached the zenith of his fortunes. He had just published the "Novum Organum," and had been created Viscount St. Albans. Then came his downfall. He was accused of corruption by a committee of the House of Commons, and, being put on trial before the House of Lords, was forced to confess his guilt, and was sentenced to pay a fine of £40,000 and to be imprisoned during the King's pleasure.

He was, however, at once liberated and his fine remitted, and he retired in disgrace to Gorhambury. His last years were devoted to philosophy and science, up to his death in 1626.

The chief peculiarity of Bacon's philosophy was this, that he aimed at ends altogether different from those which his predecessors had proposed to themselves. All the classical and mediæval thinkers busied themselves with metaphysics, considering that natural philosophy, useful inventions, and the improvement of man's estate were beneath their notice. Bacon's object was "fruit"—the multiplying of human enjoyments and the mitigating of human sufferings. Two words form the key of his doctrine—Utility and Progress. For instance, Plato values arithmetic because the study of the properties of numbers habituates the mind to the contemplation of pure truth, and raises us above the material universe. Bacon values it only on account of its uses with reference to that visible and tangible world which Plato so much despised.

Bacon established his philosophic system by the inductive form of reasoning. It is nonsense to say that he invented the induction—a mental process practiced by every human being since the beginning of the world; but he did for the inductive method that which Aristotle did for the syllogistic method; that is to say, he analyzed it well, and preached and practiced its systematic use.

In keenness of observation Bacon has been equalled, though perhaps never surpassed. But the largeness of his mind was all his own. "I have taken," he said, in a letter written when he was only thirty-one, "all knowledge to be my province." The art which he taught was the art of inventing arts. The knowledge in which he excelled all men was a knowledge of the mutual relations of all departments of knowledge. It is painful to turn back from contemplating Bacon's philosophy to contemplate his life—the checkered spectacle of so much glory and so much shame!

ESSAY ON WARREN HASTINGS.

An essay contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* for October, 1841 on the Rev. G. R. Gleig's "Memoirs of the Life of Warren Hastings."

Instead of minutely examining this book, we will attempt to give our own view of the life and character of Mr. Hastings. Our feeling towards him is not exactly that of the House of Commons which impeached him in

1787 ; neither is it that of the House of Commons which uncovered and stood up to receive him in 1813.

He came of an ancient and honorable, but impoverished family, and it was one of his earliest ideas to recover the estate of Daylesford, in Worcestershire, which had belonged to his fathers. In 1750 he went to Fort William (Calcutta) as a clerk in the office of the East India Company. After two years passed in keeping accounts at Calcutta, he was sent up the country to Cossimbazar, where he was taken prisoner by Surajah Dowlah, the Nabob of Bengal, who had declared war against the English. When Clive conquered Surajah at Plassey, Hastings was appointed the company's agent at the court of Meer Jaffier, who was installed as Nabob ; and in 1761 he became a member of the Council.

In 1764 he returned to England, still a poor man, though most of his fellow officials were making fortunes by oppression and extortion. Five years later he returned to India as head of the East India Company's office at Madras, and in 1772 was transferred to the Government of Bengal.

As Governor he seems to have laid it down that when he had not as many lacs (hundred thousands) of rupees as the public service required, he was to take them from anybody who had. The pressure applied to him by the Directors in London left him no choice except to commit great wrongs or to resign his high post. With an empty treasury, with an unpaid army, with his own salary often in arrears, with deficient crops, they would call upon him to remit great sums to them. In violation of treaties, he seized Allahabad and Corah, and sold them to the Nabob of Oude. For forty lacs of rupees he loaned the same prince a brigade of the company's troops, with which he wantonly attacked and conquered the Rohilcund territory.

In 1773 Parliament changed the constitution of the Indian government. Hastings was made Governor-General, with four councillors, Barwell, Clavering, Monson and Francis—the last named of whom was probably the author of the famous "Letters of Junius"—and a chief justice, Sir Elijah Impey. A violent quarrel soon arose between Hastings and the majority of the council, who accused him of misgovernment. After a prolonged contest waged in India and in London, the Governor-General's authority was maintained, and when his original term of five years expired he was reappointed. It was well for England that he was the ruler of the Indian dominions at a crisis when she was struggling with the United States, with France, Spain and Holland, threatened by the armed neutrality of the Baltic and by a discontented Ireland. It is not too much to say that if he had been taken from the head of affairs, the year 1780 and 1781 would have been as fatal to British power in Asia, as to British power in America. Hyder Ali, the Sultan of Mysore, fell upon Madras. Hasting's promptitude drove him

back. Next the Rajah of Benares was attacked and, a pretext for a quarrel having been manufactured, despoiled of his dominions. Then Hastings joined the Nabob of Oude in plundering the latter's mother and grandmother—the Begums of Oude—of their vast treasure. By such unscrupulous measures was English authority maintained.

In 1785 Hastings returned to England, where he was received with great honor by the King and the ministry, but the opposition in Parliament, incited by Edmund Burke and Hasting's old antagonist, Francis, demanded and carried his impeachment. On the 13th of February, 1788, began the memorable scene of his trial before the House of Lords, the highest tribunal of the land. The trial dragged on for over seven years, and ended in his acquittal. Popular resentment against him, which Burke's eloquence had strongly kindled at first, had now faded away. His fortune had been dissipated by the costs of his defense. He retired to Daylesford, the old estate of the family, which he had purchased in fulfillment of his boyhood resolve. There he lived quietly until his death at the age of eighty-six. He emerged from his retirement in 1813 to give evidence before the House of Commons upon the renewal of the East India Company's charter, and was received with acclamations. He was also made a Privy Councillor.

Warren Hastings' principles were somewhat lax. His heart was somewhat hard. But though we cannot with truth describe him either as righteous or as a merciful ruler, we cannot regard without admiration the amplitude and fertility of his intellect, his rare talents for command, for administration and for controversy, his dauntless courage, his honorable poverty, his fervent zeal for the interests of the state, his noble equanimity, tried by both extremes of fortune, and never disturbed by either.

The remaining essays of Macaulay are mostly historical or biographical sketches, suggested by the publication of some volume of which they were published as reviews. They include the essays on Machiavelli, which defends the character of the famous Italian statesman; on Lord Nugent's *Memorials of Hampden*; on *Burleigh and His Times*, a sketch of the reformation era in English politics; on Lord Mahon's *War of the Succession in Spain* (1702 to 1710); on *Horace Walpole's Letters to Sir Horace Mann*, a subject which is taken up again in the essay on William Pitt, Earl of Chatham; on Sir William Temple; on Lord Clive—an essay in which, as in that on Warren Hastings, Macaulay displays the knowledge gained during his residence in India from 1835 to 1838; on Ranke's *History of the Popes*; on Lord Holland; on Frederick the Great of Prussia; and two literary biographies, those of Madame D'Arblay and Joseph Addison.

Besides these, there are six essays which are rather critical than purely historical in character — those on Hallam's *Constitutional History* ; a somewhat severe review of Southey's *Colloquies on Society* ; another of Croker's edition of *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, which treats Croker's work unfavorably ; a complimentary notice of the treatise on *Church and State*, written by W. E. Gladstone, at that time a young Tory member of Parliament ; and essays on Sir James Mackintosh's *History of the Revolution*, and Leigh Hunt's *Dramatic Works of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh and Farquhar*.

The essay on the *Civil Disabilities of the Jews* is a political tract showing the inexpediency of those disabilities, which were soon afterward abolished.

QUOTATIONS FROM MACAULAY'S ESSAYS.

FROM THE ESSAY ON BACON.

Time glides on ; fortune is inconstant ; tempers are soured ; bonds which seemed indissoluble are daily sundered by interest, by emulation or by caprice. But no such cause can affect the silent converse which we hold with the highest of human intellects. That placid intercourse is disturbed by no jealousies or resentments. These are the old friends who are never seen with new faces, who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity. With the dead there is no rivalry. In the dead there is no change. Plato is never sullen. Cervantes is never petulant. Demosthenes never comes unseasonably. Dante never stays too long. No difference of political opinion can alienate Cicero. No heresy can excite the horror of Bossuet.

FROM THE ESSAY ON WARREN HASTINGS.

The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage, which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect ; a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis* ; such was the aspect with which the great Proconsul presented himself to his judges.



CHARLES DICKENS.

BORN 1812.

ENGLAND.

DIED 1870.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Charles Dickens, the great-hearted, humanity-loving creator of *David Copperfield*, *The Tale of Two Cities*, *Old Curiosity Shop*, *Oliver Twist*, and a score of other famous novels, besides innumerable sketches of exquisitely humorous texture, was born at Landport, a suburb of Portsmouth, England, February 7, 1812. He was the second of a family of eight children. His father, John Dickens, a clerk in the Navy pay office, was an industrious, painstaking man, but improvident, and has been immortalized by his son in the character of the ever sanguine Micawber, synonym for all time of the type of grandiloquent, irresistible ne'er-to-do-well. At the age of nine, the family being then in Camden Town, a suburb of London, the precocious talent of the future novelist was revealed in a tragedy, entitled *Misnar, the Sultan of India*. This was founded on one of the tales of the Genii, which collection, with *Don Quixote*, *Gil Blas*, *Robinson Crusoe*, the novels of Fielding and Smollet, fortunately found on a shelf in his father's meagre library, furnished inspiration, and stimulated his imagination throughout a dreary boyhood of distasteful drudgery.

His father becoming bankrupt, was imprisoned for debt in the famous Marshalsea, and the delicate, sensitive, ambitious boy was put to work in a blacking establishment, owned in part by a distant relative. Here he was thrown into companionship with the lowest classes, and saw, with his observing, questioning eyes, all the squalid, grotesque, yet sometimes broadly amusing drama of life, in one of the oldest and most miserable quarters of London. Cruel though he always regarded this action on the part of his parents, it proved fortunate for literature, and, while he never ceased to regret his deprivation of a liberal education, Eton, Harrow, Rugby and the universities could never have equalled for him this school of poverty and the street. His emancipation from the blacking manufactory came with a small legacy left his father, who then sent him to school, and himself became a reporter for the *Morning Chronicle*. Dickens's time in school was short, and at the age of fifteen he was engaged as an office boy to a solicitor in Gray's Inn, where experience was again fruitful for future novels. He mastered shorthand, and at nineteen began to report parliamentary proceedings for the *True Sun*, and later in the same capacity was employed by the *Morning Chronicle*. During five years of this work, in riding to and from the country with his copy, he saw the last of the old coaching days, and the old inns, which he has perpetuated for posterity.

One of his first original sketches, *Mrs. Joseph Porter over the Way*, was published in the *Monthly Magazine*, in 1834. It is included in his *Sketches by Boz*. Being refused pay for subsequent sketches sent to the *Monthly Magazine*, he wrote *Pickwick Papers*, under engagement with the publishers, Chapman & Hall. These papers appeared in monthly installments. The first two numbers were illustrated by the artist Seymour, who died by his own hand. In the third his place was taken by Robert William Buss. Thackeray, then an unknown youth, applied for the position of illustrator, but Dickens chose Halbot K. Browne (Phiz), who completed the series. But moderately successful on the start, with the introduction of *Sam Weller* in the fifth number, the *Pickwick Papers* became instantly famous. Before the series ended, the author was the most-talked-of writer in England. Success accomplished, he henceforth

made his own terms with publishers, producing his novels and tales steadily, in weekly and monthly numbers, and always disposing of his work with exceptional business ability. In the same year of the success of *Pickwick Papers*, he married Catherine, the eldest daughter of George Hogarth, a writer on the *Chronicle*. Later he became the editor of *Bentley's Miscellany*, and during his short connection with this periodical, began *Oliver Twist* in its pages, and much of his best work was afterward undertaken for publications with which he connected himself.

In 1842, accompanied by his wife, he made his memorable first visit to America. Fêted and fawned upon, his impressions took the form on his return, of the *American Notes*, in which he satirized, naturally perhaps, but unjustly, his New World admirers. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, which was published soon after, was also a vehicle for his criticisms. His natural restlessness, a strongly marked characteristic, sent him to the Highlands of Scotland and to Italy, and always with fruitful results. In 1850, he founded *Household Words*, a monthly which, through the popularity of his stories published therein, is said to have gained in Great Britain, a circulation of 90,000 copies. A quarrel with the publishers led him to purchase their interest and discontinue the magazine, which he soon resumed, under the title of *All the Year Round*. This survived, and is now edited by his son and namesake.

Most of his novels were produced serially, which largely accounts for the frequent criticism of their want of plot in the usual sense of the term. In 1858, in spite of the conventional feeling of the time against such an innovation, he appeared as a reader of his own creations, thus satisfying an inherent dramatic instinct, previously displayed in the writing of minor pieces for the stage, and in amateur acting. In this he was also amazingly successful, and on his second visit to America, is credited by his friend and biographer, Forster, with profits amounting to £10,000 as the proceeds of thirty-four readings. That he never seriously attempted dramatic composition is doubtless to be ascribed to lack of opportunity, rather than talent.

In 1857, he bought Gadshill Place, thus realizing an early ambition. Here, thirteen years later, he died of apoplexy, caused by overwork. He was buried privately, in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, without show or ostentation, as he had wished; an end befitting a man who had refused a baronetcy offered him by the Queen. He was survived by five sons and two daughters, the result of a union that terminated unhappily in a separation; the true reason for which has never been known, and remains an unexplained chapter in his life.

Of his rank as a novelist there is difference of opinion, but of his genius none. It has been said of him that he opened a new era in fictitious literature; that no predecessor had made so many studies from actual and ordinary life, from the scenes and characters nearest at hand, or had been so original in their delineation. M. Taine, dwells upon his boundless wealth of imagination. Robert Buchanan says: "The fairy tale of human life as seen first and last by this good genie of fiction, seems far too delightful to be found fault with just yet. . . . He was the greatest work-a-day humorist that ever lived." Another critic declares that Dickens belonged to a serious and moralizing generation. He came in with the Reform Bill, and partook largely of the spirit of its framers. Even in the joyous *Pickwick Papers* there is a serious blow at prison abuses. *Oliver Twist* is almost as didactic as one of Harriet Martineau's tales. Before writing *Nicholas Nickleby*, he went down to Yorkshire like a Government Commissioner to inquire into the abuses of the Yorkshire Schools. *Hard Times*, it might be added, depicts the miseries of the manufacturing population, *Bleak House* the delays of Chancery, but his *Christmas Stories* are mosaics of costly glass, lighted only by the glow of the sweetest emotions.

While many regard that historical masterpiece, *Tale of Two Cities* as his best effort, *David Copperfield* is fixed upon as his representative work, since it is so largely autobiographical in its character.

CHRONOLOGY OF DICKENS'S WORKS.

Sketches by Boz; *Sunday Under Three Heads*; *The Strange Gentleman*; *The Village Coquette*; *Pickwick Papers* (1836); *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby* (1838); *Old Curiosity Shop*, *Barnaby Rudge* (1840); *American Notes* (1842); *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Christmas Carol* (1843); *Chimes* (1844); *Dombey and Son* (1846); *Haunted Man* (1847); *David Copperfield* (1849); *Child's History of England* (1851); *Bleak House* (1852); *Hard Times* (1854); *Little Dorrit* (1855); *Tale of Two Cities* (1859); *Hunted Down*, *Uncommercial Traveler*, *Great Expectations* (1860); *Our Mutual Friend* (1864); *Holiday Romance* (1868); *Mystery of Edwin Drood*, unfinished (1870).

DAVID COPPERFIELD.

The mother of David Copperfield had been a widow six months at the time of his birth. She was a fair-haired, childish creature, whom her late husband had petted and indulged, and so carefully helped over the rough places of life, that she was peculiarly unfitted to journey on alone.

David's earliest recollections were of his pretty mother, and of her maid, Peggotty, plain and unattractive in manner and person, but with the heart of an angel. She was wholly devoted to her sweet mistress and her delicate thoughtful son David. David describes her as so very plump, that whenever she made any little exertion, the buttons on the back of her gown would fly off, usually reaching the ground at a considerable distance from her own person.

As a young child, Davy was a very happy one, tenderly loved by two good women, one of them his mother; but just as he was emerging from infancy into boyhood a very sad change came into his life. A gentleman with beautiful black hair and whiskers made his appearance, and soon persuaded the gentle widow to marry him.

At the time of the wedding Peggotty was granted two weeks' absence to visit her brother at Yarmouth, and Davy was allowed to accompany her. The brother lived in what was once a barge, but now had been moored upon the beach, just above high tide; its deck pierced by a stovepipe. This dwelling, very plain in its exterior, contained all that is most beautiful in a home — mutual love and devotion. Mr. Peggotty, a great-hearted, gigantic fisherman, the widow of his former partner, Mrs. Gummidge, Ham, his nephew, and his niece, the little Emily, as she was called, a very lovable

child, constituted the family ; and here Davy spent two very happy weeks, fully believing that the rude cabin on the beach was, next to his own home, the most beautiful place in the world. Little Emily, near his own age, was especially dear to him, and with all the innocence of childhood he pledged his everlasting devotion to her, promising to return and claim her for his bride.

Davy returned to the Rookery at Blunderstone with Peggotty, to find Mr. Murdstone, the gentleman with the beautiful black whiskers, installed as his mother's husband. Mr. Murdstone lost little time in demonstrating his authority, both over the gentle woman he had enticed into matrimony, and her son ; and with the aid of his unmarried sister Jane, who made the Rookery her home, all question of supremacy was soon set at rest. Davy was packed off to Salem House, a school near London, where a Mr. Creakle, an ignorant bully, tyrannized over the small boys placed under his charge. Here Davy became strongly attached to the head boy, James Steerforth, who took the little David under his patronage, dazzling him by his beauty and accomplishments. Another of Davy's friends, Tommy Traddles, was of a very different fibre, very plain in person, noted for his amiability and cheerfulness under the most discouraging circumstances. Both of these lads were well-known to him in after life, and their peculiar characteristics, which increased in force as they entered manhood, greatly influenced his history.

David had been at Salem House less than a year when summoned home by the death of his idolized mother, worn out by the domineering husband and sister-in-law. His grief was violent, and the parting from his dearly beloved mother was followed by separation from the faithful Peggotty, who, soon after her dismissal by Miss Murdstone, married Mr. Barkis, a carrier, who drove a wagon conveying passengers and packages between Blunderstone and Yarmouth. Mr. Barkis's courtship was conducted in a very characteristic fashion by him. Commencing with the peculiar message given verbally to David to be conveyed to Peggotty, "Barkis is willin' ;" months afterwards the second message was sent by the same channel, "Barkis is awaitin' for a answer." The second message appears to have settled the matter. The answer desired was doubtless conveyed to him in some mysterious manner, and when poor Peggotty was separated from the two beings she loved best in all the world she consented to make happy the home of the taciturn carrier.

The small property left to David's mother by her father all found its way after her death into Mr. Murdstone's hands, and thus the little orphan was left wholly destitute and in his stepfather's eyes a burden to be gotten rid of as soon as possible. Mr. Murdstone was a partner in a wine importing house in London, and Davy was sent there at the age of ten to earn his own

living, his duty being to wash empty bottles and affix labels thereto. His companions were London boys of the very lowest character, one answering to the name of Mick Walker, another Mealy Potatoes.

In such companionship his days were spent. His lodgings were in Wind-sor Terrace, under the roof of Wilkins Micawber.

At the time David first made his acquaintance "Mr. Micawber was a stoutish, middle-aged man, with no more hair upon his head than there is upon an egg ; nothing especially striking in his appearance, except an imposing shirt collar." Mrs. Micawber was a thin and faded lady, the mother of twin infants, also of two other children, the eldest four years old. Mr. Micawber was at this time ostensibly engaged in soliciting orders for wines and other commodities on commission, while his real occupation—and an arduous one it often proved to be—was explaining his present and prospective financial position to the numerous creditors who called upon him at any and all hours, some of whom were at times quite ferocious. Such were Davy's surroundings for some months, and such they promised to be for an indefinite future, until he made a bold stroke for liberty. His only known living relative was an aunt of his father, Miss Betsy Trotwood, said to be very strong minded and very eccentric. David wrote to Peggotty, learned from her that Miss Trotwood lived at Dover, or in the vicinity, and borrowing from her half a guinea, of which he was robbed before getting out of London, he started for Dover, walking all the way and buying food with money obtained by the sale of his waistcoat and jacket, reaching the house of his aunt hungry and ragged. Here the forlorn boy found a kind home and was made much of by his aunt and by Mr. Dick, a distant connection of hers, a man whose mind was somewhat clouded, but amiable and harmless, whom Miss Trotwood had taken under her guardianship, thereby saving him from a private lunatic asylum, where his near relatives desired to place him.

After David was rested and recruited, his aunt placed him at an excellent school at Canterbury, he boarding at the house of Mr. Wickfield, Miss Trotwood's man of business. Mr. W. was a widower with one child, his daughter Agnes, a very interesting young girl, who was not only her father's pet, but his careful housekeeper and, child though she was, his wise counsellor. She became a true friend and sister to David, interesting herself with ready sympathy in everything that concerned him. When David became an inmate of Mr. Wickfield's house, he came into contact with a "red-haired person," as he expressed it, who answered to the name of Uriah Heep, about fifteen, but looking older, having hardly any eyebrows, and no eye-lashes, with a long, lank, skeleton hand, his whole appearance and manner leaving a most unpleasant impression upon David. His leading characteristic, according to his own representations, was humility of the most exasperating nature,

while his real character, as will appear hereafter, was something very different. In the midst of such surroundings David grew toward manhood and began to look back upon his life in London as only a dream.

When seventeen he left school, and, being undecided as to his future occupation, his aunt suggested his looking about him for a time, and David set out for a short journey, intending to include in it a visit to his nurse, Mrs. Barkis, and the Peggottys in the barge at Yarmouth. Stopping in London, he met by accident his schoolmate at Salem House, Steerforth, now a handsome young man, an undergraduate of Oxford, and at his earnest invitation accompanied him to visit his mother at Highgate. Mrs. Steerforth was a proud imperious woman, whom the son closely resembled in person and character. She was devoted to her son, worshiping his many lovable attractive traits of character, and bestowing not less admiration upon his pride, his self-will and his ungovernable temper. In all her idolatry she was seconded by her companion, a brilliant woman of about thirty, named Rosa Dartle, who, though constantly quarreling with him, betrayed the most devoted attachment to the handsome young man.

After the visit at Highgate was finished, David, accompanied by Steerforth, went to Yarmouth, where they were warmly entertained by the Peggottys, and where Steerforth saw for the first time the little Emily, grown to be a lovely young woman, and betrothed to Ham, her cousin. Steerforth, gay and debonnaire, became instantly a great favorite with all the inmates of the barge. Returning to London, David met his aunt, who had taken lodgings for a week at a private hotel, and after certain preliminaries had been arranged, the most important one being the payment by Miss Trotwood of one thousand pounds premium, he was entered as an articled clerk in the office of Spenlow & Jorkins, Proctors, in Doctors Commons. He was installed in lodgings in Buckingham Street, and soon after gave a dinner in honor of Steerforth and two of his Oxford associates, at which dinner David drank more wine than was best for him, and the whole party, going to the theatre thereafter, he was guilty of some indiscretions, of which he was afterwards heartily ashamed; especially as his dear friend Agnes, then visiting in London, and happening to be present, was a witness. The noble girl invited him to call upon her, and he did so. Apologizing to her for his escapade, he was readily forgiven, she taking occasion, however, to warn him against undue intimacy with Steerforth, who, with her clear-sightedness, Agnes felt to be a dangerous friend. She told him that the 'umble Uriah had, in some mysterious way, so wormed himself into her father's confidence, and acquired such an influence over him, as to demand being taken into partnership; that her father had, with very evident reluctance, acceded to the request, and that she herself had consented, hoping the step would relieve her father of the

burden of anxiety and suffering which seemed fast wearing him out. The unwelcome news was confirmed to David not long afterwards by Uriah himself, who, with that seeming humility which he spread as an unctious varnish over his exultation at his advancement, boasted of his success, and exasperated the youth nearly to madness by avowing his love for Agnes and his hope of making her his wife.

At a dinner party at which David was present about this time, he met and renewed his acquaintance with his Salem House school friend, Tommy Traddles, now a struggling young law student, upon whom David called, to find him domiciled in the house of his old friend Wilkins Micawber. Mr. Micawber, still struggled with pecuniary straits, and David found that, of course, the soft hearted Traddles had allowed Micawber to involve him by endorsing one or two of his innumerable I. O. U's. Poor Tommy was engaged to the dearest girl, at least that was his estimate of her, oft repeated ; one of ten daughters of a Devonshire curate ; and his absurd good nature to Micawber was likely to lengthen very materially what promised to be at the shortest a very long engagement. Receiving a call from Steerforth, he was surprised to learn that that gentleman had just returned from Yarmouth. He brought to David a letter from Mrs. Barkis, informing him that her husband was at the point of death, and David told Steerforth he should go down to Yarmouth the next day to comfort his old nurse. Steerforth apparently favored his going, but managed to induce David to visit him and his mother at Highgate for a day or two. A brief visit was made, and David went to Yarmouth, arriving in time to be present at the death of Mr. Barkis, and to hear a story far more terrible than death, the disappearance of Emily, enticed away from her home by Steerforth. She was last seen in company with Littimer, Steerforth's man servant, who had conducted her to a carriage in which Steerforth was awaiting her. The grief of the honest-hearted Ham and of her uncle is indescribable ; the latter declaring his intention to devote his future life to the duty of finding and bringing her back to the home she had made desolate.

David went back to London nearly broken-hearted in his sympathy for his afflicted friends. Soon after he made the acquaintance of and fell into desperate love with Mr. Spenlow's beautiful daughter Dora, and in a brief space of time won her love, and the two children, for such they were in all respects, were clandestinely engaged. About the same time David's aunt came up to London to inform him that she had lost nearly all her money, the result of her own unwise investments, and David commenced the study of stenography, qualifying himself in due time as a parliamentary reporter. In the meantime Mr. Spenlow died very suddenly, leaving his daughter almost penniless, and she went to live with two unmarried aunts at Putney.

In due time, David, guided by Agnes's judicious counsel, was received as an occasional guest at Putney, and at the age of twenty-one, having achieved for himself a modest income, his bliss was completed by his marriage to Dora, his child wife, as she desired to be called.

While David was thus entering upon life's more serious responsibilities, the Micawber family had left London and taken up their residence at Canterbury, where Mr. M. was employed as a clerk in the office of Wickfield & Heep. Not very long after David's marriage he received a note from Micawber inviting Miss Trotwood, Mr. Dick and David to meet Mr. Traddles and himself at Canterbury on a certain morning, to breakfast with him at the hotel, and afterwards to receive an important communication from him. They went accordingly, and after breakfast, and at his request, they all went to Mr. Wickfield's house, where they met Agnes, Traddles and Uriah Heep. Mr. Wickfield was ill and unable to be present.

Mr. Micawber, then, in the lofty style of which he was so completely master, read a statement prepared by himself, of the greatest interest and importance to his listeners. It was in substance as follows: He had been engaged by Uriah Heep at a small stipend as a clerk. The salary proving insufficient for the needs of his family, Uriah Heep had lent him several small sums of money, receiving notes of hand therefor. He soon found himself completely in the power of Heep, and this power was used by the latter to compel him (Micawber) to falsify matters of business, and to assist in mystifying Mr. Wickfield. Mr. M. stated that he had prepared a long list of malpractices, too numerous to be detailed at this time, the principal of which was obtaining Mr. Wickfield's signature to important documents, representing them as unimportant. These frauds were committed at times when Mr. Wickfield was in such mental condition as to be easily influenced, and Heep had made his victim believe that these transactions were necessary to cover up some dishonest act of his (Mr. W.'s). All of this villainy was undertaken by Heep in order to secure a partnership, with full control of all of Mr. Wickfield's business and property of all kinds, as well as of trust funds in his hands. These trust funds included Betsy Trotwood's fortune, which the man, Heep, had led Mr. W. to believe had been lost by his (Mr. W.'s) dishonest speculations, and Mr. Wickfield had so represented the matter to Miss Trotwood. After Micawber had ended his denunciation and exposure, Traddles came forward, armed with a power of attorney from Mr. Wickfield, and compelled Heep to make full confession and restitution in order to save himself from a long term in prison.

Uriah Heep appears once more in this history. David found him, some years afterwards, the model prisoner in a model prison, posing as the consummate type of an humble, repentant sinner, exhorting to a better life men

like Copperfield, who had not reached the stage of saintship to which he had himself attained.

David's aunt recovered nearly all her money, and she and Mr. Dick became residents of London, living very near David and his wife. The latter remained to the end of her brief life a child, always beautiful and loving, and winning the love of all with whom she came in contact, unfitted by character or disposition for the practical duties of life. She was one to be shielded and guarded, and her loving husband, conscious equally of her deficiencies and her loveliness, sought by every means to keep fresh the frail "Blossom," as his aunt called her, which faded, spite of all his love and tenderness, and soon all that remained on earth of the beautiful child-wife were sad sweet memories. After her death David went abroad, spending a long time away from England, seeking the health which had been much shattered by his bereavement.

The patient faith of Mr. Peggotty had its reward at last in the recovery of the little Emily, truly penitent, and very grateful to be welcomed back to the home, which, under the influence of a wicked man, she had deserted. Steerforth perished at sea. Both his mother and Rosa Dartle, whose lives seemed bound up in his, never recovered from the shock of his death, but lived on for years, hopelessly insane.

Mr. Micawber, with his numerous family, emigrated to Australia, where he became a magistrate, in every way respected and honored by his fellow citizens.

Time, the great consoler, at last brought comfort to the heart of the bereaved David Copperfield, and in the society of his second wife, known to us as Agnes Wickfield, and of their interesting children, his days flowed on in prosperity and happiness.

The "dearest girl" at last became the very dear wife of Tommy Traddles, and the young struggling student was eventually the wise and honored judge of one of England's high courts.

Mr. Peggotty, Mrs. Gummidge and Emily went out to Australia, where, far beyond the reach of idle gossip, Emily became, as described by Mr. Peggotty: "Cheerful along with me; retired when others is by; patient; liked by young and old; sought out by all that has any trouble. That's Emily."

SUMMARY.

AUNT BETSEY'S INTERVIEW WITH THE MURDSTONES.

"And when you had made sure of the poor little fool," said my aunt; "God forgive me that I should call her so; and she gone where you won't go in a hurry . . . because you had not done wrong enough to her and

hers, you must begin to train her, must you? Begin to break her, like a poor caged bird, and wear her deluded life away in teaching her to sing your notes?" "This is either insanity or intoxication," said Miss Murdstone, in a perfect agony at not being able to turn the current of my aunt's address toward herself; "and my suspicion is that it's intoxication." Miss Betsey, without taking the least notice of the interruption, continued to address herself to Mr. Murdstone as if there had been no such thing. "Mr. Murdstone," she said, shaking her finger at him, "you were a tyrant to the simple baby, and you broke her heart. She was a lovely baby. . . . I know that; I knew it years before you ever saw her, . . . and through the best part of her weakness you gave her the wounds she died of. There is the truth of your comfort, however you like it. And you and your instruments may make the most of it." "Allow me to inquire, Miss Trotwood," interposed Miss Murdstone, "whom you are pleased to call, in a choice of words, in which I am not experienced, my brother's instruments?" Still stone-deaf to the voice, and utterly unmoved by it, Miss Betsey pursued her discourse: "It was clear enough, as I have told you, years before you ever saw her, and why, in the mysterious dispensation of Providence, you ever did see her, is more than humanity can comprehend. It was clear enough that the poor, soft little thing would marry somebody at some time or other, but I did hope it wouldn't have been as bad as it has turned out. That was the time, Mr. Murdstone, when she gave birth to her boy here," said my aunt; "to the poor child you sometimes tormented her through afterwards, which is a disagreeable remembrance, and makes the sight of him odious now. Ay, ay! you needn't wince!" said my aunt. "I know its true without that." He had stood by the door all this while, observant of her, with a smile upon his face, though his black eyebrows were heavily contracted. I remarked now that, though the smile was on his face still, his color had gone in a moment, and he seemed to breathe as if he had been running. "Good day, sir," said my aunt, "and good-bye! Good day to you, too, ma'am," said my aunt, turning suddenly upon his sister. "Let me see you ride a donkey over my green again, and as sure as you have a head upon your shoulders, I'll knock your bonnet off and tread upon it!"

BARKIS'S COURTSHIP.

"You might tell her, if you would," said Mr. Barkis, with another slow look at me, "that Barkis was 'a-waitin for a answer. Says you — what name is it?" "Her name?" "Ah!" said Mr. Barkis, with a nod of his head. "Peggotty." "Chrisen name? Or nat'ral name?" said Mr. Barkis. "Oh, it's not her Christian name. Her Christian name is Clara." "Is it though?" said Mr. Barkis. He seemed to find an immense flood of reflection in this circumstance, and sat pondering and inwardly whistling for some

time. "Well," he resumed at length. "Says you, 'Peggotty! Barkis is a-waitin' for a answer.' Says she, perhaps, 'Answer to what?' Says you, 'To what I told you.' 'What is that?' says she. 'Barkis is willin',' says you."

MICAWBER'S ADVICE UPON THE SUBJECT OF HAPPINESS.

"My other piece of advice, Copperfield," said Micawber, "you know. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the god of day goes down upon the dreary scene, and . . . and in short you are forever floored. As I am."

SUBLIME DEVOTION OF PEGGOTTY TO EMILY.

"Every night," said Mr. Peggotty, "as reg'lar as the night comes, the candle must be stood in its old pane of glass, that if ever she should see it, it may seem to say, 'Come back, my child, come back!' If ever there's a knock, Ham (partic'lar a soft knock), after dark at your aunt's door, doesn't you go nigh it. Let it be her . . . not you . . . that sees my fallen child!"

MICAWBER EXPOSING HEEP'S VILLAINY.

"Ask Heep if he ever kept a pocket-book in that house," said Mr. Micawber, "will you?" I saw Uriah's lank hand stop involuntary in the scraping of his chin. "Or ask him," said Mr. Micawber, "if he ever burnt one there. If he says yes, and asks you where the ashes are, refer him to Wilkins Micawber and he will hear of something not at all to his advantage!" The triumphant flourish with which Mr. Micawber delivered himself of these words had a powerful effect in alarming the mother, who cried out in much agitation: "Ury, Ury! Be 'umble and make terms, my dear!" "Mother," he retorted, "will you keep quiet? You're in a fright, and don't know what you say or mean. 'Umbler!' he repeated, looking at me with a snarl, "I've 'umbled some of 'em for a pretty long time back, 'umble as I was!"

MRS. MICAWBER UPON "WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO 'TURN UP.'"

"Just so," returned Mrs. Micawber. "It's precisely that. And the fact is, my dear Mr. Copperfield, that we cannot live without something widely different from existing circumstances shortly turning up. Now, I am convinced myself, and this I have pointed out to Mr. Micawber several times of late, that things cannot be expected to turn up of themselves. We must, in a measure, assist to turn them up. I may be wrong, but I have formed that opinion."

DAVID'S CARE FOR HIS CHILD-WIFE.

"I began to carry her down-stairs every morning, and up-stairs every night. She would clasp me round the neck and laugh the while, as if I did it for a wager. Jip would bark and caper around us, and go on before and look back on the landing, breathing short, to see that we were coming. My aunt, the best and most cheerful of nurses, would trudge after us, a moving mass of shawls and pillows. Mr. Dick would not have relinquished his post of candle-bearer to any one alive. Traddles would be often at the bottom of the staircase, looking on and taking charge of sportive messages from Dora to the dearest girl in the world. We made quite a gay procession of it, and my child-wife was the gayest there. But sometimes, when I took her up and felt that she was lighter in my arms, a dead blank feeling came upon me, as if I were approaching to some frozen region yet unseen, that numbed my life."

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

In the year 1775, as for many years before and after, Tellson's Bank in London was a prominent factor of business life in that city. Its offices near Temple Bar, dingy and ugly and respectable, were regarded by its customers with a reverence founded primarily upon the wealth of the House, but enhanced by their dustiness and general shabbiness. No partner in that House would have dared to suggest improvement or any innovation upon the time-honored inconveniences, under which the House had grown old and wealthy: So wealthy, that "Tellson's" was a synonym for great accumulation of money, as also for unquestioned integrity. United in interest, and equally respected, was "Tellson's" in Paris. In both England and France the financial affairs of very many prominent and wealthy families were entirely in the hands of Tellson's.

Lucie Manette, a girl about eighteen years of age, living in England, had been in a sense bequeathed to the guardianship of Tellson's in her infancy. She was the daughter of a physician of French birth, who resided in Paris, married an English lady, and whose early wedded life was a very happy one. Rising rapidly in his profession, with a lovely and loving wife, a bright future seemed assured to the young couple. But a sad and mysterious destiny was before them. One evening Doctor Manette was called from his home by a messenger in a carriage, who spoke of an urgent case in the Rue

St. Honoré, and hurried him away. Dr. Manette never returned, nor were any tidings of his fate brought to his young wife, who in less than two years sank broken hearted into the grave, leaving the little Lucie fatherless and motherless. One of the trustees of Mrs. Manette's property was Mr. Jarvis Lorry, an old and valued official of Tellson's, employed by the House, as boy and man, both in London and Paris, and to his especial care was her child entrusted by the dying mother.

After her death the little Lucie was taken by Mr. Lorry to England, placed in kind hands, and carefully educated. She grew up very lovable in person and character, possessed of a sunny temperament which made her very dear to all who knew her. The mystery which surrounded her father was carefully concealed from her, she believing that both her parents had died in her early infancy.

Near the close of the year mentioned above, the startling news came to Tellson's London house, from their Paris manager, that Doctor Manette, after eighteen years of confinement in the Bastille, had been recalled to life, and was then in Paris. A letter was dispatched to Lucie, giving no hint of the truth, but stating that "some new intelligence, respecting the property of her father," rendered it necessary for her to go to Paris. In accordance with this letter, Miss Manette, with her maid, Miss Pross, started for Paris, meeting at Dover Mr. Lorry, who was to be her escort to the French capital. While at the inn in Dover Mr. Lorry, with great tenderness and tact, revealed to the astonished girl the facts of the restoration of her father to life, and endeavored to prepare her for the meeting.

Monsieur Ernest Defarge was the keeper of a small wine shop in a narrow street in the suburb of Saint Antoine, in Paris. He was a large, swarthy man, possibly good humored, but certainly stubborn and implacable. Madame Defarge, a stout woman, with strong features, indicating courage, determination, and (perhaps) cruelty, seemed in all respects a helpmeet for her husband. It was upon these worthy people that Mr. Lorry and his young charge called, and it was under their care, in a lonely garret, they found all that eighteen years of entombment had spared — an old white-haired man, making shoes. All memory of the past, all recollections of youth and manhood, of the joys and sorrows of life, had gone. Monsieur Defarge asked his name, and the answer, promptly given, was, "One hundred and five, North Tower!" His beautiful daughter took him into her arms, and with the most touching and loving words and acts, attempted to bring back to him some remembrance of what he had lost; but all in vain, and not until many months had passed, and in their quiet London home, was the devotion of the daughter rewarded by the restoration to health and reason of the father, giving a new life and new happiness to the child.

Their house, in a quiet street corner near Soho Square, was the home of two happy people ; the white-haired man, feeling himself blessed in the affection and care of his loving daughter, and she, in her turn, rejoicing in the new ties, which made her life full of tender cares and loving acts. Gradually they made acquaintances, and as the doctor's scientific attainments became known, his professional services were called into requisition, enlarging the family purse, as well as the circle of family friends. And thus the years went by, five happy, uneventful years, until 1780.

In that year Doctor Manette and daughter were summoned to the Old Bailey Court as witnesses in the case of Charles Darnay, indicted for treason. Charles Darnay was a young Frenchman, living in London, who made frequent visits to France on business of importance, the nature of which was not known even to those with whom he was on the most friendly terms. On his return from one of these visits five years before he met upon the packet ship, while crossing the Channel, Mr. Lorry and Miss Manette, then on their return from France, having in their care Doctor Manette, just after his rescue from the Bastile.

An acquaintance, begun at that time, had continued to the present, Darnay having presented letters to the Doctor which satisfied him as to his character. These visits to France, and some little mystery which attached to them, were made the pretext for the terrible charge now brought before the Old Bailey Court. His accusers were two spies employed by the British Government ; their names John Barsad and Roger Cly. The latter had been for a time Charles Darnay's servant, and pretended to have found in his desk lists of British troops and ships, which were in course of preparation for service in America, and which lists he, the said Darnay, intended to convey to the French Government.

A rising Old Bailey lawyer named Stryver was counsel for the prisoner. The lawyer for the Crown bent all his efforts to prove that Darnay was seen at certain times in the immediate vicinity of certain dock-yards, and one witness testified with great positiveness to having seen the prisoner at a certain time and place, and when, on his cross examination, he was asked whether he had ever seen any man closely resembling him, his reply was, "Never any one who could be mistaken for him."

Stryver then said, "Look well upon my learned friend there," pointing to another lawyer in the court ; "are they not very like each other ?" The witness was obliged to admit the close resemblance, and the damaging effect of his testimony was neutralized.

The lawyer thus referred to, and whose resemblance to the prisoner startled every one in the court room, was Mr. Sydney Carton, a man of ability, but indolent, indifferent to his own welfare, giving up to vulgar dissipa-

tion time and talents which properly used would have made him a valuable member of society. He was an intimate and to some extent a friend of Stryver, aiding the latter by his legal knowledge and capacity. Stryver, far inferior to Carton in all the better traits of manhood, was ambitious, pushing, and self-satisfied. He was always ready to profit by Carton's suggestions, and used him as a stepping-stone in his upward course, or, in other words, Stryver was the Lion, Carton the Jackal who provided and prepared the food for the King of Beasts. They had been at school together, where Stryver had received the credit for work prepared for him by Carton, and in the Law courts, the same system was carried out, Carton providing the legal acumen, which Stryver exhibited to the bench and bar.

The case of the Crown versus Darnay failed completely, and he was triumphantly acquitted.

The incidents of the trial created a very friendly feeling on the part of Doctor Manette towards the two lawyers, and they became frequent visitors at the house on Soho Square. The corner was a wonderful corner for echoes, and the tread of people passing seemed to the inmates of the house to be perpetuated and repeated many times over. Miss Manette's fancy endowed these echoes with new and startling properties, for they seemed to be the echoes of all the footsteps that were coming by and by into her life and her father's. The strength of this fancy seemed to grow, and communicate itself to her friends. Sydney Carton, dull and listless as he usually seemed, was especially struck by it, and declared that to him, too, these echoing footsteps were prophetic of his, as well as their future. For, without the slightest hope or wish on his part for a return of interest, he had pledged himself, body and soul, to Lucie Manette, and the time finally came, when with a proud humility, he avowed his hopeless devotion to her, neither asking or desiring anything, but the opportunity to be of service to her.

"For you and for any dear to you, I would do anything. If my career were of that better kind, that there was any opportunity or capacity of sacrifice in it, I would embrace any sacrifice for you, and for those dear to you. Try to hold me in your mind at some quiet times, as ardent and sincere in this one thing. The time will come, the time will not be long in coming, when new ties will be formed about you; ties that will bind you yet more tenderly to the home you so adorn, the dearest ties that will ever grace and gladden you. O, Miss Manette, when the little picture of a happy father's face looks up in yours; when you see your own bright beauty springing up at your feet, think now and then that there is a man who would give his life, to keep a life you love, besides you. Farewell, God bless you," he said, and left her.

The new ties were, indeed, soon formed, for Charles Darnay had won her love, and ere long he became her husband. Happy months and years fol-

lowed in the house upon the corner. The countless footsteps still echoed and re-echoed upon the pavement without, and in due course of time the sweet sound of little Lucie's tiny footsteps made joyous echoes in the mother's house and heart.

But all through these years there were other echoes from a distance, that rumbled menacingly in the corner; and when the little Lucie was approaching her sixth birthday the sounds became more and more terrific, telling of a great storm ready to burst over France. For it was the fateful year 1789, and that awful restlessness and discontent, which had been growing in intensity and strength many years, had burst forth in revolution. The long enduring masses had learned at last their power, and by one wild savage impulse every barrier had been broken. The serf had become the master, and the long repressed desire for vengeance was gratified. The nobles, the place holders, the courtiers, fled from the country, seeking a refuge anywhere, to escape from the wrath to come.

During these years of unrest the little wine shop of St. Antoine had been the resort of many half-starved Parisian working men, and of their poverty-stricken brethren in the provinces, where many dark schemes of revenge and murder were concocted and prepared for execution as soon as the time was ripe therefor. Though under the suspicion of government spies, nothing was detected, for the eyes of Madame Defarge saw nothing, and yet saw everything, while spies came and went; drank her wine, and tried in vain to elicit from her something criminating, while with her eyes upon her knitting needles, her brain was registering their faces for future reference.

The day the mob attacked the Bastile, Mons. Defarge led a large force of men, while Madame D. headed a troop of Amazons, eager for blood. When the fortress surrendered, Defarge was among the first to cross the draw-bridge, and finding one of the guards of the prison, he compelled him to lead the way to number one hundred five North Tower.

Here he found, as he expected, some relics of poor old Doctor Manette; among others, some scraps of paper written upon, which he hastily concealed in his pocket, and then set fire to the scanty furniture of the room.

The echoes of the tumults in Paris reached the little house in Soho Square, and caused many a shudder to the gentle Lucie Darnay, and many a prayer of thanksgiving went up to heaven that her dear ones were safe in another land. And safe they were, until one day in August, 1792, Charles Darnay received at Tellson's Bank, a letter addressed to "Monsieur, heretofore the Marquis St. Evremonde of France, in care of Tellson & Co., London."

Charles Darnay, though the fact was known to but one person in England, namely, Doctor Manette, was the Marquis St. Evremonde, and the letter was from the steward of the St. Evremonde estates, dated Prison of the Abbaye, Paris, informing his master that he had been imprisoned, and was in danger of the guillotine, because he had been the agent of an emigrant, and imploring the Marquis to come to Paris and save him.

Charles Darnay found it impossible to resist this appeal. He made hasty arrangements, writing to Doctor Manette and to his wife letters, to be delivered to them after his departure, and started the next night for Paris. He arrived there, after many delays, under arrest, and was conveyed to the prison of La Force. His old friend, Mr. Lorry, left London one day before him, on business for the bank. Mr. L. was accompanied by Jerry Cruncher, an old porter and messenger for the bank, who spent his days doing odd jobs and errands about the streets, and (though none of his employers suspected it) very many of his nights in and about the grave-yards, engaged in providing medical students and practitioners with subjects. Poor Jerry's conscience had been sadly conventionalized; for he talked and thought of himself as an honest tradesman, and believed, if his occupation was not strictly correct from a moral point of view, the sin rested wholly upon the wicked surgeons. He was, whatever his moral obliquities, a faithful friend and servant to Mr. Lorry, and the old gentleman trusted him fully.

Soon after Mr. Lorry's arrival in Paris, while sitting alone in the evening in his rooms at the bank, he was startled by the entrance of Lucie Darnay and her father. From them he learned that Charles Darnay was in prison in Paris. Doctor Manette had hastened hither, feeling sure that his having been a prisoner in the Bastille would be a protection to himself and his daughter, and give him power to save Charles.

In this belief the Doctor was right, for, while Lucie spent the night in an agony of suspense and terror, her father, going boldly into the streets, was carried by a friendly mob to La Force, and late the next day Mr. Lorry received a note from him stating that Charles was safe, and that he (the Doctor) would remain with him for the present. Four days later Doctor Manette returned. He stated to Mr. Lorry that in the prison he found a self-appointed tribunal in session, going through the forms of trying the prisoners; in some cases releasing them, in others ordering their murder, or in some few cases returning them to their cells. To this informal court the Doctor announced his name and profession, and told of his long imprisonment in the Bastille, when one of the so called judges arose and identified him. He proved to be the citizen Defarge.

At the Doctor's request Charles was brought before the lawless court, but remanded to custody, the Doctor being permitted to remain with him

until the murders in the prisons were over. Though unable to obtain his son-in-law's release, the popularity of the Doctor continued and increased, until, in a very short time, he became the inspecting physician of three prisons, including La Force. His skill as a surgeon and his history as a Bastille captive, made him a man of marked influence everywhere. One year and three months passed by and Charles was still in prison, while his wife and child waited and hoped; Doctor Manette pursued his merciful calling in the prisons, and Mr. Lorry kept secure the property and records entrusted to his care. But at last the suspense was ended, and "Charles Evremonde, called Darnay," was summoned before the Revolutionary Tribunal, charged with being an aristocrat and an emigrant, but, by the testimony of Dr. Manette, he was acquitted, and was carried by the fickle crowd in triumph to his home.

No pen can do justice to the scene in that household, united after a separation so long and so full of despairing anxiety. But, alas, their joy was sadly brief, for the same night the citizen Evremonde was again arrested, having been denounced by Citizen and Citizeness Defarge and by *one other*. At the time of his re-arrest, Miss Pross, Mrs. Darnay's maid, accompanied by Jerry Cruncher, was absent, engaged in making some small purchases for the family. Calling at a wine shop, while standing at the counter, a man passed near to her whom she immediately recognized as her brother Solomon, who had many years before stolen all her money and run away. She addressed him very affectionately, calling him Solomon, but her friendliness was not reciprocated, for he repulsed her very gruffly, informing her that he was an official of the Revolutionary Government, and was known in Paris as a Frenchman and a patriot.

Poor Miss Pross was lost in amazement and disgust, that her brother should be in any way associated with the horrible creatures who governed Paris, and who in her eyes were the incarnation of fiendish cruelty. But great as was her surprise at the sight of the long lost brother, it did not exceed the astonishment of Jerry Cruncher, who had recognized in the same person, one of the English government spies, who had attempted to swear away Charles Darnay's life many years before, at the Old Bailey. Mr. Cruncher's memory brought back to him only the face, and while trying to recall the name, was assisted by a voice at his side, which pronounced it "Barsad." Turning at the voice, he saw Sydney Carton, who explained to Miss Pross that he had just arrived at Mr. Lorry's, and after escorting her home, he desired a little conversation with her brother. After some demurring on the part of Barsad, he consented to accompany Mr. Carton and Jerry to the bank. On their arrival, Mr. Carton, in the presence of Mr. Lorry and Jerry, informed Barsad that he knew him as a former spy of

the British government, and that he had seen and heard him that very evening in conversation with Roger Cly, who was Barsad's associate witness at the trial of Charles Darnay, at the Old Bailey. This statement Barsad stoutly denied, that individual having died in London many years before, and, putting his hand in his pocket, produced a burial certificate, attested in due form, when with a burst of indignation, the *honest tradesman*, Jerry Cruncher, interrupted him by saying that the coffin purporting to contain the body of Roger Cly, was filled with paving stones. This revelation astonished Barsad, but not more than it did Mr. Lorry and Sydney Carton. Under its influence, by threats of denunciation to the Revolutionary authorities, Sydney Carton succeeded in making a contract with him, the nature of which will appear hereafter. Barsad was dismissed, and Sydney Carton, bidding Mr. Lorry good night, went out, as he said, to prowl about the streets. During his wanderings he found a chemist's shop, where he had some small packets put up for him, and then went out and paced the streets, meditating deeply upon the past and the present, his mind calm and clear, his memory traveling back to childhood and early youth, and then to the death of his father, and the solemn words of the burial service came again to his mind and to his lips.

"I am the resurrection and the life saith the Lord : he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live : and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

When the time came, in the morning, he went to the Tribunal where Charles Evremonde, called Darnay, was again arraigned and denounced as an enemy of the Republic, one of a family of tyrants who had infamously oppressed the people.

The Public Prosecutor said he was denounced openly by three voices, Ernest Defarge, Therese Defarge, his wife, and Alexander Manette, physician. Doctor Manette denied, with great indignation, that he had denounced the husband of his child, but was silenced by the Court, and Citizen Defarge was called to the witness stand. He stated that he had been a servant to Doctor Manette at the time of his imprisonment, told of the release eighteen years after, and of the state of the prisoner when delivered up to him. He further stated that when the Bastille was taken, he was directed by a gaoler to one hundred and five North Tower, and that there he had found a paper in the handwriting of Doctor Manette. This paper he produced and handed to the President, who ordered it read. The paper was in substance as follows :

"While walking for exercise one evening in December, 1757 (I think the 22d), on the quay by the Seine, a carriage driven very rapidly was stopped just as it passed me, and two young men alighted from it and addressed me, insisting upon my entering the carriage, which I did, and it was rapidly

driven beyond the North Barrier, about two miles, when it struck off the main avenue and stopped at a solitary house. As we entered, I discovered the two young men to be, without doubt, twin brothers. I was conducted to an upper chamber, where I found a woman of great beauty, but little over twenty, her arms bound with sashes and handkerchiefs. On one of the sashes I saw the armorial bearing of a noble and the letter E. She was in a high fever of the brain, raving constantly of her husband, her father, and her brother. I administered sedatives with but slight effect, and after sitting by her bedside for half an hour, one of the brothers, apparently the elder, informed me there was another patient, and conducted me to a species of loft over a stable, where I found a handsome peasant boy about seventeen. I saw that he was dying. I asked the gentleman how the boy was wounded, and he answered sneeringly that this serf had attacked his brother, who was compelled to kill him.

"The boy told me his terrible story. The woman I had left dying was his sister. She had been married but a short time to a good man whom she loved and with whom she was happy, when the younger one of these brothers saw and admired her, and finding that she hated and feared him, compelled her husband, who was not strong, to remain out in the mists of night and to labor during the day, until exhaustion and death came to his relief. His weeping widow was stolen from her home by the two brothers and concealed, but the boy had tracked the high-born scoundrel to that house and attacked him with his sword.

"'And now,' said he, 'lift me up, Doctor,' and while I was trying to raise him gently, he got upon his feet, raised his right hand and addressed the elder brother.

"Marquis, in the days when all these things are to be answered for, I summon you and yours to the last of a bad race, to answer for them. I summon your brother, the worst of a bad race, to answer for them separately." He stood for an instant with his hand raised, and when it dropped, he also dropped, and I laid him down dead.

Returning to the bedside of the woman, I found no change. She continued to rave, and repeat the words, husband, father, brother. In this state she lingered for a week, and then her sufferings suddenly ended. The brothers, who never left the house during that time, seemed much relieved when informed that the woman was dead. The Marquis politely dismissed me, handing me a rouleau of gold. This I took from his hand, but laid upon the table, refusing to accept money from them. The next day the gold was left at my house. During that day I decided to write to the Minister, in order to relieve my mind of its great burden. My letter was not completed till the morning of the last day of the year. On that morn-

ing a lady called upon me, who announced herself as the wife of the Marquis St. Evremonde, and I soon connected her husband with the terrible scenes I had so recently witnessed. She had heard in some way of the poor woman whose tragic death I had seen, and had called upon me, wishing to learn something of her, she said, not knowing of her death, that she might extend some womanly sympathy to her. She had hoped to avert the wrath of heaven from her husband's family, for the sake, especially, of her infant son Charles. I sealed and delivered the letter myself to the Minister, not mentioning the names of the brothers, which I had just learned. That night I was decoyed from my home, to this my living grave, and now, in my unbearable agony, do I denounce these brothers and their descendants, to the last of their race. I denounce them to heaven and to earth."

As soon as the reading was ended, a roar, like that of wild beasts rose from the assemblage, and Citizen Evremonde was unanimously condemned to death within twenty-four hours! The prisoner was returned to his cell, and the heart-broken wife was carried insensible to a coach, and from the coach was carried up the stairway to her rooms by Sydney Carton, who, in parting, bent down and kissed her face, murmuring these words, which were heard by the child Lucie: "A life you love."

Going into the street, he paused for a moment in uncertainty, and then saying to himself, "It is best that these people should know there is such a man as I here," he walked on to St. Antoine, entered Defarge's wine shop, called for wine, and, while drinking it, heard Madame Defarge demanding of her husband, and some others, the arrest and denunciation of Lucie Darnay. Returning to Mr. Lorry, he told him of this new danger, and they two arranged all the details for immediate departure for England. He himself was going at noon to the prison, to bid farewell to Charles Darnay, and he handed to Mr. Lorry his passport to keep for him until his return from the prison, enjoining him to have everything in complete readiness to start at two o'clock. "The moment I come," said he, "take me in, and drive away." He exacted from Mr. Lorry a solemn promise, that nothing should induce him to deviate from the course decided upon by them both.

Charles Darnay spent his last day of life in writing to his wife, to her father, and to Mr. Lorry. Just after the clock struck one, Sydney Carton was admitted to his cell. Without any delay, Carton compelled him to exchange clothing with him; he in vain protesting against what he believed to be Carton's fruitless sacrifice of life. As soon as Charles had put on the clothing Sydney Carton had removed, he was directed by the latter to sit down to the table and write as he should dictate, and Sydney Carton dictated to him these words:

"If you remember the words that passed between us long ago, you will readily comprehend this when you see it. You do remember them, I know. It is not in your nature to forget them. I am thankful that the time has come when I can prove them. That I do so, is no subject for regret or grief." Carton was standing behind him, and had drawn something from his breast, which produced a vapor, the effect of which upon the prisoner was very decided. His eyes were clouded, and he seemed to be losing his power to attend to what Carton was saying, and suddenly sprang to his feet, and for a few seconds struggled with the man who had come to lay down his life for him, and then, in a moment, he was stretched insensible on the ground.

Carton placed the paper in his breast pocket, then quickly arranged his own dress, and softly called "Come in," and Barsad, the spy, entered. He hastily instructed Barsad to take Darney, still insensible, to the court-yard, where the others were, to tell Mr. Lorry to remember his promise, and drive away.

At two o'clock the name of Citizen Evremonde was called, and the man who answered to that name, came calmly forth to die.

At that same hour, Mr. Lorry and his party, including the supposed Sydney Carton, not yet restored to consciousness, were driving as rapidly as possible towards the Northern coast. Jerry Cruncher and Miss Pross were to follow at a later hour, and Jerry, having gone out to complete some final arrangements, Miss Pross was left alone in the deserted rooms. While thus alone, Madame Defarge entered, fearing that her intended victim, Lucie, might escape her. Not seeing any one except Miss Pross, she attempted to enter the inner rooms, and as Miss Pross was determined she should not go any further in her investigations, a spirited altercation ensued, the one talking violently and rapidly in French, the other, with equal violence and rapidity, in English. Neither understood the language of the other. Finally, to prevent Madame D. from opening the inner doors, Miss Pross seized her round the waist. Madame D. drew from her pocket a pistol. Miss Pross struck it upwards; the pistol exploded, and the Citizeness Defarge fell dead upon the floor.

There were fifty-two victims of the guillotine that day. Men said about the city, that the face of Evremonde was the most peaceful looking man's face ever beheld there. Many added, that he looked sublime and prophetic. If he had given any utterance to his prophetic thoughts, some of them would have been these :

"I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, useful, prosperous and happy, in that England which I shall see no more. I see her with a child upon her bosom, who bears my name. I see her father, aged and

bent, but otherwise restored and at peace. I see the good old man, so long their friend, enriching them with all he has, and passing tranquilly to his reward.

"I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts, and in the hearts of their descendants, generations hence. I see her an old woman, weeping for me on the anniversary of this day. I see her and her husband, their course done, lying side by side in their last earthly bed, and I know that each was not more honored and held sacred in the other's soul than I was in the souls of both.

"I see that child who bore my name, a man, winning his way up in that path of life which once was mine ; running it so well, that my name is made illustrious there by the light of his. I see the blots I threw upon it faded away.

"It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done. It is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known."



CHARLES KINGSLEY.

BORN 1819.

ENGLAND.

DIED 1875.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Charles Kingsley was born at Dartmoor, Devonshire, England, June 12, 1819. He was educated at King's College, London, and Magdalene College, Cambridge, graduating at Cambridge in 1842, with the highest honors. He took orders, and became Curate of Eversley the year of graduation, and Rector of the same parish soon after; was made a Canon of Chester in 1869, and Canon of Westminster in 1873. His death occurred January 23, 1875.

As a preacher, he was distinguished for his great earnestness and force. He was a warm, personal friend, and, in a sense, a disciple of Rev. J. F. D. Maurice, taking a prominent position with him in favor of what was then styled Christian Socialism. Two of his novels, *Alton Locke* and *Yeast*, both published in 1849, embody his views on this subject.

He was sometimes called jestingly, the Apostle of Muscular Christianity, being a warm advocate of athletic sports, and himself delighting in fishing, mountain climbing, etc. He was a man of very decided opinions on all moral and political questions, and his indignation at oppression and injustice were always very plainly expressed. He was, as is clearly seen in *Westward Ho!* intensely Protestant, and like his hero, fearless in word and action when combating wrong.

His place in literature is a very high one. His *Saint's Tragedy* is full of beauties. Many of his poems are admirable in sentiment and expression. He excelled in description, and his work shows a love for and familiarity with natural scenery almost unsurpassed by any English author. His books for children, such as *Glaucus*, *The Water Babies*, and others, written primarily for his own sons and daughters, show a poetic fancy and delicacy which make them models of that class of literature.

WESTWARD HO!

In the year 1577 Francis Drake embarked at Plymouth, England, upon his famous expedition, from which he returned three years afterward, having sailed around the world. He took with him a number of the younger sons of prominent English families, who shared the dangers and privations of his wonderful voyage, and came back with him to share the welcome which England gave to the bold commander and his brave and faithful sailors—for the results of the voyage were in every way gratifying to Queen Elizabeth and her subjects.

Spanish galleons had been captured and their treasure brought to enrich the Royal Treasury and the officers and men of the fleet, as well as the merchants who had invested their money in fitting out the ships ; and Drake had made his name a sound of terror to the settlements of Spanish subjects in all parts of America.

The town of Bideford, in Devonshire, then one of the principal ports of England, was especially jubilant, for five of her brave youth had returned after three years' absence to make glad their homes.

One of the five was the hero of this story, Amyas Leigh, the younger son of Mrs. Leigh of Burrough Court. Amyas was twenty years of age, but a giant in size and strength, fair-haired and fair-browed, brave and impetuous when occasion required, but at home, gentle, loving and obedient. After his father's death, four years before, his school life became very distasteful to him. He found little in books to satisfy his aspirations, for his eye and his heart were full of the broad, blue sea, which lay spread out so close to his home.

His guardian, Sir Richard Grenville, one of England's naval heroes, finding the boy's longings to be altogether seaward, obtained Captain Drake's consent to receive him on his ship.

Frank Leigh, his elder brother, was in all respects a complete contrast to the younger. As delicately beautiful as his brother was huge and strong, he had won high honors at school and at Exeter College, where he gained the friendship of Sir Philip Sidney and many other accomplished young men. From Oxford he had gone to Heidelberg, studying there two years, and becoming the tutor of two young German Princes, he had traveled with them through France and Italy, and finally returned to England, where, through the influence of Sir Richard Grenville, he was speedily appointed to some office in the Queen's household, became a favorite of the Queen, and by his varied accomplishments secured the friendship of the most refined and intellectual people of the day. He was visiting his mother at Bideford when Amyas arrived, and both remained there to rejoice the heart of the proud mother, whose life was bound up in her two sons, differing so widely in disposition, but both noble, brave and true.

A very happy young man was Amyas Leigh, finding himself home again, welcomed by his beautiful mother and the brother whom he loved so well, and welcomed also by so many of his young companions and friends. But the sweet face of Rose Salterne was missing from Bideford, and Amyas, poor fellow, thought he could have spared almost any one else better than the fair Rose. Rose Salterne was the only daughter of the Mayor of Bideford, a very worthy merchant of that town, who had found it necessary a short time before our hero returned to send his daughter away to his

brother, who lived at Kilkhampton, on the Atlantic cliffs, where she was too secluded and too far away for her numerous admirers to persecute her (and her father) with their attentions; for the admiration she had inspired seemed to be universal; and love sonnets, nosegays and all sorts of missives were constantly offered at her shrine. Amyas had believed himself in love with her before he went to the South Seas, and this fancy had so grown during his absence that he believed her presence necessary to his happiness.

Thomas Leigh was a younger brother of Mr. Leigh, of Burrough Court, who had become a Papist during the reign of Mary Tudor, and had so remained after the accession of Elizabeth. He lived in a rambling dark house called "Chapel," perched on the Atlantic Cliffs, a few miles from Bideford. This house was believed in the neighborhood to be the concealed headquarters of certain Jesuits and Seminary priests, but though much was suspected little was known. His son Eustace had been educated at Rheims for the Roman Catholic priesthood, but was now at his father's house, not having as yet entered upon his priestly career. He was a handsome young man, plausible in manner, endeavoring to make and keep friends, which was not easy for him to do, for there was a certain air of insincerity mingled with his cordiality, which often repelled those he was most anxious to conciliate.

At this time, the air was full of rumors of Spanish and Popish plots against Queen Elizabeth, and all the west coast of England was carefully guarded by the loyal people to prevent the coming and going of Jesuit emissaries from Italy, Spain and Ireland. Soon after the return of Amyas, a friend of his, Will Cary, of Clovelly Court, received one day an anonymous warning that a spy from Ireland would probably land that night somewhere in the vicinity, and in consequence, Will Cary, the two Leighs and others, posted themselves in positions to guard all the possible points where a boat could land. Amyas, knowing the coast well, believed that Freshwater, a secluded spot half a mile from the town, would be the place selected, and he and his brother took up a position at the head of a narrow path, which led from the beach, Frank being about twenty yards from Amyas. Suddenly a man appeared coming up the path. Frank sprang forward and challenged the stranger, who struck him three times with a dagger before Amyas could reach the spot. As soon as he drew near the ruffian, he struck him with the hilt of his sword, breaking his jaw and felling him to the earth. In a moment more, he discovered it was his cousin Eustace; took a packet of papers from him and then hurried him away, to save him from exposure and disgrace. The papers were intended for two priests then at the Chapel, and among them was a letter from Saunders, the Pope's Legate in Ireland, informing them that eight hundred Spanish soldiers had landed at Smerwick.

All the letters were taken by Amyas to Sir Richard Grenville, and the result of the night's adventure was, that Amyas was to start for Ireland, as soon as the wind would permit.

His brother Frank, not seriously wounded but disabled for a time, was taken to the Ship Tavern in Bideford. While there, he succeeded in gathering to a dinner given by him, all the most prominent aspirants to the hand and heart of Rose Salterne, in which number Frank himself must be included. After dinner, Frank, with wonderful diplomacy, induced them all to forget their rivalries, swear friendship each to the others, and unite themselves in what they called the "Brotherhood of the Rose," the band of union, being their love for the beautiful Rose Salterne, and a pledge of devotion to her service. The next day Amyas and some of the others set sail for Ireland; Frank, as soon as he had recovered, returned to London, and Mistress Rose was left in peace.

On Christmas Day, at Smerwick, Amyas captured a Spanish officer of high rank, Don Guzman De Soto, and he, being held for ransom, as was the custom of the time, was invited by Sir Richard Grenville to become his guest at Stow, his residence in Devon. Don Guzman was soon a favorite among the gentry and people of the neighborhood, and by his beauty and accomplishments, won the heart of fair Rose Salterne. After a long delay the ransom arrived, and Don Guzman announced to his new friends his intended departure, and his appointment as Spanish Governor of La Guayra, in Caraccas.

Will Cary, one of the Brotherhood of the Rose, learning of the love passages between the Spaniard and Miss Salterne, forced a quarrel upon the former, and fought a duel with him, with no serious results to either, but causing considerable talk, which coming to the ears of the Mayor of Bideford, he sent his daughter away to Kilkhampton, from which place she soon disappeared, and it was believed the beautiful girl had sacrificed home and country for her Spanish love.

Amyas Leigh, at this time, had gone "Westward Ho," with Sir Humphrey Gilbert's Expedition, for the settlement of Newfoundland and Labrador, a scheme which ended in disaster, and from which Amyas returned, very poor in purse (having lost considerable money which he had "adventured"), but alive and well. From Will Cary, he learned all that was known as to Rose Salterne, namely: About six weeks after the duel Rose had disappeared, and with much difficulty was traced to Lundy's Island, ten miles from the coast, and had probably sailed thence the day after her disappearance. A woman named Lucy Passmore, a fortune-teller, and, in the common esteem, a witch, had vanished from her cottage on the beach at the same time, and was believed to have accompanied Rose as her maid. This was all that was known or even surmised until months afterward.

Mr. Salterne, nearly crazed by his misfortune, urged upon Amyas the fitting out of a ship to go to find his daughter, offering all the money necessary for her full equipment and Amyas, with his mother's consent, and the co-operation of the Brotherhood, undertook the work. Will Cary mortgaged a farm and volunteered his services. Frank Leigh did the same, and on the 15th of November, 1583, the good ship "Rose" weighed anchor in Bideford Bay, and the next day stood out to sea, carrying Captain Amyas Leigh, his brother Frank, Will Cary, and a crew of one hundred men. Among the men were a number of old sailors, who had taken more than one voyage to the Spanish main, and who were delighted with the prospect of fighting and plundering the Spaniards, under the brave Captain Leigh. Perhaps the happiest man on board was Salvation Yeo, whose history was a most romantic one, and must be briefly rehearsed here.

He had been a sailor all his life; had been with Captain John Hawkins when he had made his voyages to Guinea for negro slaves, which were sold in the West Indies, and in the year 1575 had gone out as gunner in a ship commanded by Captain John Oxenham, who sailed from Plymouth for New Spain, promising his men to find, in some way or other, fabulous wealth for himself and his crew of seventy English sailors. Captain Oxenham landed near Nombre de Dios, ran his ship aground, crossed the Isthmus of Panama with his crew, and reaching a river which flowed into the Pacific Ocean (or as it was then called, the South Sea), they constructed a pinnace, on which they reached the Isle of Pearls in the Gulf of Panama. There they remained sixteen days, waiting for a ship from Lima, which he captured, and with it a beautiful young woman and her daughter, a pretty child of six or seven.

This lady was the wife of a wealthy Spaniard, living at Lima. She had run away from her husband with her child, in the expectation that the ship would be captured, as it was, by Oxenham. Having secured the lady, her child and some treasure, Oxenham and his crew returned to the Isthmus. But from that time everything went wrong. They were pursued by the Spanish and wandered miserably about in the woods for some months, and at last all were captured by a party of Spanish soldiers, led on by the deserted husband. Captain Oxenham was hanged, the lady committed suicide, the child was carried off by the husband, and Salvation Yeo, after numerous hardships, fell into the hands of the inquisition at Lima. He finally escaped, and after a long series of adventures, found his way back to England, with but one purpose in his life, and that to go back to South America, and fulfill the promise he had made to Oxenham, namely: To care for the "little maid," who had been carried off, at the time of his capture on the Isthmus. And now he believed that his prayers had been

answered, for he was sailing Westward Ho ! in an English ship, well armed, and commanded by a noble, God-fearing man.

Another remarkable character on board the *Rose* was John Brimblecome, son of a schoolmaster at Bideford, who had become a clergyman. Jack, as he was usually called, had been a corpulent, dull-witted boy, who appeared to think more of his stomach than his brain, and had grown up to manhood retaining to some extent his boyish characteristics. The young gentlemen at the Ship Tavern had, as a joke, initiated him into the Brotherhood of the *Rose*, but he took it in dead earnest, for as soon as he heard of Miss Salterne's flight he went to Will Cary first, and afterwards all the way to London to see Frank Leigh, urging his claims and demanding an opportunity to fulfill the obligation he had taken to protect her. He was accepted as chaplain, and sailed in the *Rose*, with a glad heart.

With favorable winds the *Rose* soon reached the Bermuda Islands, where they tarried four days, breathing in the delights of that earthly paradise. Taking on fresh water they sailed westward to Margarita Island. Here they captured a Spanish vessel, and with it some valuable pearls, but finding the Spanish settlements had been warned of their approach, Amyas sailed south-westward to the coast of Caraccas. When abreast of Cape Codera they saw a large ship, which had passed them in the night, sailing eastward, about ten miles away. Salvation Yeo urged Amyas to put about and capture the ship, saying :

"We ought to do the Lord's work thoroughly. She is delivered into your hands and you will have to give an account of her."

"The Lord's work, I take it, is to cripple the Spaniard and exalt her Majesty the Queen."

Amyas was for a time irresolute, but Frank's counsel, which was to go straight to La Guayra, prevailed, and the *Rose* continued on her course. The same day at noon two Indians in a canoe came alongside and informed Captain Leigh that there were ships of war at La Guayra waiting for his ship ; also that Don Guzman, the Governor, sailed eastward the day before, looking for the English vessel. Amyas bitterly regretted that he had let his enemy go when he was so near him, but it was then too late. He soon came in sight of a low, black cliff, a battery at either end, enclosing a few narrow streets of white houses upon a flat strip of land not over two hundred yards in breadth, and behind a high mountain wall. Three well-armed ships were riding at anchor just off the town. Amyas called a council of war, consisting of Frank, Cary and himself, together with Yeo, Brimblecome and Drew, the master.

While the others were planning Frank was absorbed in a different matter. He discovered off to the eastward of the town, up the mountain side, a large, low white house, surrounded by trees and gardens. The royal flag

of Spain floated over it. Surely it must be the Governor's house ! and Frank gazed until he believed he saw a woman's figure walking upon the terrace in front of the house, and finally persuaded himself it was Rose. Amyas pronounced it impossible to surprise the town by land, for if the crew went ashore the ship would be left defenceless. It was finally agreed to run down to the westward a mile and a half and anchor until midnight. Frank immediately declared his purpose to land alone, find his way to the Governor's house, and speak with Rose. Amyas endeavored in vain to dissuade him from his rash purpose, and finally consented, on condition that he himself should accompany him. Six of the crew volunteered to man a boat, and the two brothers went down over the side on their desperate errand, leaving Will Cary (the tears glistening in his eyes at the thought that it was a final leave-taking) in command. Stepping on shore, leaving the boat's crew in waiting, Frank and Amyas went up a path made of white shell sand, ending at a wicket gate, which they found open. Straight on Frank pushed, his eyes riveted upon a light burning in an upper window. As they neared the house they saw twenty negroes asleep on the terrace, one of whom awakened with a cry, and immediately the light above was extinguished, and while Amyas was endeavoring to persuade Frank to return, the figure of a woman, enveloped in a cloak stole around the corner of the house and came toward them. Behind her walked another figure, that of a tall man, following her steps. The moonlight revealed his face. Said Amyas, "It is Eustace, our cousin," and all flashed upon him. The scoundrel had crossed the Atlantic to warn Don Guzman of the sailing of the *Rose*, in order to be revenged upon his cousins. The two figures stopped close to Frank and Amyas, who were in deep shadow, and were compelled to listen to the conversation, in which Eustace accused Rose (for it was she) of unfaithfulness to her husband in wandering towards the beach at night, when she knew his enemies were in the neighborhood, seeking to plunder his house and to carry her off.

"Why should not your husband know of this on his return ?" said Eustace.

"Why not, indeed," replied Rose, "while you are here. You the tempter, the eavesdropper, the sunderer of loving hearts. You, serpent, who found our home a paradise, and see it now a hell !"

"My only sin is to have loved you too well," was his answer. "You have blighted my life, broken my heart. I have sought you over land and sea to complete your conversion to the true church, to the blessed Virgin Mother, who would save your soul."

"Depart with your Virgin Mother, sir, and tempt me no more. I, Donna Rosa de Soto, bid you leave this place now and forever ; after having insulted me by talking of your love, and tempted me to give up that faith which my husband promised me he would respect and protect. Go, sir !"

Thoroughly maddened by her stinging rebuke, but retaining a quiet manner, the wretch hinted to her a threat of the inquisition. Her answer was a shriek, which rang through the woods, and Amyas sprang forward, sword in hand, but Eustace slipped off his long cloak and threw it over Amyas's head and saved his own worthless life, the negroes coming forward and surrounding him. Amyas stepped back. Frank was making a wild appeal to Rose, and she was bidding him farewell. Appearances had put her wholly in Eustace's power. Amyas stood for a moment irresolute. He would gladly have gone back, killed Eustace and then fought his way to the ship, or die sword in hand ; but the thought of his mother and of his promise to her to care for Frank, came to him, and he seized his brother and dragged him away, the negroes in full pursuit, and throwing large stones, which might at any moment disable both of them. Down the two rushed together, shouting to the men in the boat ; a stone struck Frank's head ; down he dropped. The giant threw him over his shoulder, and hurried on. He reaches the boat, Frank still in his arms ; another heavy blow, and Amyas loses his senses. When he recovers, he finds himself in the boat with two only of the six boatmen, both of them wounded, the others dead, and Frank lost ; the men knew nothing of him. The boat was driving out to sea ; a furious land breeze prevented her return to the shore. They reached the ship, weighed anchor and stood off and on until morning. And so ended that fatal venture of mistaken chivalry.

The next day they were attacked by the Spanish ships they had seen lying at La Guayra, all of which were sunk by the *Rose*, while she, in turn, was disabled, and Amyas ran her in shore and up a small river. Finding the air full of miasma, and the men falling sick, he ordered the whole crew, with all their stores and movables of every kind, up to the hills in the vicinity, which were considerably above the sea level. Here they fortified themselves, and repelled successfully a large force of Spaniards under command of Don Guzman. A wounded Indian, last of sixteen, who was with the Spaniards, was captured, and by kind words and presents was induced to remain with them. Amyas then revealed his plan to his men, which was, with the young Indian as guide, to go through the passes of the mountains, to the Orinoco, and find Manoa, which, according to the highest Spanish authorities at that time, was a city far surpassing in wealth and civilization all that had been found in the New World. And so eighty valiant men vowed to spend two years if necessary, in seeking the golden city ; and, receiving the Holy Communion at midnight, took up their line of march.

For three years, this band of brave Englishmen, reduced in that time from eighty to forty-four, wandered up and down along the banks of the Orinoco and the Amazon ; hundreds of miles of forest and river had been traversed until at last all hope of finding Manoa was at an end. And then a new plan

was matured and joyfully accepted, namely, to cross the Cordilleras, seize a gold train going to or from Santa Fé de Bogota, then march to the nearest river, build canoes, try to reach the sea and seize a Spanish ship and then home to England. They were wholly destitute of fire-arms, their muskets having rusted out and been thrown away, and their weapons were their swords, large bows and arrows, and the pocuna or blow-gun of the Indians. With a courage and a faith as strong as when they left La Guayra, they started immediately, paddling patiently up a branch of the river Meta.

At the foot of some rapids they found an Indian village, where they were received with great kindness. Halting here for a few days, they found a young girl dressed as an Indian princess, of very fair complexion, and regarded by the Indians with a mysterious awe, which the Englishmen could not understand. The Indians called her the "Daughter of the Sun," and Amyas believed her to be a descendant of the Incas. When the Englishmen left the village, Ayacanora, as she was called, secretly followed them and joined them a few days after. Coming to the vicinity of Sante Fé they learned that a gold train was seen going down from that place to the Magdalena River. This train, after a skirmish with the Spanish soldiers guarding it, they captured, securing a large amount of gold, and muskets enough to arm them all.

Resuming their march, on the fourth day they reached a river broad enough for navigation. Here they built canoes, and stowing away their gold and arms, down they floated to the Magdalena and to the sea. Ayacanora accompanied them, each man pledging himself to treat her as a sister, and to hang anyone who forgot his duty towards the innocent girl who had so fully trusted in them.

In the bay of Santa Martha, at midnight, a noble Spanish galleon was riding at anchor; all hands asleep, except a guard or two on watch, when suddenly from their canoes, our bold Englishmen reached the deck, and, after a short but desperate fight, the great ship was captured, the anchor weighed, and off for Merry England they sailed.

Besides the gold which they had brought in their canoes, they found great treasures of gold and pearls on the galleon, and in ransacking the ship, they found an elderly Englishwoman, covered with scars, emaciated by famine, and nearly idiotic from the sufferings she had borne. She proved to be Lucy Passmore, the witch, as she was called in Devon, who had gone away with Rose Salterne years before. Under the kindest treatment she soon recovered sufficiently to tell her dreadful story. Frank Leigh and Rose Salterne were burned at the stake, and she herself, after horrible tortures, was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment at Seville. The sufferings of the poor creature were soon ended, for long before the ship reached England she was buried at sea.

During the voyage Ayacanora recalled something of her early childhood; enough to satisfy all, and especially Salvation Yeo, that she was his "Little Maid," John Oxenham's daughter, who had been abandoned in the woods by her mother's husband, but saved and cared for by the Indian tribe, of which she was the Queen when found by the English.

Amyas sailed into Bideford River, and there upon the quay stood his mother to welcome home her boys. But she found but one, and of him it was required to whisper, with quivering lips, the sad fate of her noble Frank. Another melancholy duty was to inform Mr. Salterne of the tragic fate of his beautiful daughter, who, as Amyas told her father, was worthy of all the love his brother and himself had shown; "for if she sinned like a woman, she died like a saint." Her father received the news with apparent calmness, but in a few short hours he was found dead and cold, kneeling by his daughter's bed, his hand upon his prayer book, open at the burial service.

Six months of quiet at home were granted to Amyas, and then he was called upon to aid in the defence of England against the Spanish Armada. After years of vast preparation, it had actually sailed, with the avowed purpose of invading and subjugating England. Amyas was put in command of several vessels, his flag ship, the "Vengeance," having been bequeathed to him by Mr. Salterne. He learned by a note from Sir Francis Drake, his old admiral, that Don Guzman was commandant of the soldiers on the "Santa Catharina," and after several days of hard fighting had passed, he found the ship, and fought her for hours, but was obliged to withdraw for want of ammunition. In the few days that followed, the Armada was defeated, its ships captured, sunk or scattered; but Amyas, getting upon the heels of the "Santa Catharina," followed her for sixteen days, until, in a terrific storm of lightning and wind, in her efforts to escape the "Vengeance," she was wrecked on Lundy's Island, and all on board were lost.

Amyas, furious with disappointment that his foe had thus escaped him, hurled his sword into the sea, and, at the same instant, a flash of lightning struck the "Vengeance," killing Salvation Yeo, and blinding for life Sir Amyas Leigh (for he was knighted on one of the first days of the fight). He was carried home, and Yeo, whom Amyas styled "The flower and pattern of all bold mariners, the truest of friends and most terrible of foes," was buried at Northam, with all possible honor.

Mrs. Leigh, praising God for his mercies to her brave son, welcomed him home to Burrough, and there, in the society of his loving wife, Ayacanora, honored by England as a brave and a good man, the fires and hatred of malice burned out, and his gentle nature asserting itself, free from the dross of passion, the noble Knight, Sir Amyas Leigh, lived out his days, content.

EXTRACTS.

"Islands and capes hung high in air, with their inverted images below them; long sand hills rolled and weltered in the mirage; and the yellow flower bed and huge thorny cacti, like giant candelabra, which clothed the glaring slopes, twisted, tossed and flickered, till the whole scene seemed one blazing phantom-world, in which everything was as unstable as it was fantastic, even to the sun itself, distorted into strange oval and pear-shaped figures by the beds of crimson mist through which he sank to rest."

"And do you forget, Cary, that the more fair this passing world of time, by so much the more fair is that eternal world, whereof all here is but a shadow and a dream; by so much the more fair is He, before whose throne the four mystic beasts, the substantial ideas of nature, and her powers, stand day and night crying, 'Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts, Thou hast made all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created!' If He be so prodigal of his own glory as to have decked these lonely shores with splendors beyond all our dreams, what must be the glory of His face itself!"

"Ah, it's all very well for you, Captain," said some grumbling youngster: "Yes, sirrah, it is very well for me, as long as God is with me; but He is with every man in this ship, I would have you to know, as much as he is with me."

"What a tree that was! Borne up on roots, or rather walls, of twisted board, some twelve feet high, between which the whole crew, their ammunition and provisions, were housed roomily, rose the enormous trunk, full forty feet in girth, towering like some tall lighthouse, smooth for an hundred feet, then crowned with boughs, each of which was a stately tree, whose topmost twigs were fully two hundred and fifty feet from the ground. Once in the tree, you were within a new world. Flower gardens were there in plenty; for every limb was covered with pendant cactuses, gorgeous orchises, and wild pines; and while one half of the tree was clothed in rich foliage, the other half, utterly leafless, bore on every twig, brilliant yellow flowers, around which humming birds whirled all day long. Parrots peeped in and out of every cranny, while within the airy woodland, brilliant lizards basked like living gems upon the bark, gaudy finches flitted and chirruped, butterflies of every size and color hovered over the topmost twigs, innumerable insects hummed from morn till eve; and when the sun went down, tree toads came out to snore and croak till dawn. There was more life round that one tree than in a whole square mile of English soil."



DINAH MARIA MULOCK-CRAIK.

BORN 1826.

ENGLAND.

DIED 1867.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK-CRAIK.

Possessing so keen a knowledge of that complex organism, the human heart, Miss Mulock, like Nathaniel Hawthorne, created characters almost startling in their life-likeness, but, unlike Hawthorne, she could not paint the enthusiastic, neither was she a success in dealing with aught but good, or semi-good people. It has been said that she knew a good woman through and through, but other women, from the outside only; consequently, Miss Mulock seems to have found it difficult to treat ill-natured and mistaken-notioned women with justice.

She seemed to have insight only through her sympathies, and this trait constituted at once her strength and her weakness. Not seeking height or strength of character, but goodness, her writings are noted for their pure, moral tone. Miss Mulock enjoyed the proud distinction of never having written a line that a child might not safely read, and when we consider the vast amount of literary work she has published, this is no insignificant compliment.

Born in Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, England, in 1826, Miss Mulock was early left an orphan, with two small brothers depending upon her for support. Mrs. Mulock's annuity expired with her, and although the family exchequer was not exactly empty, Miss Mulock found it necessary to keep the proverbial wolf from the door with her pen.

In 1864, by obtaining a literary pension of sixty pounds a year, the struggle for existence was considerably lessened, and an idea of her literary success may be estimated from the fact that she left an estate of \$85,000 at her death. Her first published volume was *Rhoda's Lesson*, a story for children, which was followed soon after, in 1849, by *The Ogilvies*, a novel over which the literary world made much ado. Then came *Olive* (1850); *Head of the Family* (1852); *Avillon* (1853); *John Halifax, Gentleman* (1856).

Up to this time, Miss Mulock had never allowed her name to be affixed to her writings; but when *John Halifax* was claimed by another writer, Miss Mulock, in December, 1856, wrote to a gentleman in New York, acknowledging the authorship of *John Halifax* and all her previous works. Miss Mulock thought, and in this opinion she was sustained by many of her literary friends, that *A Life for a Life* (1859), showed her best work; however, the public in general award the palm to *John Halifax*.

As a pleasant reminder of the popularity of this favorite novel, Miss Mulock, on her wedding day, received from an anonymous admirer a gold pen-holder, upon which was inscribed "John Halifax." Miss Mulock's marriage came about in a most romantic way. In 1865 a serious railway accident happened near Miss Mulock's home, and Mr. George Lillie Craik, Jr., being severely injured, Miss Mulock had him brought to her house. Giving him complete possession, and leaving her servants to attend to his wants, she went to live with a friend near by. When Mr. Craik became convalescent, his hostess, a woman of charming manner and rare loveliness of character, visited him every day. A fine conversationalist, she succeeded in making the patient forget his pain for the time. Although a few years younger than Miss Mulock, Mr. Craik became infatuated, naturally, proposed to that lady and was accepted. After her marriage, Mrs. Craik continued her literary work, but made it secondary

to her household duties, some weeks writing scarcely more than one hour. *A Noble Life* (1866) was well received, as were also *My Mother and I* (1874); translations from the French of Mme. de Witt, Guizot's *M. de Barante*, *Will Denbigh*, *Nobleman* (one of the No Name series, 1877); *Plain Speaking* (1882); *Fairy Stories*, and collections of romantic tales, domestic tales, some ten or eleven long stories for children, and many volumes of girl's stories.

Miss Mulock was also a frequent contributor to the leading magazines, and her last completed work was an article in *The Forum*, published in New York; and at her death, for that same periodical, she was at work on another article entitled *Nearing the End*.

Mrs. Craik died at Shortlands, Kent, England, October 12, 1887. As she had always predicted, her death being caused by failure of the heart's action. Strange, her life ended so peacefully, and in exactly the same manner as her description of the death of John Halifax and his wife Ursula — a description written thirty-one years before.

Although Miss Mulock, as a poet, never soared to any great height, her verses, chiefly lyrical, will live long after her pretentious effusions have passed into oblivion. *Philip my King* was written for Mrs. Craik's god-son, who afterwards became known as "the blind poet," Philip Bourke Marston. *Rothsay Bay*, *By the Alma River* and *Philip my King* can never lose their freshness, while *Douglas*, *Tender and True* will only be forgotten when the human heart forgets the art of loving.

JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.

John Halifax was only a ragged, muddy, and miserable-looking boy when I, Phineas Fletcher, made his acquaintance. I said miserable-looking; and yet, after all, he was not that: the lad was tall and strongly built; had straight, muscular limbs, square, broad shoulders, and crisp curls of bright thick hair. His eyes were those honest brown that look through, as well as at one, and in spite of his rags, Sally Watkins, once my nurse, changed her mind about calling him a vagabond, as had been her evident intention, and contented herself with telling him to get out of Mr. Fletcher's road. Both my father and myself, who were about to take shelter under her porch from the rain, looked inquiringly toward the person she had accosted.

"Thee need not go out into the wet, my lad. Keep close to the wall and there will be shelter enough for us and thee," said my father as he pulled under cover my little hand carriage. The lad, with a grateful look, put out his hand likewise and pushed me farther in. After that he scarcely stirred, but remained leaning against the wall; an expression on his wan face that might have belonged to a man of thirty rather than a boy of fourteen. My father, a methodical business man, pulling out his ponderous silver watch and discovering that twenty-three minutes had been lost on account of the shower, said he must go to the tan-yard, but did not know how he was going

to get me home ; for alas ! I could not walk much, and was too weak and puny to go by myself in the little hand-carriage my father had invented for me.

My poor father. It was hard to have thy only surviving relative represented by me ! Yet he was always kind to his lad.

"Sally Watkins ! do any o' thy lads want to earn an honest penny ?" But Sally was out of hearing, and the strange lad started forward, while the blood rushed over his face.

"Sir, I want work ; may I earn the penny ?"

His voice was musical, and as he took off his tattered cap and looked in a manly, fearless fashion, right up into my father's face, the old man scanned him closely. Questioning the lad in his stern way, my father learned that his name was John Halifax ; that he was an orphan, fourteen years of age ; had come from Cornwall, and was used to work.

"Let me see — art thou a man to be trusted ?" and, holding him off, my father regarded the lad with eyes that were the terror of all the rogues in Norton Bury.

John Halifax neither answered nor declined his eyes. He met the attack and conquered.

"Lad, shall I give thee thy groat now ?"

"Not till I've earned it, sir."

My father slipped the money into my hand and left us. The Cornish lad leaned in his old place, but did not speak. As we waited in the rain, the mayor's children, whom I knew by sight, appeared in the window opposite, and seemed much amused, those rosy-faced children, to see us out in the rain. Another child, a visitor, came to the window, then disappeared ; soon after we saw the front door half opened, and heard loud words spoken.

"I will, I say !"

"But you shan't, Miss Ursula !"

"But I will." And there stood the little girl with a loaf in one hand and a carving knife in the other. Succeeding in cutting a large slice of bread, she held it out to John Halifax.

"Take it, poor boy ; you look so hungry. Do take it." As the servant then forced her in we heard a loud, sharp cry.

After a few minutes John Halifax crossed the street and picked up the slice of bread. He eyed it ravenously, but it was a long time before he ate a morsel ; and when he did so it was quietly and slowly, looking very thoughtful all the while. Soon the rain ceased and we took our way home.

"How strong you are," said I, half sadly, as he, with a sudden pull, saved me from being overturned by young Mr. Brithwood of the Mythe House. "So tall and so strong."

"Well, I shall need my strength to earn my living."

When I asked John Halifax if he would like to learn a trade, the lad hesitated, as if weighing his speech, then made answer :

"Once I thought I would like to be what my father was, a gentleman and a scholar."

"And your mother?"

The lad turned round, his cheek hot, his lip quivering : "She is dead ; I do not like to hear strangers talk about my mother."

I begged his pardon, then chatting on we became quite sociable, and soon arrived at my father's handsome house.

"Ah, here we are at home," I eagerly cried, and the lad, just glancing at the house, said :

"Good day, then — which means good bye."

This lad's face had come into my lonely life like a flash of sunshine. To let it go from me was like going back into the dark. My heart cried after him, "Don't go ; ah, here comes my father."

"So here thee be ; hast thee taken care of my son ? Did he give thee thy groat ?"

We neither of us had thought of the money, and so my father, smiling at us, said : "Here is thy groat, and a shilling for being kind to my son."

"Thank you ; I want payment only for my work," said John Halifax proudly, as he put the shilling back into my father's hand. He, good man, was astonished, and telling John Halifax that he was an odd boy, my father bade me come in to my dinner. Then, with a sudden thought, he turned back and asked the lad if he were hungry. Nature gave way at last. Great tears came into the lad's eyes. "Nearly starving," he made answer to the question.

"Bless me, then get in and have thy dinner ; but first — thou art a decent lad, of decent parents ?"

"Yes," almost indignantly.

"Thee hast never been in jail ?"

"No," thundered the lad. "I don't want your dinner. I would have stayed because your son asked me. He was kind to me, and I liked him. Good day, sir."

I caught him by the hand and would not let him go. So I brought him into my father's house. John Halifax took his dinner in the kitchen, then Jael, at my request, brought him into me, much against her will.

"What dost thou want with this beggar boy !" she whispered.

John heard. "Madame," he said, with a droll bow, "you mistake. I never begged in my life. I am a person of independent property, which consists of my head and my two hands. I hope to realize a large fortune some day."

Jael retired abundantly mystified ; as for us, we waxed so merry, I scarcely knew myself. Then the lad spoke of going, but I, who had resolved upon a plan, determined to keep him until my father's return. Strange how I loved this lad ; I cannot account for the feeling ; I know not why the soul of Jonathan clave to the soul of David. I only know that the first day I beheld the lad, John Halifax, I, Phineas Fletcher, loved him as my own soul. My earnestness persuaded him, and he staid. Later on he asked me if I could read and write, and I, who prided myself on my knowledge, told him I could. Taking a little case of leather from his pocket, he unwound the cord, and drew forth a small black silk bag. From this bag he exposed to my somewhat curious gaze a small book. He would not let it out of his hands, but held it so that I could see the leaves. It was a Greek and English testament. John pointed to the fly-leaf, and I read : " Guy Halifax, his book." " Guy Halifax, gentleman, married Muriel Joyce, spinster, May 17, in the year of our Lord 1779."

" John Halifax, their son, born June 18, 1780."

" Guy Halifax, died Jan. 4, 1781."

" Now write," said John, " Muriel Halifax, died Jan. 1, 1791."

" Nothing more?" said I.

" Nothing more," said John Halifax, as he looked at the fly-leaf, then carefully put the precious volume in his pocket. That is all I ever heard of the boy's parentage, neither do I think he knew more himself. Again he wanted to go, but I coaxed him into the garden. As we sat at the end of the arbor, the Avon, Shakespeare's Avon, flowing at our feet, my father came to us, and after asking the lad many strange and as I thought useless questions, he hired John Halifax to drive the cart used for carrying the skins of defunct animals.

After that first day, I did not see John Halifax for some time. Now my father's servant, he was not allowed to visit me. " Thee must not take the lad out of his place," said my father when I asked him to allow John Halifax to come to me in my sick room, where, alas ! I spent so much of my life. But when I was better, I came down stairs, and watched at the window for John — my John Halifax. He drove by in the cart, and I called him to stop, which he did.

" I am glad you're better," was all he said, as I appeared at the door ; but one look of his, expressed as much as half a dozen sympathetic sentences of other people.

" I'll come to see you, this afternoon," I called after him, as he drove away, and so I did. Mentally and physically, I abhorred the tan-yard. To enter it made me ill, but I wanted to see John Halifax, so determined to brave all the disagreeable consequences. We had a holiday, and sat on a pile

of tan-bark, John and I, and as our hearts warmed more and more towards each other, John told me that the pile of bark was his bed by night. He said it was a delightful thing to wake up in the night and find thousands and thousands of stars keeping watch over you. But I, who looked with horror upon sleeping out of nights, resolved to see Sally Watkins, and ask her to let John have Bill's garret for two-pence a night, as winter would soon be upon us.

John seemed to like the idea, so we started at once. Bill had gone to be a soldier, and poor Sally, as she showed us the room, could do nothing but weep and curse "Bonyparty." The attic was small and low, but John gazed about it with an air of proud possession, declaring he would be as happy as a king. And so he was, bless his honest manly heart. Hard work all day over, left him too tired to do anything at night but sleep. Nevertheless, my David, as I loved to call him, found many spare moments by day, as he drove his cart, and taught himself to read and add up. My father, Abel Fletcher, hearing of his progress, and taking a kindly interest in the lad, although he would not acknowledge it, promoted John Halifax from driver to collector.

On the day of my David's advance in wages as well as dignity, he had a holiday, which he spent at the Mythe, a little hill on the outskirt of the town, and overlooking the Severn.

The river was rising rapidly, and as we watched it, a mass of water three or four feet high, came surging down the mid-stream. In a boat, trying to get out of the eger, for such it was, we saw two men, one of whom I recognized as Mr. Brithwood of the Mythe House, and his cousin, Mr. March.

"Throw out that rope," cried John, "and I'll pull you in."

It was a hard tug, but he did it, and the two men leaped on shore. At first they paid little heed to John; then, in a condescending manner, offered him money, which he scornfully refused. After they left I gave John his first writing lesson, using the smooth gravel, and a rose stick for our writing materials. Crossing the bridge on our way home, we saw the Avon much swollen. No one at Norton Bury minds it, I told John, when he expressed his alarm, not unfounded. That night my father was awakened by a knocking on the door. Going down, he found John Halifax. The river had overflowed, and the tannery was in danger. Together they went to the yards, not returning till sunrise. As John Halifax stood before the fire drying himself, Abel Fletcher said: "John Halifax, thee has been of great service to me this night; what reward shall I give thee?"

"It is quite reward enough, that I have been useful to my master, and he acknowledges it."

My father took the lad's hand, told him he was right, and that the act would not be forgotten. Winters and summers slipped away ; John was still with us, and still my David. One day, lured by the desire to hear Sarah Siddons, unknown to my father, we went to the play-house in Coltham, to see that matchless woman act the part of Lady Macbeth. The play ended, dazzled both in eyes and brain, we staggered into the street, and, horrified, heard the town town clock strike eleven. John Halifax started to go for a horse and gig, but, putting his hands in his pocket, he discovered that his money had been stolen in the crowd. We started to walk, but gradually the distance grew upon me. I fell, and could not rise. Great, strong, loving John took me in his arms, and just as the red streaks were showing in the East, he sat me down on the steps of our house. My father opened the door. John Halifax would not let me speak ; indeed, I was almost too weak to breathe, but took all the blame upon himself.

"Young man, thou shalt not lead my son into harm's way any more. I have been deceived in you," said my father, in a slow, calm tone. "As my clerk, I retain thee ; as my son's companion, never."

Oh John, how unlike to thine, that sorrowful face ! "Good bye, Phineas, I deserve it all," he muttered in a heart-broken way. He was gone, and for two long years I never once saw the face of John Halifax.

The summer of 1800 was passing ; war, famine and tumult stalked through our country hand in hand and there was naught to stay them. My father, who had added a mill to the tanning business, decided not to sell his grain just then. The people clamored for meal, but he would not give it. A bread riot broke out in the town, and the hungry, desperate crowd, thinking my father in the tan-yard, filled the alley leading to it, demanding food. We, my father and I, were safe in the mill, whither we had been led by John, who was trying to induce his master to let the people have grain. "If they had waited I should have given it, but now ! never ! They shall not force it from me. Rather than let them have it I shall throw it into the river." He opened the window, and, before we could interfere, he had thrown a heavy sack of grain into the stream below. A howl of fury and despair arose from the mob

"We must get out of here ; they will fire the mill next, and Phineas is here," said John.

My poor father ; remorse was entering his soul ; he arose at once. From where they stood the mob could not see the door. We crept forth, and soon were safely hid in John Halifax's garret, so much better furnished than when I last saw it. Placing my father on his bed, John left us. Thoroughly exhausted, my father fell asleep. Then I, who felt excited and strong, crept down stairs, found Jem Watkins, and asked him for Mr. Halifax.

"Don't know where he be, sir; wish I did — wouldn't be a long time finding out though, only he says, 'Jem, you stop here wi' they,' (pointing his thumb up the stairs), 'so, Master Phineas, I stops.'"

Putting on Jem's hat and coat, and going out into the gloom, I found John. We got into my father's house safely, and a few minutes later the mob surrounded it. John raised the window, and a random stone hitting him, I pulled him in, terrified, imploring him not to risk his life.

"Life is not always the first thing to be thought of; I *must* do what is right, if it is to be done."

"Burn them out! They be only Quakers," came up from the crowd. John seized a pistol from Jael, rushed down stairs, and before I guessed his purpose he had unbolted the door and stood on the steps in full view of the mob. His daring paralyzed them.

"Who be 'ee! It's one of the Quakers." "No he bean't." "Burn 'un anyhow." "Touch him if you dare." There evidently was a division. The noise arose, but John never stirred.

"I zay, young man," cried a shrill voice, "didst ever know what it is to be nearly vanished?"

"Ay—many a time."

The answer, so brief, so unexpected, hushed the crowd. John, seizing his chance, talked, reasoned with them, bade Jael feed the hungry creatures, and by this completely subdued them. Then giving each man a written order for grain, which they were to present at the mill next day, John Halifax ordered the now quiet crowd to go home. We went for my father, and when we again reached our house John Halifax stood proudly on the threshold. My father remembered that early morning two years before—"Come in, lad," he said, "and sit down."

I still remained sickly. Dr. Jessop advised a change of scene. My father, literally wedded to his tan-yard, could not leave it for a single day, so it was decided that John should accompany me to Enderley Flat, a village five miles away, where John had engaged board for us at "Rose Cottage." A week skipped by; the bracing air of Enderley was fine, and John rejoiced to see me gaining strength. How thoughtful and kind my David always was! As soon as he was gone in the morning (he went to Norton Bury every day) I longed for the night to bring him back to me. Mrs. Tod, our landlady, did her best to prevent me from being lonesome, and often regaled me with bits of information about the sick gentleman and his daughter, who occupied the other half of the house.

"Miss March is a good daughter," honest Mrs. Tod would say; "much better than he do deserve. He be so cross and quarrelsome like."

Although sometimes in our walks we caught sight of Miss March's gray silk dress we never saw that lady's face, until returning one evening we found her standing near the cottage door. The calm, dignified manner, firm, self-reliant, yet attractive face, and the simple elegance of her dress, all impressed one favorably. As we passed, John raised his hat, and her quiet recognition in return, showed her a young woman who had mixed much in society. Whenever Mrs. Tod dispensed any information about our neighbor, which she did to a considerable degree while laying the cloth for supper, I noticed that John took a deal of interest in the owner of the gray silk dress, and so I said ; but he only laughed, and then added :

"Poor child, it must be hard for her ; this lovely weather, too."

One evening, as we sat in our cosy parlor, the great masses of pink roses forcing themselves in at the window, and John sitting there petting them (he had such a gentle way, my David) Mrs. Tod rushed in. Mr. March was dreadful bad ; the doctor lived a long distance from Enderley, and would Mr. Halifax be so kind as to lend Tod his horse.

"I'll go myself." He cantered away in the darkness, and long before we thought he had reached the office, John Halifax returned, bringing the doctor with him. Next day Mr. March was better ; able to be out, and, at his invitation, we took our supper with them out of doors, at a little rustic table, set not far from the cottage. What happiness shone in John's eyes. Yet he seldom addressed Miss March that evening. And how tenderly John examined the books Miss March was kind enough to send in to me. Much did I marvel to see him so engrossed with those lyrical ballads lately brought out by that young man, William Wordsworth. Ah, Miss Ursula March, I wonder, did you know the harm in lending books of poetry ?

Again Mr. March sickened, and in a few days died. His daughter, poor little lady, was completely prostrated ; so John arranged all for the funeral, which was very simple, and attended only by Miss March, Mrs. Tod, John Halifax and myself. We changed rooms with Miss March, and in a few days, when she had grown calm, John and I saw her there for the first time. Speaking about Norton Bury, where she intended to reside with her cousin, Lady Caroline Brithwood, Miss March told us how, when a child, visiting in Norton Bury, she had cut her arm with a bread knife, struggling with a servant who would not let her give some bread to a poor lad. "He looked so hungry, and I was sorry for him."

"Were you?" said John almost inaudibly. "Please, let me see the scar." Tenderly he turned back the soft sleeve, revealing a large, discolored scar. His face twitched, and turning, John Halifax left the room without a word. The next evening I was amazed to hear John again ask permission to see the once injured arm. Firmly taking her hand, he pressed a

hot lover's kiss upon the wound, and fled out into the night ; returning late, tired and despondent. Then I knew that I no longer held the first place in my brother's heart, and my soul writhed bitterly at the discovery.

After we returned from Enderley, Dr. Jessop's wife, for many years governess to Miss March, invited us to her house, adding, that Lady Caroline Brithwood, who was desirous of meeting the hero of the Bread Riots, would also be there. Thinking nothing of the frivolous Lady Caroline, but hoping to see Miss March, John accepted Mrs. Jessop's invitation, as I did likewise. Charming as her manner really was, Lady Caroline tried to make the distinction between a tradesman and a member of the gentry just a little perceptible. But John Halifax would not have it so. With quiet, dignified manner, and perfect self-possession, he completely disarmed and, at first, confused Lady Caroline. Did she speak French, he replied in the same language, thereby displaying well uncommon ability. Enchanted, Lady Caroline invited him to dinner the next Sunday. This led to a scene with her husband, to which John however paid little attention, for in the door stood Miss March. Their eyes met. John paled—as for Miss March, her face was all aglow.

"I say, you, Halifax !"

"Were you addressing me, Mr. Brithwood ?" They stood face to face—one confused, the other quietly waiting.

"Upon my honor it's awkward ; you're a pretty decent fellow enough, I suppose ; but rank is rank, and I can't invite you to my table, you know."

"Neither could I humiliate myself by accepting any such invitation," came the quiet response.

Did Norton Bury blue blood ever hear like unto this? Thoroughly taken back, Brithwood recovered himself and poured forth a volley of insulting words. Ursula March flushed and sprang forward, saying :

"Cousin Brithwood, in my presence you shall treat this gentleman like a gentleman. He was kind to my father."

"Curse your father."

His right hand swung free and John Halifax clutched the brute by the collar. Like a flash, Brithwood turned and struck him on the cheek. John started forward as if he would tear him to pieces, then drew back with folded arms. "A duel." "He won't fight ; he's a Quaker." "No," returned John Halifax, as he stood erect, though very pale, "I am a Christian." Then, bowing to those present, he left the room.

Miss March took up her abode with Mrs. Jessop, but we were never invited there again. My poor David, conscious of the gulf between himself, an apprentice to a tanner, and Ursula March, a lady of wealth and family, was striving to live down the mighty passion that was devouring his very

soul. Useless endeavor. I saw his handsome face pale — the sparkle go out from his eye — the joyous spring from his step. Falling sick at my father's house, and unable to move, he was carried to my bed. Days slid into weeks. Scarcely seeming to suffer, he lay there, slowly wasting away.

"Yes," I resolved, "whether it be right or wrong, I'll do it." Excited, I sought Miss March and told her that my brother was dying. I wept aloud. He loves *one* better than life ; bid him live, I cried ; bid him live ! The sunset blush spread over her cheeks, but she did not speak. I implored her to send him a message, and still she kept silent. Torn with anguish, I reproached her heartlessness, left the house, and entering my brother's room, found him sitting up, much better. Next day Mrs. Jessop brought him a note from Ursula, and some flowers.

"Well," said she, when she had stayed some time, "what shall I say to my child?"

"Say ask her to come."

An hour later Miss March came, and I, watching her narrowly, did see how she paled at the sight of my David's wan face. She sat near him, yet somehow they neither had much to say. Suddenly, John Halifax, lying there, his eyes fixed upon her, said :

"I am going abroad as soon as I get strong."

"Where?"

"To America — at any rate, I must quit England ; I have reasons."

"What reasons?"

"I am going because there has befallen me a great trouble, which, while I stay, I cannot get free from. I do not wish to sink under it. Do you not think me right in thus meeting and trying to conquer an inevitable ill?"

"Is it inevitable?"

"Hush," he answered wildly, "you cannot judge — you cannot know — I must go because, because ——"

"John, stay !"

It was but a low, faint, cry, but he heard it — felt it, and at once all was made clear. In the autumn they were married, and I think that John Halifax was not altogether sorry when Mr. Brithwood refused to give up the bonds and money he held in trust for Mrs. Halifax. Disdaining to go to law, John proudly declared his wife could be supported by her husband's labor.

My father's health failing, John assumed much of the responsibility of the business, and, later on, both the mill and the tan-yard came under his control ; for, one evening when he had returned from the christening of John's first child, my father, going to his study, was, a few hours later, found by Jael dead in his chair. My poor father ; thou dead and I alive !

Ah ! strange dispensations. The little Muriel, who that night had been blessed by my father, was born blind. She seemed not like other children, but rather some angelic thing that had wandered away from Heaven. Possessing the musical instinct natural to the blind, as she grew older, her touch awakened most sweet, heavenly sounds from the harp. No one ever saw her angry : as for John, he called her his " blessing," as indeed she was. And to see them together, she with her head resting against his arm, they looked not so much like father and daughter as man and his guardian angel.

In 1812 I had been living with John and his family ten years, when Richard Brithwood unexpectedly transferred to Mrs. Halifax the estate left her by her father. His surprising action was a most acceptable occurrence for John Halifax and his wife. In a month's time we were living at " Longfield," the much desired home in the country ; also, John held the lease of the Enderley cloth mill safe in his honest hand.

Lord Luxmore, father of Lady Caroline Brithwood, decided to have the borough of Kingswell represented in Parliament by the notorious Gerard Vermilye. But John Halifax, succeeding to the vote of his wife's father in that district, knowing how the poor people had been bribed, and strongly advocating the cause of independent voting, opposed his election, and nominated Mr. Herbert Oldtower, representative of an old Norman family in the neighborhood. The objectionable candidate was defeated, and Lord Luxmore, who owned John Halifax's mill, determined to ruin the man who had so fearlessly opposed his plans. Under the pretext of needing the water in his park, Lord Luxmore turned the course of the mill stream, and the wheel hung idle ! But not for long. A daring scheme it was to introduce the steam engine into his mill, yet John Halifax did it. True, he had to contend with evil reports and dissatisfied mill hands for so doing, but John lived them down, and convinced his men in a practical way that he was still their friend.

But with these triumphs, came to John Halifax a great sorrow. A sick lad, to whom John had given shelter, proved to be afflicted with the small-pox. Muriel took the dread disease, and although recovering from it, the child never seemed to regain her strength. On the day the engine began to work, Lord Luxmore, plunging his horse suddenly forward (was it accidental !) knocked down Muriel, who stood in the road. The blind child declared herself unhurt ; neither could the most skillful medical examiners detect any symptoms of injury ; yet she gradually grew too weak to leave her bed. On the morning of her tenth birthday, John, going early to her room to give his darling a father's birthday kiss, found Ursula calmly sleeping with baby Maud on her bosom, and at her side lay Muriel — dead. In that heart,

which loved as few men love, so deep a wound could never be healed. And ever after Muriel's funeral it seemed as if a portion of the father's own life had been buried with Muriel in her little grave. The years sped on. Constantly improving the homes of his tenants at Enderley, identifying himself with the Catholic Emancipation act of Daniel O'Connell, suggesting Parliamentary reforms, giving a helping hand to every public and private scheme for good, the name of John Halifax became a household word.

Beechwood, the manor house of Enderley, being for sale, and feeling that as master there as well as at the mills, he could do much good among the poor people, John Halifax purchased the property. John and Ursula laughingly compared it to the little square house in Norton Bury to which my David had first brought his bride. Years had changed John Halifax's fortune, but not the loving husband, the tender, trusting bride. With strangers, and those for whom she had no particular liking, Ursula still reminded John and me of the independent, distant Miss March of other days; but in her family, Ursula Halifax was the personification of motherly love and wifely devotion. Some time after our removal to Beechwood, Lord Ravenel calmly informed John Halifax that he wished to honor his daughter Maud by making her his wife. My David, gentle and firm as of old, gave that misguided youth some wholesome advice. The seed fell upon good soil, for, after the death of his father, the notorious Lord Luxmore, dropping his title, Mr. Ravenel went to America, engaged in business with John Halifax's son Guy, who also had gone out to the New World; then, both returning to England, Mr. Ravenel asked Maud's hand in marriage like a man. The somewhat entangled love affairs of their children being made straight, John and Ursula now thought of renting Beechwood Hall, and ending their days in their more modest home at "Longfield."

"Once there were only two, John," said Ursula, "now we shall be only two again. Never mind—we shall be very happy. We want only one another."

"Only one another, darling;" then stretching himself upon the soft grass, and pulling his hat over his eyes, John said he would take a nap. In an hour or so the others wandered back to him.

"How cold it is grown," said Maud. "I think we ought to wake my father." She went up to him; put her hand upon his, folded so peacefully together; she looked startled.

"Father!"

Putting the child aside, I, Phineas Fletcher, his life-long friend, took the hat from my David's face. While he was sleeping, his God, whom he so faithfully served, had called him home.

They carried him into the upper room in Mrs. Tod's house, for we had been staying that day at Rose Cottage, then I went to tell Ursula, who had gone back to Beechwood.

She was at last, as we thought, quiet on her bed, lying almost deathlike, but calm. Then I went up to Rose Cottage to have one last quiet hour with John. Sitting there, I felt a light touch on my arm, and, turning, beheld Mrs. Halifax.

"It is very like him; don't you think so, Phineas?" The voice was low and soft but unbroken. "I can come and look at him you see." The children came in. "Mother! mother darling! come home," sobbed Guy. His mother kissed him, her favorite son.

"Presently, my son. Now go away all of you. I want to be a little while alone with my husband."

We closed the door, and left her alone. We waited, then Guy softly entered. Her arm was around her husband's neck; her face pressed on the pillow, nestled close to his hair. Guy lifted her up tenderly.

"Mother," he softly said; but "the mother" had joined her husband in Paradise.

ANALYTICAL EXTRACTS.

"It's wicked to hate what wins one's bread, and it is the only thing one is likely to get on with in the world, because it's disagreeable."

"Society's dangerous waters become smooth to him, as to a good swimmer, who knows his own strength, trusts it, and struggles not."

"No insult offered to a man can ever degrade him; the only real degradation, is when he degrades himself."

"I often think that all loves and friendships need a certain three days' burial before we can be quite sure of their truth and their immortality."

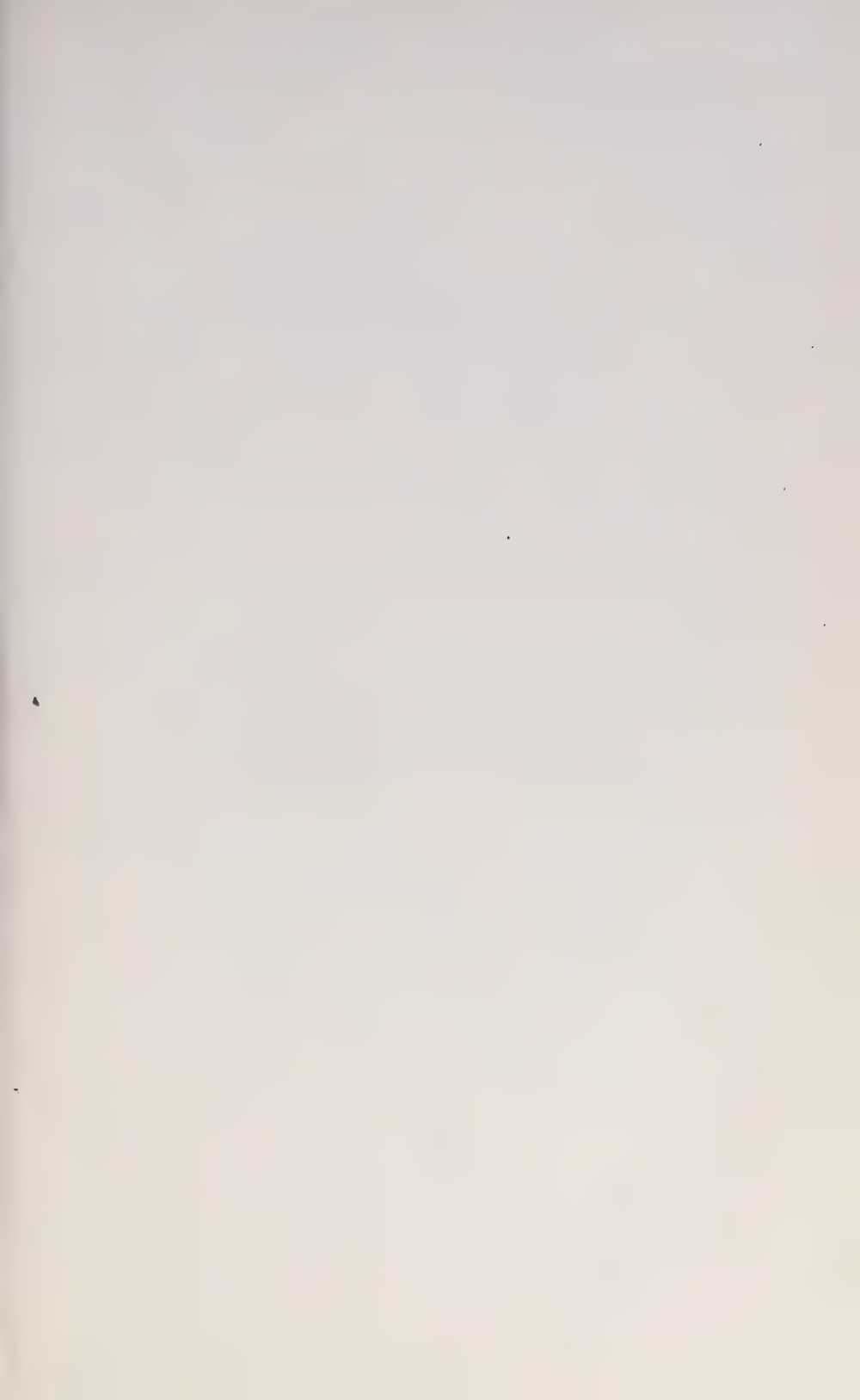
"It is easier to make the world trust one, when one is trusted by one's own household."

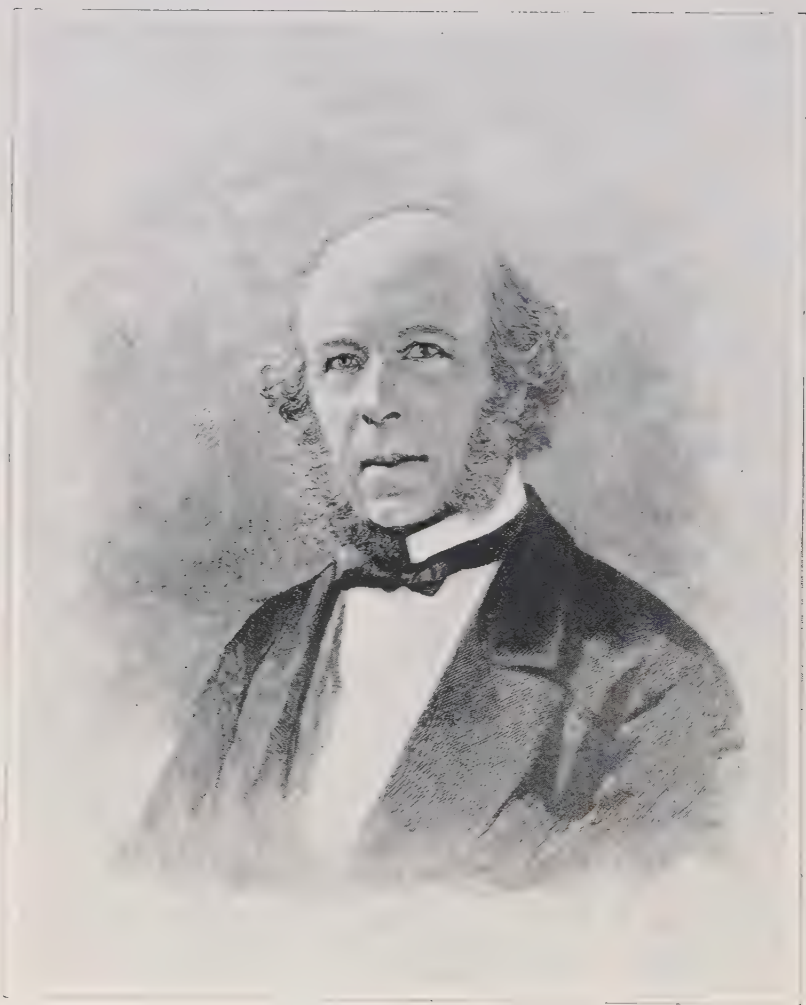
"Our wishes come as a cross to us sometimes."

"Misfortune makes people unjust."

"Love is worth nothing that will not bear trial — a fiery trial, if needs be."

"I uphold a true aristocracy, the best men of the country. These ought to govern, and will govern one day, whether their patent of nobility be birth and titles, or only honesty and brains."





HERBERT SPENCER.

BORN 1820.

ENGLAND

HERBERT SPENCER.

Herbert Spencer was born in Derby, England, April 27, 1820. During childhood he became interested in studying the habits of insects. His early education was directed by his father, whose method was to guide the child to independent study, strengthen the observing faculties, and stimulate him to find out solutions himself. For three years he studied with his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Spencer. At the age of seventeen he accepted a position as civil engineer on the London & Birmingham Railway; a few years later this profession was given up. In 1842 he wrote for the *Nonconformist* a series of letters on "The Proper Sphere of Government." The year 1843 found him in London seeking literary employment, soon after which he determined upon literature as a profession. From 1848 to 1852 he was employed on the *Economist* and the *Westminster Review*. At the home of Dr. Chapman, the editor of the *Review*, he met George Eliot, and formed a friendship with her that continued through life. "Social Statics," a text-book on political philosophy, appeared in 1851. In 1855 he published his great contribution to philosophy: "Principles of Psychology." His subsequent works appeared in the following order: "Education," 1861; "First Principles," 1862; "The Classification of the Sciences," and "The Principles of Biology," 1864; "Spontaneous Generation," 1870; "Recent Discussions in Science, Philosophy, and Morals," 1871; "The Study of Sociology," 1872; "Ceremonial Government," and "The Data of Ethics," 1879. In 1882 Mr. Spencer visited the United States. He is a frequent contributor to the leading magazines and reviews.

EDUCATION.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT KNOWLEDGE IS OF MOST WORTH?

As in aboriginal life decoration precedes dress, and as among ourselves the function of dress is in great measure subordinated to appearance, so in our education use is subordinated to display. The character of our education has been determined not by the intrinsic value of knowledge, but by its extrinsic effects. Guided by custom, liking or prejudice, adopting the current fashion in education, we have given little attention to a question of first importance, viz.: the comparative worths of different kinds of knowledge. To prepare us for complete living is the true function of education. Five

leading kinds of activity constitute human life. The rational order of subordination is something as follows : That education which prepares for direct self-preservation ; that which prepares for indirect self-preservation ; that which prepares for parenthood ; that which prepares for citizenship ; that which prepares for the miscellaneous refinements of life. The ideal education is complete preparation in all these divisions. Failing this, the aim should be to maintain a due proportion between the degrees of preparation in each. A knowledge of the truths of science is of intrinsic worth, both as a preparation for these several kinds of activity, and as discipline ; and it should take precedence of knowledge of quasi-intrinsic or conventional worth. Nature teaches the first lessons in self-preservation. We may aid the child in gaining this fundamental education by giving free scope to its daily developing instinct to attain safety. But physical sins deduct from complete living ; through breaches of physiologic law a great part of life is thrown away ; hence a knowledge of physiology, which subserves direct self-preservation by preventing loss of health, is an all-essential part of rational education. Science is of fundamental importance as an aid to indirect self-preservation, since it facilitates the gaining of a livelihood. Industrial success depends upon a knowledge of the mathematical, physical, and chemical properties of things, as well as of the sciences of biology and sociology. Little preparation is commonly made for parenthood. The task of rearing and training children is undertaken without a knowledge of physical, moral and intellectual principles. Ignorant of physiologic laws, parents inflict a curse upon their offspring. An unfolding human character is committed to a mother who is ignorant of the phenomena with which she is to deal, and her rule is impulsive and inconsistent. Ignorant of psychology, parents mismanage the culture of the intellect. Books are placed in the child's hands too soon, before it has obtained all possible knowledge by observation. Only in proportion to this antecedent experience of things can words in books be rightly interpreted into ideas. Intellectual progress is from the concrete to the abstract. Definitions and rules should not be put first, but disclosed through the study of cases. For regulating this division of human activity a knowledge of the laws of life is needful, the laws to which the development of the child conforms. Some acquaintance with the first principles of physiology and psychology is indispensable for the right bringing up of children. To fit one for the discharge of the functions of a citizen, a knowledge of the phenomena of social progress, the natural history of society, is necessary. But without an acquaintance with the general truths of biology and psychology, a rational interpretation of social phenomena is impossible. As the enjoyments of Nature, Literature and the Fine Arts occupy the leisure part of life, they should occupy the leisure

part of education. Science underlies the fine arts, and is necessary, both for their successful production and full appreciation. *Æsthetics* are based upon scientific principles, and can be pursued with success only through an acquaintance with those principles. For the criticism and appreciation of works of art a knowledge of science is necessary. For the regulation, then, of each of the activities of human life, a knowledge of science is found to be of primary importance. The acquirement of facts useful for regulating conduct involves a mental exercise best fitted for strengthening the faculties. The education of most value for guidance must be the education of most value for discipline. Science affords a wider field than language-study for the exercise of memory. Moreover, while language exercises the memory and the reasoning faculties, science is superior as a means of discipline in that it cultivates the judgment. It is also best for moral discipline. The pupil must think out his own conclusion ; the result is, that valuable element in character, independence. The discipline of science is superior, because of the religious culture it gives. Science is not antagonistic to true religion. Devotion to science is a tacit worship ; a tacit recognition of worth in the things studied, and in their cause. Science is religious, inasmuch as it generates profound respect for these uniform laws which underlie all things. To the question, What knowledge is of most worth ? the uniform reply is, Science. For guidance in the five departments of human activity, the needful preparation is—Science ; and for purposes of discipline, intellectual, moral or religious, the most efficient study is—Science.

CHAPTER II.

INTELLECTUAL EDUCATION.

We are beginning to see that there is a natural process of mental evolution ; that body and mind must both be cared for, and the whole being unfolded. Learning by rote is falling into discredit. The new method is that of presenting truths in the concrete. There is also a growing desire to make the acquirement of knowledge pleasureable. An appetite for any kind of knowledge implies that the mind has become fit to assimilate it, and needs it for the purposes of growth ; while disgust towards any kind of knowledge is a sign that it is prematurely presented, or presented in an indigestible form. The common characteristics of these changes is conformity to Pestalozzi's doctrine, that in its order and its methods education must conform to the natural process of mental evolution. We are learning to make our methods subservient to that spontaneous unfolding which all minds go through in their progress to maturity. To the question, Why not leave children to

the discipline of nature? it is replied: There is a general law of all life, that the more complex the organism to be produced, the longer the period during which it is dependent on a parent organism. The child is unable to reduce many kinds of knowledge to a fit form for assimilation. The right facts, prepared in the right manner, must be given at appropriate intervals. The following principles may guide in the choice of right methods of education:

1. Proceed from the simple to the complex.
2. Start from the concrete, and end in the abstract.
3. Education should be a repetition of civilization in little. There is in every child an aptitude to acquire knowledge in the same order in which the human race has mastered it.
4. Proceed from the empirical to the rational. Since science is organized knowledge, let every study have a purely experimental introduction.
5. Encourage the process of self-development. Lead children to make their own investigations. The need for perpetual telling is the result of our stupidity, not the child's.
6. Make the acquirement of knowledge pleasurable. A child's intellectual instincts are more trustworthy than our reasonings. Under normal conditions the healthful action of the knowing faculties is pleasurable. Passing from the theory to the practice of education. Since the activity of the faculties is from the first spontaneous and inevitable, materials on which they may exercise themselves should be supplied in due variety. The earliest impressions the mind can assimilate are given by the sensations of resistance, light, sound, etc. Since every faculty is capable of receiving more vivid impressions during that period of greatest activity, when it is spontaneously evolving itself, it is an economy of time to occupy the first stage of childhood in gaining a complete familiarity with these simplest elements. A child desires intellectual sympathy; therefore, listen to all it has to say, and encourage it to say everything possible about objects. A child rejoices in its success, delights in the discovery of its powers; let the teacher aid self-evolution, teach the child to observe, strengthen its power of successful activity. Object-lessons should extend over a wide range of objects, and be so kept up during youth as insensibly to merge into the investigations of the naturalist and the man of science. The recognition of drawing as an element of education is a sign of a more rational view. Instead of drawing from copies, and the formal discipline of making straight and curved lines, follow the natural order by encouraging the child's spontaneous efforts to represent things around it. From remarks on objects, pictures and its own drawings, the child will acquire definitions and scientific terms without effort, and pleurably. After voluntary practice has secured some steadiness of hand, a first lesson in empirical perspective may be given; and by a simple and attractive method a familiarity with the linear appearance of things and a faculty of rendering them is acquired step by step. A further step is the

practice of testing the correctness of figures drawn by the eye. As a preliminary to geometry the child's propensity to cut things in paper, to make and build, should be encouraged. Then the transition may be made incidentally to empirical geometry. Following the method of nature, guiding the pupil's self-development, rousing his intellect, and inducing him to become an active discoverer, geometry is made interesting and beneficial. The foregoing outlines of plans follow the six principles laid down above. Throughout youth and in maturity education should be a process of pleasurable self-instruction. The pupil's activity of mind, concentration of thought, and the excitement of triumph, register the fact in his memory. Self-help involves moral culture. The system of making the mind work for its food, produces such characteristics as courage, concentration and perseverance. Where this system is adopted, education is not likely to cease when school-days end.

CHAPTER III.

MORAL EDUCATION.

The most glaring defects in our programs of education is the lack of preparation for the position of parents, a responsibility sure to devolve upon nine out of ten, and the most difficult function the adult has to fulfil. The great error in discussing juvenile discipline is ascribing all the faults and difficulties to the children, and none to parents. The difficulties of moral education result from the combined faults of parents and children. Nature illustrates the true theory and practice of moral discipline. A child falls, suffers pain, and is disciplined into a proper guidance of its movements. This is the inevitable reaction of the child's action. It is proportionate to the degree in which the organic laws have been transgressed. This discipline is of the most efficient kind. No humanly devised penalty can replace it. Artificial punishments fail to produce reformation. Here we have the guiding principle of moral education. It is the function of parents to see that their children habitually experience the true consequences of their conduct, the natural reactions. Natural penalties are more efficient than artificial ones. The child who finds that disorderliness entails the trouble of putting things in order, or who misses a gratification from dilatoriness, or whose want of care is followed by the loss or breakage of some much-prized possession, not only experiences a keenly-felt consequence, but gains a knowledge of causation. The system of artificial rewards and punishments produces a wrong standard of moral guidance. The natural system is a system of pure justice. When the boy who is reckless with his clothes is required to rectify, as far as he can, the harm done, to clean off the mud or mend the tear, he recognizes the system of discipline by natural reactions, and the temper of

parents and children are less likely to be ruffled. The parental and filial relations will be more friendly, and therefore more influential. It gives that rational comprehension of right and wrong conduct which results from actual experience of good and bad consequences caused by them. The plan may be carried out in more serious conduct. Secure the perfect confidence and affection of the children and the simple display of disapprobation will prove an efficient punishment. The impressions of children are determined by the treatment they receive. If that treatment oscillates between gentleness and castigation, the child acquires conflicting beliefs respecting parental character, regards parents as friend-enemies, and becomes sceptical respecting their professions of friendship. As a result of this method there will be a more sympathetic feeling, and a strengthening of mutual good feeling. Under this regime the graver offences are likely to be less frequent and less grave. But if such offences are committed, the discipline of consequences may be resorted to. The natural consequences of a theft are direct, i. e., making restitution, righting the wrong, and indirect, the grave displeasure of parents. Such displeasure will be potent for good in proportion to the warmth of attachment between parent and child. The following maxims and rules are deducible from the foregoing principles. Do not expect from a child any great amount of moral goodness. It is unwise to use very urgent incitements to good conduct. Our higher moral faculties, like our intellectual, are complex, and late in their evolution. A higher morality must be reached by a slow growth. See that the child always suffers the natural consequences of his actions, and you will avoid excess of control, and put a check upon your own temper. Parental disapprobation is a natural consequence of the child's wrong action, and may, as a secondary punishment, supplement the primary. Be sparing of commands. Be anxious for the child's welfare rather than his subjugation. Aim to make the child control himself. When you do command, command with decision and constancy. The aim of discipline should be to produce a self-governing being; therefore diminish the amount of parental government as fast as you can substitute for it in the child's mind that self-government, and bring the child to a state of unaided self-restraint. Do not regret the exhibition of considerable self-will on the part of the child. Be prepared for mental exertion, study ingenuity, patience, self-control. Analyze the motives of juvenile conduct; distinguish between acts that are good, and those simulating them; guard against the mistake of translating neutral acts into transgressions. Modify your method to suit the disposition of each child. You will have to carry on your own higher education while educating your children. The last stage in the mental development of each man and woman is to be reached only through the proper discharge of the parental duties.

CHAPTER IV.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

While great interest is manifested in the feeling and management of animals, comparatively little attention is paid to the quantities and fitness of food to the constitutional needs of growing boys, and to the bringing up of fine human beings. Physical development is the condition of national prosperity. The great desideratum is to conform the *regime* of the nursery and school to the established truths of modern science. Limitation in the quantity of food is injurious. Appetite is a good guide for childhood. The universal love of sweets among children signifies more than a gratification of the palate. Sugar plays an important part in the vital processes. The dominant desires which express the needs of the juvenile constitution should not be ignored. The confidence with which parents take upon themselves to legislate for the stomachs of their children proves their unacquaintance with the principles of physiology. Children should have a diet more nutritive than that of adults. The adult needs food to make up for the day's waste, and to supply fuel for the day's expenditure of heat. The boy wastes, in proportion to his bulk, as much as a man, and as his body exposes greater surface in proportion to its mass, he loses heat more rapidly by radiation. Hence the quantity of heat-food he requires is greater than that required by a man. But the boy has also to make new tissue, to grow ; hence his relatively greater need for nutriment. An exclusively vegetable diet will not necessarily produce fine development and well-toned fibers. Well-fed races have been the energetic and dominant races. Energy is maintained only by high feeding. The food of children should be not only highly nutritive and abundant, but varied at each meal and at successive meals. Clothing is an equivalent for a certain amount of heat. By diminishing the amount of heat, it diminishes the amount of fuel needful for maintaining the heat ; and when the stomach has less to do in preparing fuel, it can do more in preparing other material. The clothing of children should be sufficient to prevent any general feeling of cold ; and that there may be no restraint upon that restless activity so natural and needful to the young, it should be made of a material that will receive little damage from the wear and tear, which childish sports will give it. The natural promptings of boyish instinct is wisely allowed to govern their bodily exercise. But the case of girls is otherwise. In some girls' schools noisy play is a punishable offence. Spontaneous exercise, gymnastics, has been introduced. But gymnastics are inferior in respect of the quantity and quality of the muscular exertion, and because of the lack of that agreeable mental excitement which has a highly

invigorating influence. Formal exercises of the limbs are better than nothing, and may be used as supplemental aids ; but cannot supply the place of exercise prompted by nature. Under-feeding, deficient clothing, discouragement of juvenile sports, and excess of mental application, have produced derangement of the vital functions, retardation of bodily growth, and undermines constitutions. There is a prevailing tendency to an unduly urgent system of culture. But it should be remembered that there is a given order in which, and a given rate at which, the faculties unfold. Nature is a strict accountant. If you insist on premature or undue growth of one part she will concede the point ; but that she may do your extra work, she must leave some of her more important work undone. The amount of vital energy is limited. If you divert an excess of energy into one channel, you abstract it from another. If in youth the expenditure in mental labor exceeds that which nature has provided for, the expenditure for other purposes falls below what it should have been, and evils are entailed. Excess of mental exertion tells against bodily perfection, and against the brain itself. Over-education produces a disastrous result upon the health, undermines the constitution, enfeebles the energies. The cramming system is a mistake every way, as giving knowledge that will soon be forgotten, since the mind cannot assimilate beyond a certain rate ; as producing a distaste for study ; as neglecting that organization of knowledge which is more important than its acquisition ; as weakening or destroying that energy, without which a trained intellect is useless ; as entailing that ill-health for which even success would not compensate, and which makes failure doubly better. The ordinary treatment of children is prejudicial. It errs in deficient feeding, deficient clothing, deficient exercise, and in excessive mental application. We are inclined to respect the mind and ignore the body. We do not realize the truth that, as the physical underlies the mental, the mental must not be developed at the expense of the physical. The preservation of health is a duty. There is such a thing as physical morality. Every bodily transgression is vicious. All breaches of the laws of health are physical sins.

It should be remembered that the evils mentioned by Mr. Spencer, in 1860, have been, in a measure, remedied ; and that the more efficient methods of instruction which prevail to-day are largely due to this book. Mr. Spencer's purpose is to show that the true basis of education is a scientific training ; that the true method of education is conformity to the natural process of mental evolution, following which process the teacher will abandon rote-learning, make the acquirement of knowledge pleasurable, guide the pupil's self-development, stimulate his natural curiosity, and strengthen his observ-

ing faculties ; that there should be education for parenthood, and that in moral discipline the method of natural consequences should be followed ; and that the body should be cared for and trained, as well as the mind.

ANALYSIS.

. To prepare us for complete living is the function which education has to discharge.

. Only when Genius is married to Science can the highest results be produced.

. It has been well said, concerning the custom of prefacing the art of speaking any tongue by a drilling in the parts of speech and their functions, that it is about as reasonable as prefacing the art of walking by a course of lessons on the bones, muscles and nerves of the leg.

. Sad, indeed, is it to see how men occupy themselves with trivialities, and are indifferent to the grandest phenomena, care not to understand the architecture of the Heavens, but are deeply interested in some contemptible controversy about the intrigues of Mary, Queen of Scots ; are learnedly critical over a Greek ode, and pass by without a glance that grand epic written by the finger of God upon the strata of the Earth.



VICTOR MARIE, VICOMTE, HUGO.

BORN 1802.

FRANCE.

DIED 1865.

VICTOR HUGO.

Victor Marie Hugo, the author of *Les Misérables*, was born at Besançon, France, in 1802. His father, Joseph Hugo, was a general in Napoleon's army ; his mother, though a firm sympathizer with the expelled royalists, accompanied her husband wherever his military duties took him, so that the great author's childhood was spent in constant travel. In 1809 he returned to France to receive a classical education from a tutor who, some years later, was arrested and shot for his avowed opposition to Napoleon's government. It was not strange that young Hugo imbibed royalist principles from his mother and his preceptor.

His literary genius developed early. In 1822 he was married, and in the same year his first published work, a volume of poems entitled, *Odes et Ballades*, gained him a considerable reputation. He was recognized as the leader of a new movement in the world of letters, and as the founder of the so-called Romantic school, which entirely set aside the classical, artificial rules of criticism adhered to by the French and English writers of the eighteenth century. The chief works of the earlier part of his life were *Les Orientales* (1828), another collection of verses ; several dramas, *Cromwell* (1827), *Hernani* (1830), *Marion Delorme* (1831), *Le Roi S'Amuse* (1832), and the first of his great novels, *Notre Dame de Paris* (1831). In 1841 he was chosen a member of the Academy, the distinction most prized by French litterateurs. Victor Hugo's middle life was mainly devoted to public affairs. King Louis Philippe created him a vicomte in 1845, but his ideas had undergone a change, and he boldly announced his republican principles from his seat in the upper chamber of the House of Deputies. In the troublous times of 1848 he was prominent among the advanced republicans, and when Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* struck the deathblow of liberty, Hugo denounced the usurper so bitterly that he was banished from France. He found a refuge in the island of Guernsey, where his greatest works were written, *Les Misérables* (published in 1862), *The Toilers of the Sea* (1865), and *L'Homme Qui Rit* (1869). On the fall of Napoleon in 1870, he returned to Paris, where he lived amid great popular veneration to his death at the age of eighty-three, on the 22d of May, 1885.

LES MISÉRABLES.

In 1815, the year of Waterloo, M. Myriel was Bishop of D——, a town in the south of France. He was a man of such saintly life and such self-sacrificing charity that he became known as Monseigneur Bienvenu, or Welcome. He gave up his Episcopal palace to serve as a hospital, taking for himself and his sister, Mlle. Baptistine, with their one servant, Mme. Magloire, the small and poorly furnished quarters formerly occupied by the

hospital. He distributed the whole of his salary, except one thousand francs yearly, in charity, and devoted himself to good works, ministering even to condemned prisoners, and visiting the poor and the politically proscribed. The door of his house was never locked. In October, 1815, there entered D——, a man on foot, tired and travel-stained, shabbily dressed, and carrying a knapsack. He sought entertainment at the inn, the Cross of Colbas, but the landlord, who discovered that he was a discharged convict, ordered him away. He met with the same reception at another inn, and at a peasant's cottage; he asked for admission to the jail, but was repulsed; he strove to crawl into a dog-kennel, but was driven out. At last a woman told him to apply to the good bishop. He did so, announcing himself as Jean Valjean, who had been nineteen years at the *bagne*, or convict prison. The bishop at once invited him to dinner, and gave him a bed. Valjean was a peasant of La Brie, and a wood cutter by trade. After the death of his father and mother he had lived with his sister, who was very poor. Jean, a dull, good-natured boy, stole a loaf for her seven starving children, and was sentenced to five years at the *bagne*. Four attempts to escape added fourteen years to his term of imprisonment, and then he was released, a man who had lost all hope, a desperate and deadly foe to society. He was a marvel of strength and suppleness, and had gained some education at the prison school. Awaking in the night, Valjean remembered some silver candlesticks which he had seen M. Myriel put away in a closet over his bed. The convict took them and stealthily decamped. In the morning he was seized by gendarmes and brought back, but the bishop told them he had given the silver to the convict, who was therefore released, with a parting injunction from M. Myriel to use this gift to become an honest man. Valjean was overwhelmed by a flood of new thoughts and emotions, and wandered off like one dazed. At sunset he was seated in a lonely plain three leagues from D——. Little Gervais, a Savoyard boy, passed him and happened to drop a two franc piece, on which Valjean put his foot, and then drove the boy away, seeming not to understand his request for his money. As darkness came on, however, Jean returned to his senses, and strove to find little Gervais to return the coin. Unable to overtake the Savoyard, he ran on blindly in the darkness, then fell to the earth and wept. The change in his moral nature was now complete. That night late passers-by saw a man kneeling in the attitude of prayer before the good bishop's door. The scene changes to Paris and the time to the year 1817. Four Parisian students promise their mistresses a surprise. They take them to St. Cloud for a day in the country, winding up with a dinner at the Cabaret Bombarda on the Champs Elysees. Here comes the surprise. The four young men leave the Cabaret, bidding the girls to wait for them. An

hour later a letter is brought in, which announces that the students have left Paris and returned to their homes. One of the girls, named Fantine, thus abandoned by Felix Tholomyes, her lover, sets out from Paris to return to her birthplace, M. Sur M., with her girl baby Euphrasie, or Cosette as she was nicknamed. On the way thither, at Montfermeil, not far from Paris, Fantine falls in with Mme. Thenardier, whose husband is landlord of the Sergeant of Waterloo Inn, and arranges to leave Cosette with the Thenardiers, while she herself goes on to M. Sur M. She finds that the town has prospered, owing to the large industry built up by one Father Madeleine, who had come to the place some years before as a poor stranger, and had introduced great improvements in the manufacture of black beads. Father Madeleine had grown rich; he was very charitable, but shrank from society: and had been appointed Mayor, after once refusing the office. In 1821, when M. Myriel, the Bishop of D——, died, it was noticed that Father Madeleine wore mourning. The only man in M. Sur M. who did not respect the Mayor was Javert, the inspector of police, who determines to trace out his history. Once Madeleine displays enormous strength in lifting a heavy cart which had fallen upon a poor fellow named Fauchelevent. Javert, who watched him, observed that he never knew any man capable of performing such a feat but one, and he was a galley slave. Fantine, on returning to M. Sur M., enters M. Madeleine's shop. A year later the secret of her child is discovered, and she is discharged. She now lives by her needle, in great poverty, struggling to earn the fifteen francs a month which the Thenardiers demand for keeping Cosette. She cuts off and sells her hair, and allows a dentist to draw her two front teeth, vainly striving to satisfy the Thenardiers' rapacity. At last she is driven upon the streets, and is arrested for fighting with a country dandy, named Bamatabois. Inspector Javert sentenced her to six months' imprisonment, when M. Madeleine enters the office, and though Fantine spits in his face, supposing him to be the one who, by discharging her, caused all her troubles, he compels Javert to release her. Then, for she is dying with consumption, he places her in his own infirmary, under the care of Sisters Simplicie and Perpétue. Meanwhile Javert denounces him to the Prefet as Jean Valjean, a convict who has broken his ban. The Prefet replies that that cannot be, for a man named Champmathieu has just been arrested at Arras, as the real Jean Valjean. Javert goes to the Mayor, tells him of this, and asks to be discharged for disrespect. The Mayor declines to discharge him, and after a terrible mental struggle, decides to sacrifice himself and go to Arras to save this man Champmathieu, for he himself is Jean Valjean. It is barely possible for him to drive to Arras in time, but though delayed by a series of accidents he accomplishes the journey, and is admitted to the court-room

where Champmathieu is being tried. The defense is weak, and three convicts identify the prisoner as Jean Valjean. M. Madeleine rises, and by his knowledge of them convinces the convicts that he and not Champmathieu is their old fellow prisoner. Then saying that he can be found whenever he is wanted, he leaves the deeply astonished court, which forthwith acquits Champmathieu. Madeleine, or Valjean, returns to M. Sur M., his hair turned snow white by the terrible ordeal. Fantine, who thinks he has gone to fetch Cosette, is eagerly expecting his return. He is by her bedside when Javert enters with the order for his arrest. Fantine, in horror, falls back dead. Valjean is taken to the jail, but escapes, returns to his house, and is giving directions to Sister Simplicie when Javert enters in pursuit. Valjean hides himself. Sister Simplicie says she has seen no one, and the inspector withdraws. The fugitive escapes toward Paris, but a few days later he is recaptured there, while entering the stage for Montfermeil. He is tried for highway robbery and sentenced to death, but the penalty is commuted to imprisonment for life. Strange stories were told of his downfall, which brought ruin to the trade of M. Sur M. He was said to have withdrawn over half a million francs from Laffitte's bank, and to have concealed the money in some unknown place; certain it was, that Boulatruelle, a road mender of Montfermeil, had seen a man enter the woods near there with a pick, a shovel and a box, and return without the box.

In 1823 the French man-of-war *Orion* entered Toulon harbor for repairs. While bending a sail, a negro loses his balance and falls, but is caught in a rope and hangs in a perilous position. A convict climbs aloft and rescues him, but in returning slips, and drops into the sea, and is never seen to rise. It was Jean Valjean. On Christmas day of that year, Cosette, now eight years old, who is kept by the Thenardiers at Montfermeil as a drudge, is sent for water late in the evening. She has to go to a spring some distance away in the woods, where she meets a stranger who carries her bucket back to the inn. This stranger, who came from Paris by a stage coach and walked to Montfermeil through the woods, is Jean Valjean. At the inn he protects Cosette from Mme. Thenardier, buys her a grand new doll, and finally proposes to take the child away with him. The greedy Thenardier demands 1,500 francs for her, which is paid at once, and Valjean takes Cosette to Paris, where he finds quarters in an old house known as the *Maison Gorbeau*, in the *Boulevard de l'Hôpital*, in the district called the *Salpetriere*.

A strong affection springs up between him and the child, an emotion that neither he nor Cosette had known before, and one that prevents Valjean from relapsing into crime in his disgust at society. Their life at the *Maison Gorbeau* is a very quiet one, Valjean never going out except at night. Yet he finds he is watched by a fellow lodger, an old woman, who waits on them.

Then he thinks he recognizes Javert in an old beggar to whom he often gives alms. Javert, who has been promoted to serve in the Parisian police, has in fact taken the beggar's place in order to watch Valjean, whose identity he suspects, having hit upon his trail by reading an account of the "abduction" of Cosette. Valjean and Cosette leave the Maison Gorbeau at night. They are followed by four men, one of whom is Javert. The pursuers hem the fugitives in, but Valjean escapes by climbing a high wall and drawing Cosette after him with a rope. He finds himself in the garden of the Convent of the Perpetual Adoration in the Rue Picpus. The gardener, who proves to be old Fauchelevant, whose life Valjean had saved at M. Sur M., befriends the refugees and conceals them in his cottage. The discipline of the convent is most severe, and no man is allowed within the walls except Fauchelevant, who wears a bell on his knee to warn the nuns of his approach. A sister has just died, and the Mother Superior tells Fauchelevant that the lady must be buried in the chapel, a thing forbidden by the police regulations. Hence, the coffin brought for the dead nun must go to the cemetery empty. Fauchelevant, or Fauvent as he is called at the convent, manages to smuggle Valjean out in the coffin; and then, representing him as his brother, Fauvent secures permission for Valjean to share his quarters and his work in the convent garden. In this quiet retreat Jean Valjean lives for about eight years under the name of Ultimus Fauchelevant, Cosette passing as his grandchild. He is peaceful and happy, and the sight of the saintly, self-sacrificing lives of the nuns has a chastening effect upon his mind. At this time there lived in the Rue des Filles du Calvaire M. Gillenormand, a wealthy nonagenarian, with his unmarried daughter and his grandson Marius. Marius was the son of another daughter, now dead, who had married George Pontmercy, one of Napoleon's officers, to the deep displeasure of M. Gillenormand, who was a staunch, old-fashioned royalist. Pontmercy was made a colonel and a baron by Napoleon for gallantry on the field of Waterloo, but an hour later, in the final struggle with the British, was covered with wounds and left amid a heap of corpses. A prowling marauder is robbing him when he recovers his senses, but Pontmercy believes that the man, who gives his name as Thenardier, has saved his life, and promises to reward him. It was this incident that furnished Thenardier with the sign of his inn at Montfermeil, the Sergeant of Waterloo. Napoleon having been banished, Pontmercy retired to Vernon, near Paris, where he lived almost in poverty, and made floriculture his hobby. His little son, Marius, he sent to M. Gillenormand, who did not allow him even to see the boy. He went periodically to Paris, however, and visited St. Sulpice, M. Gillenormand's church, to gaze surreptitiously at his son. But Marius knew nothing of his father till one day he is summoned to Vernon, where Pontmercy lies dead. Then M.

Mabeuf, a churchwarden of St. Sulpice, tells the young man of his father's devotion to him, his gentleness and his heroism. Marius is deeply moved. He studies his history of the Napoleonic times, becomes an enthusiastic Imperialist, and makes secret pilgrimages to the grave of his father. M. Gillenormand's grandnephew, Theodule Gillenormand, follows Marius on one of these journeys, and informs the old Royalist. A scene ensues; Marius proclaims his new opinions, claims his father's title of Baron, and is turned out of doors.

Marius is now in great poverty, but yet refuses to accept money sent him by his aunt, M'lle Gillenormand. He finds cheap quarters in the Maison Gorbeau, completes his law studies and is admitted to the bar, but does not practice, earning a scanty living by literary hackwork. M. Mabeuf is friendly to him, but his chief associates are a company of revolutionary students, of whom the leaders are Courfeyrac and Enjolras. He is continually searching for Thenardier, for his father, unable to find his supposed rescuer at Waterloo, had in his last message bidden his son to seek out the man and reward him. Meanwhile, unknown to Marius, Thenardier, who has been forced by his debts to leave Montfermeil, is living in the next room of the Maison Gorbeau, under the name of Jondrette, with his wife, his daughters Eponine and Azelma, and a son, Gavroche, who is abused and driven upon the streets by his parents. Thenardier Jondrette had also two other boys, but these had been sold while infants to a woman named Magnon, who had been M. Gillenormand's servant, and who extorted money from him by representing the two boys as his children. Marius shuns the society of women, but one day he is struck by the beauty of a young girl whom he sees walking with an old man in the gardens of the Luxembourg. He often watches these two, and at length follows them home to ascertain where they live. Soon after this he finds that they have moved away, and he has lost trace of them. The poverty of his neighbors, the Jondrettes, arouses Marius's sympathy, and he aids them. Finding a peephole in the wall that divides his room from theirs, he looks into their lodging and sees them receive two visitors, in whom he recognizes the old man of the Luxembourg and his pretty daughter. Jondrette tells them a piteous tale, and the old man promises to come again in the evening with money to relieve his distress. Jondrette, who has recognized him as the mysterious stranger who took Cosette from Montfermeil, plots to capture and hold him for a ransom. Marius overhears this, and reports it at a police station, where the inspector, Inspector Javert, tells him to watch Jondrette and fire a pistol when help is needed.

At eight o'clock the old man, who is Jean Valjean, enters, and finds himself trapped, for the room is full of masked ruffians. Jondrette demands 200,000 francs, revealing himself as Thenardier, to the horror of Marius, who

thus learns that his father's rescuer is a despicable bandit. Valjean is overpowered and bound, when in rushes Javert with fifteen constables, who arrest Thenardier and his gang. In the confusion Valjean manages to cut his bonds and escape through the window before Javert notices him. This leaves Marius still in ignorance of the whereabouts of the old man and his daughter, until he learns from Thenardier's daughter, Eponine, that they live in the Rue Plumet. Here Valjean, still known as *Ultime Fauchelevent*, who has left the convent to prevent Cosette from becoming a nun, has found a quiet house, with a garden opening upon another street. He also goes sometimes to quarters in the Rue de L'Homme Armé and others in the Rue de l'Ouest, to which last he had been followed by Marius, and which he left in order to escape from the youth, of whose evident love for Cosette Valjean is intensely jealous. One day Cosette finds on a bench in the garden of the Rue Plumet house, a long and sentimental epistle; and the next evening Marius, who has slipped through the railings, meets her for the first time. Mutually enamored, they meet every evening in the garden. Magnon, to whom Thenardier sold his youngest children, being arrested by the police, the little boys are turned adrift upon the streets. They are succored by Gavroche, who, not knowing that the two waifs are his brothers, finds shelter for them inside an elephant erected in the Place de la Bastille. In the early morning Gavroche is summoned by a thief named Montparnasse to aid in the rescue of Thenardier, who, in escaping from La Force prison, has got into a perilous position on the top of a high wall. Thenardier and his fellow-bandits are plotting to rob Jean Valjean's house in the Rue Plumet, which Eponine had spied out for them; but when they go there the girl, in a fit of remorse, drives them away, and afterward warns Valjean to leave the house. Meanwhile, Marius calls on M. Gillenormand to ask, according to French custom, for permission to marry Cosette. The proud old gentleman refuses, and arouses his grandson's wrath by suggesting that he should make the girl his mistress. Next evening, on visiting the house in the Rue Plumet, Marius finds that it has been deserted. Popular discontent with Louis Philippe's government, long smoldering, bursts into flame at the funeral of General Lamarque in June, 1832. An escort of dragoons is attacked by the citizens; barricades spring up in the streets. One of these is erected in the Rue de la Chanvrière by Marius and his old revolutionary student-friends, Enjolras, Courfeyrac, and the rest. Little Gavroche and old M. Mabeuf stray into this barricade, and among others who enter is a suspected spy, who is seized and found to be Inspector Javert. Troops approach; they fire upon the defenders, killing M. Mabeuf and others, and nearly capture the barricade, from which they are driven by Marius's threat to explode a barrel of gunpowder.

After the soldiers have retreated, Marius finds Eponine behind the barricade, mortally wounded by a bullet which had been aimed at him, and which she had intercepted, for she loves him. She has come to give him a note from Cosette, telling Marius that she is at No. 7 Rue de l'Homme Armé, and expects to go to London soon. This note Jean Valjean reads in Cosette's blotter, and he thus discovers Cosette's love for Marius. He also receives Marius's reply, brought to the Rue de l'Homme Armé by Gavroche ; and in spite of the jealousy he cannot but feel, he puts on his National Guard uniform and makes his way to the barricade, intending to save Marius for Cosette's sake. The defenders of the barricade having now abandoned all hope, Enjolras, their leader, orders four men to escape in the uniforms of four slain National Guards. Valjean gives up his uniform to a fifth. Then the soldiers renew the attack with a cannon. Gavroche, crawling out to secure the cartridge boxes of the killed assailants, is shot down. The besieged have nearly exhausted their ammunition, and are resigned to their inevitable fate. Javert, the captured spy, is about to be shot, but Jean Valjean asks that the prisoner may be given him to slay. Then, to the intense amazement of the inspector, Valjean takes him to the rear of the barricade and sets him free, also giving Javert his address in the Rue de l'Homme Armé. Then comes the final assault upon the barricade. After a desperate struggle it is captured, and the defenders, who retreat into an adjacent wine shop, are annihilated. During the struggle Marius falls, covered with wounds, at the door of the wine shop. Jean Valjean seizes him, and in the confusion carries him off to the rear of the barricade. Here he is lucky enough to find a grating left open, and escapes by it into the great labyrinth of sewers beneath the Parisian streets. Not knowing which way to turn, he sets out blindly into the darkness, bearing Marius's inanimate body on his back. He finds himself gradually descending, and after a narrow escape from a searching party of police, and a terrible struggle through a quicksand that nearly engulfs him, he reaches an opening on the Seine, near the Pont de Iéna. It is closed by a locked grating, but just inside he meets Thenardier, who has been chased into the sewer by a policeman, and who has a key. Thenardier does not recognize Valjean, but imagining him to be a robber, lets him out ; and in doing so, thinking he may want to identify the supposed victim, he cuts a piece off Marius's coat. On leaving the sewer, Valjean is confronted by Javert, who had been following Thenardier. The inspector calls a cab and takes Marius and Valjean to the address in the former's pocket-book, the house of M. Gillenormand, where the young man, still senseless, is left. Then Valjean, who supposes himself to be under arrest, requests that he may first visit his house in the Rue de l'Homme Armé. They go thither, and Javert allows Valjean to enter, saying that he

will wait at the door. A terrible struggle is passing in the inspector's mind, between his devotion to duty and his gratitude to the man who so generously gave him his life at the barricade. Finally, unable to solve the problem, he walks to the Seine, and drowns himself in its waters.

After six months of sickness, through which he is tenderly nursed by his aunt and his grandfather, Marius recovers from his desperate wound. The revolution has now blown over. M. Gillenormand, overjoyed at his grandson's recovery, consents to his marriage with Cosette, who is brought to the house by Jean Valjean, or M. Fauchelevent, as he is still called. The wedding is arranged, and Valjean presents the bride with nearly 600,000 francs, the money that he had kept buried in the Montfermeil woods. The ceremony takes place on Shrove Tuesday (February 16, 1833). Valjean does not attend the joyous wedding dinner, and does not sign the marriage deeds, on the pretense of an injured hand. The next day he calls on Marius, and reveals that he is an escaped convict, and says that he cannot stay among them and maintain a deception against which his soul revolts. Yet he asks leave to come and visit Cosette. Marius, though deeply horrified, consents to this. When Valjean sees Cosette, his cold constrained manner puzzles her, but he gives her no explanation. He calls every day to see her, and soon notices that her heart is gradually slipping away from him, and that his visits are less welcome. Finally, he stays away, telling Cosette that he is going on a journey. Now Marius has formed the belief that his bride's dowry was in some way stolen from M. Madeleine, Mayor of M. Sur M., of whom he happens to hear; and he wishes to return the money, if he can find its rightful owner. One day he receives a letter from Thenardier, offering to sell him a secret. They have an interview, and Thenardier tells Marius that he is harboring a robber. Marius says he knows it, for Jean Valjean robbed M. Madeleine and murdered Javert. Thenardier assures him that he is mistaken on those points, and convinces him by cuttings from old newspapers; but adds that he met Valjean in the sewers, carrying the body of a man he had killed. To prove this he produces the pieces he cut from the coat of the supposed victim. Marius recognizes it as a part of his own coat, and thus he learns, what he had long vainly tried to discover, how he had been saved from the barricade. Marius's eyes are now opened. The whole mystery is explained, and he sees the character of Jean Valjean in its true grandeur. With Cosette, he hastens to the Rue de l'Homme Armé; but they are too late, for Jean is dying. His strange life has a peaceful ending.

Victor Hugo, "the great contemporary master of wordmanship," is the foremost French author of the nineteenth century, and *Les Misérables* is his masterpiece. Robert Louis Stevenson justly says that "there are few

books in the world that can be compared to it." It is a story of French life from 1815 to 1833, and as its name, *The Outcasts*, indicates, its characters are drawn principally from the lowest social ranks. Jean Valjean, the convict; Fantine, the fallen woman; Cosette, the nameless waif; Marius, the penniless Bohemian; Thenardier, the thief; Gavroche, the street Arab. The moral purpose of this notable story is to awaken society to the startling flaws in its own structure; to show at what a fearful cost the social fabric is maintained; to describe the labor, the sweat, and the death of the pinioned slaves, who draw the great chariot of civilization, in which their fortunate brethren ride so smoothly. Hugo points out that the machine of the law personified, with all its prejudices, in Javert, the inflexible police officer, grinds like a sawmill, rending tender twigs and stubborn trunks with the same unforgiving edge. He presents to us the weighty problem, how is it that the law crucified Christ, that the law jailed Galileo, that the law sent Valjean to the galleys? Jean Valjean is the towering, central figure of the book, and certainly one of the most remarkable characters of fiction. His psychological growth to moral grandeur is extraordinary, but not illogical. There are four great crises in his life: First, his meeting with the good bishop, which revealed to him a new ethical world; second, his self-sacrifice in giving himself up to the galleys to save the innocent peasant, Champmathieu; third, the subordination of his jealous paternal love for Cosette to her own happiness, when he risked his life to save that of Marius; and fourth, his revelation to Marius of his real identity, through scorn of sailing under false colors. The author himself sums up Valjean's character when he says that Marius "was beginning to catch a glimpse of some strange, lofty, and somber figure in this Jean Valjean. An extraordinary virtue appeared to him, supreme and gentle, and humble in its immensity, and the convict was transfigured into Christ."



WILLIAM WILKIE COLLINS.

BORN 1824.

ENGLAND.

DIED 1889.

WILKIE COLLINS.

Wilkie Collins, christened William Wilkie, was born in London on the first day of January, 1824. His father, William Collins, R. A., was an artist of considerable celebrity; his mother was a sister of Mrs. Carpenter, one of the most gifted portrait painters of the time. Wilkie was their eldest son. His father's specialty was rustic scenery, which may account for the minute and delicate handling of Nature which asserts itself in all the works of the son. Having received his primary education at a primary school, he completes it in Italy, where he spends two years with his parents. Returning to England, he was articled to a firm in the tea-trade, but, not taking to the business, began the study of law, at Lincoln's Inn.

His first literary work was a biography of his father, published in two volumes in 1848. From this time his energies were solely devoted to literature. His works were named and published as follows: *Antonina* (1850); *Notes in Cornwall* (1851); *Basil and Mr. Wray's Cash Box* (1852); *Hide and Seek* (1854); *After Dark* (1856); *The Dead Secret* (1857). All these were originally printed in *Household Words*, of which Charles Dickens was editor. Then came *The Queen of Hearts* (1859); *The Woman in White* (his masterpiece) (1860); *No Name* (1862); *My Miscellanies* (1863); *Armada* (1866); *The Moonstone* (1868); *Man and Wife* (1870); *Poor Miss Finch* (1872); *Miss or Mrs.?* (1873); *Agnes Warlock and The Law and The Lady* (1875); *Two Destinies* (1876); *The Haunted Hotel* (1878); *The Fallen Leaves* and *A Rogue's Life* (1879); *Jezebel's Daughter* (1880); *The Black Robe* (1881); *Heart and Science* (1883); *I Say No* (1884); *The Evil Genius* and *The Guilty River* (1886); *The Legacy of Cain* (1888), and *Blind Love* (1889). The latter work, unfinished at the time of his death, was completed from the author's notes, by Walter Besant. *No Thoroughfare*, written jointly with Charles Dickens, appeared in 1867.

Mr. Collins visited America during the year of 1873-'4, giving public readings of two of his works in the principal cities. He was both novelist and dramatist. His maiden play, *The Lighthouse*, was first produced at Camden House; afterwards at Olympic Theater. *The Frozen Deep*, was acted at Tavistock House, the cast including Dickens. *The Moonstone*, dramatized by the author himself, was brought out at the Olympic, also *The New Magdalen*, and *The Woman in White*. *Man and Wife* was produced at the Adelphi. All these were successful, but his original play *Rank and Riches*, proved a failure.

Wilkie Collins died in London on the 23d of September, 1889.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

Walter Hartright, a drawing teacher in London, goes of an evening to Hampstead, to visit his mother and sister. He finds there an Italian named Pesca, a teacher of languages, whom he had met at houses where each had

pupils. Walter had once saved Pesca from drowning, and had thereby won his lasting gratitude. Pesca declares that he now has the means of making some slight return to Walter for the service he has rendered him. Among the pupils of the Italian were the three daughters of a rich merchant, residing in Portland Place. While recently engaged with their usual Italian exercise, their father enters the room, bringing a letter from his friend Frederick Fairlie of Limmeridge House, Cumberland, who desires to secure the services of a drawing-master for his two nieces. Pesca recommends Walter, who subsequently secures the engagement.

Walter returns to London on foot the same evening. On the road he suddenly encounters a woman, dressed from head to foot in white, who inquires the way to London. At first she is timid and uncommunicative, but something in Walter's appearance and manner seems, after a time, to reassure her, and their conversation becomes more familiar. Walter proposes that they shall go on together. She consents, with the condition, that when they reach the city, and she desires to leave him, he shall make no attempt to follow her. As they walked, she asked strange questions — among them, if he knew many people of rank in London; pressing him to give her the names of any baronets of his acquaintance. He having done so, she exclaims: "Ah! you don't know *him*;" but refuses all explanations. Walter mentions that he is about leaving London for Limmeridge House, a place which she confesses she knows, and talks of her love for Mrs. Fairlie, who, she says, is dead.

Arrived in London, she takes a cab, eagerly thanks Walter, kisses his hand, and is driven off in the direction of Tottenham Court Road. A moment later a carriage drives up, containing two men. These men hold a conference with a policeman, which Walter hears from the opposite side of the street. They are making inquiries about a woman dressed all in white, who has escaped from an asylum. Walter goes to Limmeridge House, where he first meets Marian Halcombe. Her mother contracted a second marriage with Philip Fairlie, an older brother of Frederick, present owner of the house. Frederick was a bachelor, very nervous and irritable. The household, beside himself, consisted of Laura, the only child of Philip, Marian, and Mrs. Vesey, Laura's former governess and always valued friend. Frederick is Laura's guardian. Laura is the prospective heiress of Limmeridge House. Walter mentions to Marian his strange interview with the woman in white, and what she said of Mrs. Fairlie. Marian promises to look over her mother's papers, in the hope of finding something that will throw light upon the mystery. In an interview with Mr. Fairlie, matters relating to the duties he is to perform are arranged to Walter's satisfaction. He then meets Laura. She wears white, and is singularly like the woman

he encountered on the London road. The drawing-master is at once attracted to her. Marian finds in her mother's letters allusions to a Mrs. Catherick, who had come to Limmeridge to care for a dying sister, Mrs. Kempe, bringing with her her little daughter Anne, who, during her few months' stay in the village, attends a school established and supervised by Mrs. Fairlie. The child, who is intellectually weak, is yet sweet and loveable, and becomes a favorite with Mrs. Fairlie. She has a way of saying quaint things, upon which Mrs. Fairlie's letter specifically remarks, instancing this illustration: Some of Laura's white frocks had been made over for her, and Mrs. Fairlie, upon giving them to her, had said she thought that little girls with her complexion looked best in white. Kissing Mrs. Fairlie's hand, she answered, "I will always wear white, as long as I live. It will help me to remember you, ma'am, and to think I am pleasing you still when I go away and see you no more."

Mrs. Fairlie's letter states that her real reason for being so fond of Anne is that, without being half so pretty as her own Laura, who is a year younger, Anne is, nevertheless, Laura's living image. Laura herself remembers Anne; that she stayed a few months in the village, and then returned home with her mother. In all this, there is enough to suggest to Walter and Marian the strong probability that the woman seen on the London road was Anne Catherick.

Time passes on. Walter becomes desperately in love with Laura, but conceals, as he supposes, the delicate secret; but Marian has already discovered it, and, having intimated to him this knowledge, informs him that her half-sister is engaged to Sir Percival Glyde, baronet, owner of Blackwater Park, Hampshire. This brings up Anne's inquiries about Walter's knowledge of titled men, especially baronets. Marian insists that Walter shall leave Limmeridge House at once, lest his further presence should create trouble for both Laura and himself. At this time Laura receives an anonymous letter left by a woman, warning her against marriage with a person, whom she describes, but does not name. The description accurately represents Sir Percival Glyde, her affianced husband. Taking into consideration all that he knew of Anne Catherick, and coupling with it the assertion of one of the school-boys, which had been spread through the village, that he had seen a ghost in the churchyard on the previous evening, Walter has no hesitation in attributing the anonymous letter to Anne. Soon after he encountered her in the churchyard of Limmeridge, in company with Mrs. Clements, by whom, as a child, she had been for the most part brought up. They were stopping, she said, at Todd's Corners, three miles away, where Mrs. Clements had relatives. She had gone to Mrs. Clements, who had moved from Welmingham to London, the night when Walter had first seen

her, and Mrs. Clements had now come down with her to Limmeridge. Walter charges her with writing the letter to Laura. She denies it. Walter pressed the charge, and added: "Miss Fairlie knows that the person you write of is Sir Percival Glyde." Whereupon Anne shrieked with terror, bringing Mrs. Clements to her side, by whom she was borne away, and Walter never sees her more.

Mr. Gilmore, the family solicitor, comes to Limmeridge House to arrange the marriage settlements. At this juncture Walter takes his leave, first having a last interview with Laura, wherein he discovers signs upon her part of a strong affection for himself. His honor, however, compels him to be silent.

Mr. Gilmore sends to Sir Percival Glyde a copy of the anonymous letter received by Miss Fairlie, and informs him that a search for Anne Catherick, who is supposed to have written it, has ended in failure. The baronet states in reply that he is indebted to her mother for faithful services in the past: that her husband had long since deserted her and left her in trouble; that her child was a weak-minded creature, and, at his instance and through his help, had, as a humane and a precautionary matter, been sent to a private asylum. This fact was at the bottom of her hatred of him. These statements were confirmed by Mrs. Catherick herself in a letter, written in reply to one addressed to her at Sir Percival's urgent solicitation, by Miss Fairlie.

Mr. Gilmore, having explained to Laura the nature of marriage settlements in general, and the particulars concerning her own, returns to London. Not long after, he received a letter from Marian, saying that the marriage had been fixed for the latter part of the month of December, three months before the expiration of Laura's minority. It became his duty, therefore, to draw up the marriage settlements. The expectations of Miss Fairlie are twofold, comprising her possible inheritance of real property, or land, on the death of her Uncle Frederick, and her absolute inheritance of personal property, or money, upon coming of age. Sir Percival's prospects in marrying Laura were the use of three thousand pounds a year, the income of the estate, by permission of his wife, while she lived, and in his own right on her death, in case he survived her; also the inheritance of Limmeridge House for his son, should he have one. The personal estate amounted to twenty thousand pounds, to which Laura was entitled upon reaching her majority. She had also a life interest in ten thousand pounds, which was at her decease, to go to her aunt Eleanor, wife of an Italian count named Fosco. The future disposition of the twenty thousand pounds would depend upon such arrangements as might be made with Sir Percival's solicitor. Mr. Gilmore stipulated that the amount should be so settled as to give Laura the income for life, or in case of her death to Sir Percival during his life;

the principal to go to the children of the marriage. In default of issue the principal was to be disposed of as Laura might direct, and the right, in such case, to make a will was to be reserved to her. Sir Percival's lawyer demurred ; insisting that the will clause should be stricken out and that the principal should pass to Sir Percival in the event of Laura's death. Finally, the settlements were so drawn.

Meanwhile, Walter Hartright goes to Central America as draughtsman to an exploring expedition, a position secured for him through the influence of Marian. Laura confesses to Marian her love for Walter. In an interview with Sir Percival, Laura informs him that she does not love him, and does love another, hoping that this will lead to the rupture of their engagement. To her surprise and chagrin, he insists upon the performance of their mutual contract. The marriage takes place on the 22d of December. The honeymoon is mostly spent on the Continent. At the end of six months the Baronet and Lady Glyde return and settle down at Blackwater Park, where Marian was already established by invitation of Sir Percival, given at the time of his marriage. They are accompanied by the Count and Countess Fosco, with whom they spent some time during their protracted wedding tour. The Count is alarmingly fat, and oppressively bland ; it is not possible to trust him, and yet it is hard to resist him. He exhibits a puerile weakness for pets ; a cockatoo, several canaries, and as many mice, are his constant companions. The Countess is, in a word, a woman who lives in terror of her husband. Nothing has been heard of Walter Hartright for six months. Mr. Gilmore, the family solicitor, has had a stroke of apoplexy, and has gone to Germany to rest, leaving the affairs of the firm in the hands of his partner, Mr. Kyrle. The habitual mood of Laura is unhappy, but she suffers in silence, making no admissions or explanations, even to Marian. Mr. Merriman, the baronet's solicitor, visits Blackwater Park. Marian surprises a conversation between him and Sir Percival. The words : "It all rests with Lady Glyde," uttered by the lawyer, came to her ears.

Sir Percival learns that Mrs. Catherick has been at the park, making inquiries concerning Anne, who, she declares, is lost. The news greatly agitates him, and he straightway goes upon a journey ; it is supposed to Welmingham, where Mrs. Catherick resides. On his return he requests Laura to sign a certain legal paper. She refuses. About this time Laura suddenly meets with Anne Catherick at the boat-house belonging to the park. She confesses to the anonymous letter, and reproaches herself with not having done more ; with not having put Laura in possession of "the secret." Asked what secret, she replies that it is one of which Sir Percival is afraid, on account of which he caused her to be shut up, and under the influence of which her mother has wasted half her lifetime. She pauses in the midst

of her recital, declares that some one is spying upon them (which is true, the spy being Count Fosco), and abruptly leaves Laura, promising to meet her again in the boat-house the following day. Laura gives Marian the particulars of the strange interview. Sir Percival makes no further attempt to gain his wife's signature. His change of purpose seems to be due to Count Fosco, who, in some way, has acquired a wonderful influence over him. The next day he is missing from breakfast time. At lunch, he has not returned. After lunch, Laura goes to the boat-house to meet Anne Catherick. At the expiration of an hour she has not returned. Marian, alarmed at her long absence, goes to seek her. The boat-house was empty, but outside were footsteps, large and small, which she at once decided were made by Laura and her husband. Sir Percival had evidently been put upon the scent by Fosco, the spy of the previous day. Near the boat-house was a hole in the sand artificially and freshly made. Following the footsteps, Marian was not surprised to find that they led directly to the house. Enquiring of Mrs. Michelson, the housekeeper, if Lady Glyde had come in, the answer was that she had, in company with Sir Percival; that she seemed much agitated, and had proceeded at once to her own room. Thither goes Marian and finds the door fastened against her. Her knock is answered by Margaret Porcher, one of the under servants, who informs her that Sir Percival has issued orders excluding her from the room. Through the agency of Count and Madame Fosco, Laura is speedily released, and matters assume their former footing. Laura tells Marian that while on her way to the boat-house, she discovered the word "Look!" traced in large letters, in the sand. After digging, she found a note from Anne, saying that, on the previous day, she was followed from the boat-house by a stout man, who, however, failed to overtake her; that she was afraid to repeat her visit, but would soon find some way of seeing, or communicating with her. While reading the note, she was surprised by Sir Percival, who demanded and read it, then insisted upon knowing all that Anne had told her; was refused; cursed and misused her, forced her to the house, dismissed her maid, Fanny (who was afterwards sent to a neighboring inn to await orders, by Marian), pushed her into her room, and set Margaret Porcher on guard.

It thus became evident to both Lady Glyde and her sister that matters were approaching a crisis, and that something must be done. Marian therefore writes to Mr. Kyrle, acquainting him with all that has occurred, and to Laura's uncle Frederick, saying that his niece desires refuge at Limmeridge House. These letters she carries to the inn where Fanny is staying, puts them in her charge, bids her go to London, and post the one to Mr. Kyrle and then go on to Limmeridge House and deliver the other to Mr. Fairlie. The same evening, Marian having, by chance, overheard the commence-

ment of a conversation between Sir Percival and Count Fosco outside her window, determines to listen to the rest of it, after, as usual, they have adjourned to the library. Taking her station, stealthily, close to the veranda, upon which the library windows open, she distinctly hears all that they say. Fosco asserts that they both came from the continent, sadly in need of funds; that they expected to be relieved by Lady Glyde's signature; that after this was refused, the necessary amount was raised by means of three months' bills, bearing an enormous interest; and that these bills can be met only by means of Lady Glyde's signature, or through her death. The Count reminds the Baronet that he has, of his own accord, placed the whole matter in his (the Count's) hands, and assures him, that when the bills fall due, they will be paid, leaving it to the Baronet to conjecture the means. Count Fosco goes on to accuse the Baronet of keeping a secret from him; says that he will give it a name, and pronounces that of Anne Catherick. Sir Percival replies, that it is a secret with which the Count has nothing to do, but finally admits that its responsibilities are more than he can master, and requests Fosco's help. He declares that Anne's mother is equally interested with himself in keeping the secret inviolate; that he has been in frequent communication with her; that he dictated the reply to the letter addressed to her by Laura, previous to her marriage; and finally, that she, as well as himself, is ignorant of the present whereabouts of Anne, to whom the secret is also known, and who was placed in the asylum to prevent her from revealing it.

The Count again assures the Baronet that the bills shall be paid at maturity, and bids him no longer be uneasy about Anne Catherick, for he himself will find and dispose of her. The exposure to which Marian has been subjected during this conversation, results in a sudden chill, under the influence of which she creeps back to her room, proceeds to relate all that she has heard upon the pages of her diary, and has just concluded, when her senses fail her, and she sinks to the floor, leaving the record of her confidence upon the table. There it is found by Madame Fosco, who gives it to her husband to read, after which it is returned to Marian's room.

Fanny now appears at Limmeridge House. Mr. Fairlie is informed of her dismissal from Lady Glyde's service by Sir Percival; that she was sent to a neighboring inn to await orders; that Marian Halcombe came to her with two letters, one for Mr. Kyrle, the other for himself, which she now delivered; that after Miss Halcombe had left the inn, Madame Fosco appeared there, declaring that she had come to bring some messages which Marian, in her haste, had forgotten; that the Madame was strangely kind to her, and insisted, among other things, upon making her a cup of tea; that after drinking it she swooned, and when her senses returned the Madame was gone.

She immediately proceeded to ascertain if the letters, which she had placed in her bosom, were safe. They were there, but were strangely crumpled. She proceeded at once to London, posted the letter to Mr. Kyrle, as directed, and completed her instructions by continuing her journey to Limmeridge House and placing Marian's letter in his (Mr. Fairlie's) hands.

This letter asked that, for sufficient reasons, Lady Glyde might be straightway invited to Limmeridge House. To this Mr. Fairlie replied that he desired that Marian should come first herself to Limmeridge, for the purpose of explaining matters which, as they stood, he was at a loss to understand. Then came a letter addressed to him by Mr. Kyrle, saying that he had received, by post, an envelope bearing his address in Marian's handwriting, containing only a blank sheet of note paper. Could Mr. Fairlie throw any light upon the matter? Of course he could only send a negative reply. As if to test Mr. Fairlie's nerves to the utmost, Count Fosco now arrives at Limmeridge House, saying that he had come instead of Marian, on account of her sudden illness. It was his object he said, first to testify that Marian, in her letter, had in no manner exaggerated the differences existing between Sir Percival and his wife, and to emphasize her request that Laura might be invited to Limmeridge House; second, to answer Mr. Fairlie that he would not in that case be annoyed by any attempts on the part of Sir Percival to reclaim his wife. He was also prepared to make any explanations which Mr. Fairlie might require.

He urged Mr. Fairlie to write at once to Lady Glyde, offering her an asylum in his home. It would be useless to wait for Marian's recovery. She was well cared for, and to allow Lady Glyde to remain at the Park, would be to risk public scandal and to put in jeopardy the reputation of two families. Mr. Fairlie therefore writes the required letter—really to rid himself of Fosco, and thinking, at the same time, that Laura would certainly decline to leave the Park at least until Marian was better. Fosco departs with the letter. Marian's illness continues, and becomes more alarming. Mr. Dawson, the nearest medical practitioner, is called to attend her. Mrs. Michelson, the housekeeper, who acts as her nurse, passing the library door, hears Sir Percival ask Count Fosco, who for the third time during Marian's illness had gone out early, and who had then just entered the hall, "Have you found her?" There was no reply, but the Count's smiling countenance revealed his success in searching for Anne Catherick. Mrs. Rubelle, a small, sly person of fifty, with Creole complexion, is brought down from London to assist in nursing Marian. She turns out to be a creature of the Fosco's. Marian grows worse. A physician is summoned from London. Lady Glyde is no longer allowed to see her sister. Ten days after, Marian is pronounced out of danger.

Count Fosco and Mr. Dawson, who have been anything but friendly during Marian's illness, come to an open rupture, and the doctor throws up the case and leaves the house. Lady Glyde is so overcome by the good news concerning Marian that she is obliged to keep her room. Sir Percival summons Mrs. Michelson to the library, and announces to her the immediate breaking-up of his establishment. This is done. There remain only Mrs. Michelson, Margaret Porcher and the gardener. A day or two after, Sir Percival requests Mrs. Michelson to go to Torquay and engage apartments for Lady Glyde and Marian, it having been decided that they had better rest there for a brief season before proceeding to Limmeridge House. Sir Percival gives the housekeeper elaborate written instructions as to the kind of apartments he desires to secure. Mrs. Michelson finds it impossible to carry out his wishes, and returns to the Park. Sir Percival expresses no disappointment on account of her failure. During her absence the Foscoes had left the Park and taken up their residence in St. John's Wood. Margaret Porcher had been constituted Lady Glyde's attendant. Proceeding to Lady Glyde's room, Mrs. Michelson finds her much excited because no one has that morning brought her any news of Marian. Lady Glyde is assisted to dress, and starts for Marian's room, but is met on the way by her husband, who informs her that Marian left the day before, with the Foscoes and Mrs. Rubelle, on her way to Limmeridge House. Lady Glyde asking why Marian has gone without her, Sir Percival replies that her uncle declined to receive her until he had first questioned Marian. Asking why Marian went without bidding her good-by, he answers that it was thought best to spare her a trying interview. Lady Glyde expresses her determination to follow Marian without delay. Her husband replies that she cannot go until the next day, and that he will write to Count Fosco to meet her by the mid-day train. Lady Glyde wishes to know why the Count should be written to at all, and is informed that her uncle's letter of invitation advises her to break the journey to Limmeridge House by spending a night with the Foscoes. To this Lady Glyde strongly objects. Sir Percival insists, warns her not to put obstacles in the way of his arrangements, and not to make him repent of letting her go at all. Mrs. Michelson seeks to reassure Lady Glyde, who has now returned to her own room—reminds her that the Count was most friendly to Marian during her illness, and declares, among other things, that even the misunderstanding with Mr. Dawson, in consequence of which he abandoned the case, was due to his interest in the patient.

This is a revelation to Lady Glyde. She exclaims that the quarrel was provoked by the Count for the purpose of getting Mr. Dawson out of the way, since he would never have consented that Marian, in her debilitated

state, should be allowed to travel. Her fears concerning Marian led to fears concerning herself, and she dashes off a hurried letter to her old friend, Mrs. Vesey, saying that she expects to be in London the next day, and will, by her permission, sleep at her house. This letter is secretly posted by the housekeeper.

The next morning Sir Percival informs Lady Glyde that the chaise will be at the door at a quarter to twelve, to convey her to the station ; that he is called away on pressing business, but expects to return before she leaves ; if not, Mrs. Michelson will accompany her to the station.

"I shall never see you again," replied Lady Glyde. "Will you try to forgive me, as I forgive you?"

A sudden pallor overspreads her husband's countenance, and great beads of perspiration break out on his forehead, as he answers :

"I shall come back."

But he does not come ! The housekeeper goes with her mistress to the station. The train is already there, and Lady Glyde, bidding her attendant a hurried good-bye, is whirled away to London. Arriving there, she was met, as her husband had informed her she would be met, by Count Fosco. From the station she was conveyed to a house in a small street behind a square, and was piloted upstairs to a back room, in company with the Count, by a foreign-looking person with a black beard ; the husband of Madame Rubelle. Afterwards two men came in, one by one — men from the asylum — who were presented to her by Fosco as his friends, eyed her rudely, asked her strange questions, and subjected her to such agitation as ended in a swoon. From this point her recollections were confused. When full consciousness returned, she found herself in an asylum, where she was known, not as Lady Glyde, but as Anne Catherick. The consternation of Mrs. Michelson is not to be described when, on her return to Blackwater, she encounters Mrs. Rubelle, and learns from her that Marian had never left the house ! Sir Percival explains to the housekeeper that Lady Glyde had been subjected to a harmless deception solely for her own benefit ; that change of air and scene was in her case imperative ; and that, because it would have been impossible to induce her to leave the Park so long as she knew that her sister was there, she had been told that Marian had preceded her to London.

In the dead of the same night, Sir Percival, who has been greatly excited and unusually violent, orders the chaise, declaring that he will remain no longer in his dungeon of a house, drives to the nearest station and leaves by the train, his purpose and his destination being alike unknown. Marian and the housekeeper journey together to London, where they part — Marian going on to Limmeridge House, and the housekeeper remaining with a friend in Islington.

The scene now changes to Count Fosco's house in St. John's Wood, where preparations were in progress for the reception of Lady Glyde. She no sooner arrives under the Count's escort than the whole household is in commotion — she has been taken suddenly ill and is suffering with violent convulsions ! She lies upon a sofa, her face ghastly, her hands clinched, her head drawn to one side. A Doctor Goodricke is called in, and, saying that the patient is the victim of heart disease of the most dangerous kind, affirms that there can be no effectual help for her. The next morning she is dead ! Count Fosco was not present at the moment. The fact that the Count was a foreigner led the doctor himself to register the death. The body of Lady Glyde was prepared for burial by Jane Gould, who remained with it until the coffin was screwed down previous to its removal to Limmeridge churchyard. There it was buried, and in due time a suitable inscription appeared upon the family monument.

Walter Hartright, returning from Central America, reached London on the 13th of October, 1850. He is still madly in love with Laura Fairlie. Proceeding to his mother's house, he is overwhelmed with the tidings of Lady Glyde's death. Three days after he goes to Limmeridge to visit her grave. While he lingers there two women, closely veiled, approach the grave. One of these proves to be Marian Halcombe, the other Laura, Lady Glyde !

A mean house in a poor neighborhood of London. The ground floor a shop ; the second floor occupied by two sad-faced women, the third by a drawing master who passes for their brother. The reader need not to be told who they are. And yet it is only by Marian and Walter that their companion is recognized as Lady Glyde. To all others who know or pretend to know anything of her, she is Anne Catherick, a mad woman, who trades upon a resemblance to Lady Glyde, and insists that she is Lady Glyde herself. Her uncle and guardian has publicly disowned her ; the servants of Limmeridge House have failed to identify her ; her estate has been administered, and her fortune has passed to Sir Percival Glyde, her husband, and to the Countess Fosco, her aunt. She is socially, legally, actually and absolutely dead to all save her sister and to their faithful, trusty friend, Walter Hartright.

How came about the restoration of Laura, Lady Glyde, and Marian Holcombe to each other, after their enforced separation, by means of the treachery of Sir Percival Glyde and of his shameless and unscrupulous tool, Count Fosco ?

Marian was, of course, put in immediate possession of all the particulars relating to the departure of Lady Glyde from Blackwater Park. The Countess Fosco had promptly sent to her the news of Lady Glyde's death.

For three weeks she lay prostrate under this cruel blow. Then Marian and Mrs. Michelson went, as stated, to London; the housekeeper remaining there, Marian going on to Limmeridge House. Her first move was to communicate to Mr. Kyrle her suspicions that Lady Glyde had been foully dealt with in the house of Fosco. After a patient, minute and exhaustive investigation of the matter, in which he was aided in every possible way as it seemed, by the Count himself, the lawyer assured Marian that her suspicions were groundless. Count Fosco had already written to Mr. Fairlie the full particulars of Lady Glyde's death, and had sent on the very clothes she wore when she came to St. John's Wood. In a postscript to the letter it was stated, apparently as a matter of small consequence, that Anne Catherick's hiding place had been discovered; that she had been returned to the asylum from which she had escaped, and that a new phase of her malady had appeared, namely: she insisted that she was not Anne Catherick, but Lady Glyde!

Overcome by excitement and the failure of her efforts thus far to discover the truth concerning Lady Glyde, Marian was again prostrated and remained housed at Limmeridge for a whole month. Upon her recovery, goaded by her old suspicions, she caused Fosco's house to be privately watched, but all to no purpose. It was then that she remembered the reference to Anne Catherick, in the postscript contained in the Count's letter to Mr. Fairlie, and became suddenly impressed with the idea that the only way to the solution of the mystery surrounding the fate of Lady Glyde lay through Anne herself. Nothing was to be made out of the Foscos — nothing out of Sir Percival Glyde, who, as she had learned, was in Paris. She must go to the Asylum! Its location she already knew — the knowledge was derived from her first conversation with Walter Hartright. The letter from Count Fosco to Mr. Fairlie had mentioned her by name; it would be natural to suppose that she would be interested in the case of Anne, especially now, when she claimed to be Lady Glyde. Armed with this letter, she proceeded to the asylum and, upon the strength of it, was admitted. In a conversation with the proprietor, who stated that Anne had been returned to his custody by Count Fosco, who had brought with him a letter of instructions relating to her, written by Sir Percival Glyde, Marian was informed that the proprietor had, at once, discovered a change in the patient — a personal change, he said — by which he was greatly perplexed. She was Anne, and yet not Anne. He admitted that he felt rather than saw this change. While Marian was much impressed by this statement, it in no way prepared her for what was to follow. For when, soon after, she was brought face to face with the supposed Anne, Laura herself, rushed into her sister's arms! It happened that no one was present at this interview except a nurse. Through

the aid of this nurse, Lady Glyde on the following day, made her escape from the asylum, and was brought to Limmeridge House by Marian and, for obvious reasons, subjected to a temporary seclusion. Here, a decided repulse awaited them. Marian having, after a night's rest, presented Laura to her uncle; he became much excited, declared that his niece was dead, and that this woman was an impostor, declined to harbor her, and ordered Marian to take her away at once. Nothing seems left for them therefore, but to return to London. Laura insists that they shall first visit the grave of their mother in Limmeridge churchyard. And there, manifestly directed by the finger of Providence, they meet their best friend, and, finally, heroic deliverer, Walter Hartright, by whom they were accompanied to London, and there provided for as already shown.

From this moment the controlling purpose of Walter was to establish Laura's identity, punish the authors of the conspiracy, to serve whose ends she had so greatly suffered, and unearth the secret of Sir Percival Glyde. He begins with Mr. Kyrle, who hears him patiently, but declares that he has no legal case; that all would be different, if a discrepancy could be established between the date of Lady Glyde's journey to London, and that of the doctor's registry of her death. Only Sir Percival and Count Fosco could by any possibility, serve him in the matter, and what was to be expected of them? Yes, the lawyer said, Sir Percival was now in London. Well, he must know more about him. Marian, having gained the knowledge at the time of his marriage with her sister, could tell him that he was the only son of Sir Felix Glyde, who inherited Blackwater Park while a young man. Sir Felix was deformed; his one passion was music; he had married a lady with tastes similar to his own. Both husband and wife were very unpopular in the community. After a brief residence in Blackwater, the pair left for the continent. There Sir Percival was born, and there both father and mother died. Sir Percival's acquaintance with Frederick Fairlie did not begin until after the death of Sir Felix, and his only intimate friend in the Fairlie family was Sir Philip, the father of Laura. It occurred to Walter that something might be learned from Mrs. Clements, by whom Anne Catherick was attended to Blackwater, when she had gone there with the hope of preventing the marriage of Laura Fairlie with Sir Percival Glyde. It was with Mrs. Clements that Anne had lived from the night when Walter had first met her on the London road. Marian, therefore, wrote to Mrs. Todd, of Todd's Corners, with whom the two had stayed while Anne was seeking to execute her mission to Lady Glyde, asking for the address of Mrs. Clements, which, in reply, was furnished. It was in Gray's-Inn Road, London, and thither Walter speedily repaired. He learned from Mrs. Clements that when Anne returned to Todd's Corners, for the last time from Black-

water, she was much agitated, and that, to calm and reassure her, Mrs. Clements went herself, next day, to the plantation, hoping to see Lady Glyde and induce her to come to Anne. She meets Count Fosco, who informs her that it is Lady Glyde's earnest request that she should return with Anne to London, thereby preventing their possible discovery by Sir Percival, where she would see them shortly, as she herself was going soon to London. She must not fail to send Lady Glyde her London address. Supposing that all is right, Mrs. Clements complies with Lady Glyde's request. At Blackwater station, she sees the Count again, conversing with "an elderly lady," in whom the reader will recognize Madame Fosco. This person goes to London by the same train. Mrs. Clements, after their arrival, sends her address as requested, to Lady Glyde. A fortnight later, Madame Fosco appeared at the house saying that she had come from Lady Glyde, who was then in London, and desired to see Mrs. Clements, to arrange for an interview with Anne. Suspecting nothing, she entered the cab, which was in waiting, with Madame Fosco. After proceeding a short distance, the Madame ordered the cab to stop at a shop, saying that she had a purchase to make, and asking Mrs. Clements to wait for her. After waiting some time, the latter became alarmed, and ordered the cabman to drive back to her lodgings. Arriving there, she found that Anne was missing. The servant informed her that the young lady had, during her friend's absence, received a letter brought by a boy, after reading which, she had gone out, dressed in her bonnet and shawl. This was all Mrs. Clements knew about her. She had never heard from her, or of her, since her mysterious disappearance.

Mrs. Clements was also able to furnish Walter with various particulars concerning the Cathericks. They were neighbors in Old Welmingham, where Mrs. Clements spent the first years of her married life.

The Cathericks, newly married, had come to Welmingham by reason of the appointment of the husband as clerk at Welmingham Church. There, a few months later, Anne was born. Mrs. Catherick had been a servant at Varneck Hall, Southampton, the seat of Major Donthorne. She had married Catherick to save her reputation. The month before Anne was born, Sir Percival Glyde made his appearance in Old Welmingham, stopping at an inn on the river. He was then in mourning for his father, his mother having died some years before. It very soon became evident that there was "something between" the Baronet and Mrs. Catherick. While they were supposed to have met as strangers, circumstances seemed to point to a former acquaintance. The Clements believed that he was the father of Anne. Catherick finds hidden away in his wife's drawer a gold watch and chain, the watch bearing her initials, with other expensive things. He suspects that the giver is Sir Percival; becomes insanely jealous, watches his

wife and the Baronet, and, at length, discovers them together under the vestry, carrying on a whispered conversation. In his frenzy he falls upon Sir Percival, and administers to him a cruel beating, and afterwards leaves the place and never returns. The last heard of him, he was in America. Before leaving England he writes to Mr. Clements, offering through him a quarterly allowance to his wife. She disdainfully refuses it, defies public opinion by continuing to live right on in Welmingham, and is evidently furnished with the means of a comfortable maintenance by some one in the background — generally supposed to be Sir Percival. Mrs. Catherick hated Anne from her birth. Mrs. Clements, out of womanly pity for the child, and having no children of her own, offered to bring her up. To this her mother so far consented, that Anne remained with Mrs. Clements most of the time. About the time when Anne was taken to Limmeridge by her mother, Mrs. Clements was left a widow, and, during their absence, decided to remove to London. Upon her return she informed Mrs. Catherick of her determination, and begged that Anne might go with her to London. To this Mrs. Catherick would not listen. Mrs. Clements, therefore, went alone to London, and did not see Anne again until she came to her, after parting with Walter Hart-right, on the night of her escape from the Asylum. Anne informed her that Sir Percival had caused her to be placed there, because her mother had let out to her a damaging secret relating to his affairs, and he wanted her out of the way.

Enough had been said by Mrs. Clements to create in Walter a strong desire to have an interview with Mrs. Catherick. For this purpose he proceeded to Welmingham. Mrs. Catherick's manner was suspicious and repellant; she held Walter off at every point. Twice there was a change — once, when Walter having introduced the name of Sir Percival Glyde, to whom he alluded as the descendant of a great family, she burst out laughing and replied: "Especially by the mother's side." Again, when Walter made reference to her interview with Sir Percival under the vestry of the church, she trembled with a terror, which all her hardihood could not resist; but almost immediately recovered her self-possession, and bade him go. Yes, he said, he would go, but he might have news to bring her of Sir Percival, which she did not expect; then he would come back. To which she made answer that there was no news of Sir Percival that she did not expect, except (hesitating) the news of his death. And thus they parted.

Walter is now moved by an impulse, which he can hardly explain, to visit Welmingham Church. The words, "The vestry of the church," which he had just used to Mrs. Catherick, kept sounding in his ears. Her words to him: "Especially by the mother's side!" seemed to mingle with his own, and in the refrain which they together constituted there was an indefinable

something which sounded like a command. There was a guilty secret between Sir Percival and Mrs. Catherick. That secret was, in some way, connected with the vestry of Welmingham Church. "The vestry of the church!" That was where the registry was kept. "Especially by the mother's side!" Was there something wrong about the marriage of Sir Percival's parents? By the way, why did he come to Welmingham so soon after his father's death? The vestry! The register! Would the register afford him any clue? At any rate, he would consult it. Something might come of it. Marian had told him Sir Percival's age at the time of his marriage; he must have been born in 1804. Walter goes to the church, seeks the registrations for the previous year, and finds that the marriage of Sir Felix Glyde and Cecilia Jane Elster is recorded as having taken place in September. The record was compressed into a singularly small space at the bottom of the page, and had a suspicious look. This led Walter to examine a copy of the register, which the clerk of the church had told him had been carefully kept by Mr. Wansborough, in the neighboring town of Knowlesbury. The copy contained no entry of the marriage of Sir Felix Glyde! Instead of this, there was a space at the bottom of the page corresponding with that occupied by the record of his marriage in the original register. The secret was out. Sir Felix had never been married to Sir Percival's mother. The record in the register at Welmingham was a forgery. Sir Percival was not Sir Percival at all; was neither a Baronet, nor the rightful owner of Blackwater Park; only a bastard, with no rights at all! Here was the explanation of the whisperings under the vestry between himself and Mrs. Catherick, and of his fear of Anne. Here the animus of the conspiracy was revealed. The whole future of Sir Percival Glyde hung on the lips of Walter Hartright, who already knew that he had been shadowed by the Baronet's spies, and that his every movement had been faithfully reported to him, whom they most directly concerned.

Walter hastens to Knowlesbury to the church, to make sure of a copy of the original register. Sir Percival, having stolen the key of the vestry from the house of the clerk, had reached the place in advance of him. He locks himself in, lights a match, unintentionally sets the vestry on fire, is unable to unlock the door, and perishes in the flames.

Following the tragic death of Sir Percival, Walter receives a letter from Mrs. Catherick, which admits the forgery of the record on the register of Welmingham Church by Sir Percival, through her connivance. She goes on to say that, after this was done, he forced her to remain in the place so that he would always know where to find her, making her a suitable allowance. Anne never knew the real secret, although she thought she did, and so did Sir Percival. It was for this that she was, at his instance, placed in the Asylum.

During the absence of Walter, Marian and Laura removed to Gower's Walk, Fulham, to avoid Count Fosco, who had discovered their former residence. On his return, Laura is told of her husband's death. Walter writes to Major Donthorne, and learns that Sir Percival never visited Varneck Hall, but that Sir Philip Fairlie was his guest, while Mrs. Catherick — then unmarried — was a servant in the house. Another matter was thus made plain. Sir Philip was Anne's father as well as Laura's, and the reason for the strong likeness between them was thus made apparent.

After the lapse of a few months, the marriage of Walter and Laura takes place. Walter now turns his attention to Count Fosco, the remaining conspirator. He is helped in his efforts by Pesca. The Italian admitted to Walter that he belonged to a secret brotherhood in his native country, the members of which were unknown to each other, and that he had been waiting in England all the time the orders of his chief. At the opera Fosco is pointed out by Walter to Pesca. He does not know Fosco, but Fosco evidently recognizes him, and is afraid of him. The same night Walter visits Fosco, and, using the Count's fear of Pesca as a weapon, wrings from him a written confession of the whole conspiracy. The entire matter was managed by Fosco. All the deceptions practiced upon Marian, Lady Glyde, Anne and Mrs. Clements were the products of his cunning. He furnishes Walter with proof that Laura started for London the day after the doctor's certificate of her death was registered. The count is afterwards allowed to leave London, which he was making préparations to do when Walter surprised him.

Taking with him his wife, Marian, and Mr. Kyrle, Walter now goes to Limmeridge. He summons the tenants of the plantation to Limmeridge House, and reads in their presence a plain statement of all particulars of the conspiracy, which he had previously prepared. The result is the unanimous recognition and hearty reinstatement of Laura, in which Mr. Fairlie coincides. All then proceed to the graveyard, where the false inscription upon the monument is erased; after which, having first assured Mr. Fairlie that all friendly relations and all communications between themselves and him are forever ended, the party return to London.

Shortly after, Walter was chosen to go to Paris on business for a friend, who had been kind to him in his earlier struggles. While there, he happened to pass the Morgue. At the moment, a party came out who were discussing the sight they had just seen — the corpse of a man of immense size, with a strange mark on his left arm. Going in, Walter finds the dead body of Count Fosco. The wound which killed him had been struck exactly over the heart. The left arm showed two fresh, deep cuts, in the form of the letter T. He had been murdered in secret as a traitor to the Brotherhood.

Nearly a year passed after Walter's return from Paris. He had become connected with an illustrated newspaper, and was earning what sufficed for the wants of his household. Early in the succeeding year Laura becomes a mother — the child, a son, is christened after his father. Six months later Walter is sent to Ireland to make sketches for the paper to which he is attached. On his return he finds a note from his wife saying that they have all gone to Limmeridge House, and entreating him to follow. He goes, and arriving there, exclaims : "What in the name of Heaven has brought you here? Does Mr. Fairlie know —" Marian suspends the question on his lips by telling him that Mr. Fairlie is dead, and that Mr. Kyrle had instructed them to come down immediately. Then catching up little Walter, she archly asks his father : "Do you know who this is?" Yes ; Walter thought he could answer for knowing his own child. But Marian insists that he is mistaken, and that a formal introduction is necessary, whereupon she proceeds to present to each other two important personages — Mr. Walter Hartright and the Heir of Limmeridge.

So ends a story of what woman's patience can endure, and man's resolution achieve.



GEORGE ELIOT.

BORN 1820.

ENGLAND.

DIED 1880.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Mary Ann Evans was born November 22, 1820, near Griff, in Warwickshire, England. Her father was a land agent. It is believed that his portrait is drawn in Caleb Garth. Griff, the home of her happy childhood, is described in *Felix Holt*. At eight years of age she was placed in a school at Nuneaton, where she received strong impressions from her governess, Miss Lewis. Later, she enjoyed, for a few years, the advantages of a school in Coventry. After the death of her mother, and the marriage of an older sister, Mary Ann found herself, at the age of seventeen, in the position of housekeeper. While these duties were performed with enthusiasm, her great delight was in books, and her strongest desire was for a better education. Under the direction of a teacher from Coventry she studied the ancient and modern languages. The removal of her family in 1840 to Foleshill, near Coventry, brought Miss Evans within the influence of a literary circle of advanced Freethinkers. By her own confession, chameleon-like in the readiness with which she took color from her surroundings, she quickly and easily gave up her early Evangelical views. Her first literary effort, a scholarly translation of Strauss's *Leben Jesu*, began at the age of twenty-five, occupied her for three years. After the death of her father in 1849, she spent some time on the continent, pursuing her studies with intense zeal. "I take a dose of mathematics every day," she said, "to prevent my brain from becoming quite soft." Accepting the position of assistant editor of the *Westminster Review*, Miss Evans spent three years in London, enjoying the companionship of such scholars as John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer and George Henry Lewes. Her most noted article in the *Review* was that on Savonarola. Her translation of Feuerbach's *Essence of Christianity* appeared in 1853. In 1854 Miss Evans resigned her position on the *Westminster Review* and formed a union with George Henry Lewes, whom she could not legally marry, and with whom she lived until his death in 1878. Her first attempt at fiction was *Scenes from Clerical Life*. The pseudonym "George Eliot," was chosen when Mr. Lewes sent the first of these sketches to Mr. John Blackwood for publication, saying it was written by a friend of his. The stories were well received, and public curiosity was aroused as to the personality of the author. "He is a great writer," said Arthur Helps. Both Thackeray and Mrs. Oliphant thought the new author was a man. Mrs. Carlyle conceived the writer of the *Scenes* to be "a man of middle age, with a wife from whom he got those beautiful feminine touches in his book." While others believed that "George Eliot" was the name of a man as well as a man's name. Charles Dickens, perceiving that the women were more perfect characters than the men, that the latter were only described while the very hearts of the former were revealed, felt sure that he could detect a woman's delicacy of touch. Writing Mr. Blackwood, who had sent the stories for his criticism, he praised the author and spoke highly of her genius. *Adam Bede* appeared in 1858, *The Mill on the Floss*, 1860, with its ideal picture of English girlhood; *Maggie Tulliver* is, no doubt, in great part autobiographic. *Silas Marner* followed in 1861, and then the author went to Italy, studying in Florence for her great Italian romance, upon which she spent a year and a half. "I began *Romola* a young woman, I finished it an old woman," she said. *Felix Holt* was published in 1863. *Middlemarch* appeared in 1871-72, and *Daniel Deronda* in 1876. Mr.

Lewes died November 28, 1878. George Eliot was married May 6, 1880, to Mr. John Walter Cross. Her own death occurred December 22, 1880. The stone that marks her grave in Highgate cemetery bears as an appropriate inscription three of her own lines :

"O may I join the choir invisible,
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence."

MIDDLEMARCH.

Middlemarch deals with life in a provincial town in the Midlands of England, whose name gives the book its title. It is the author's "Study of provincial life," and is interesting not so much for its plot as for those delineations of motive and developments of character which make the volume, in the language of one critic, "A Compressed Library of Human Nature." The story opens near the end of the reign of George the Fourth, when the people were "still discussing Mr. Peel's late conduct on the Catholic question." Dorothea Brooke is a young girl of twenty, who, with her sister Celia, has recently come to live at Tipton Grange with their uncle, a man sixty years of age, of acquiescent temper, miscellaneous opinions, and uncertain vote. The rector, Mr. Cadwallader, describes Mr. Brooke as "a very good fellow, but pulpy; he will run into any mould, but he won't keep shape." Mr. Brooke had traveled, and whether the subject were literature, music, science or art, could say that he "went a good deal into that at one time." He had an easy way of taking life, and liked things "up to a certain point, but not too far." An interesting account is given of the discussion, by Mr. Brooke and his friends, of the political and social reforms of the day; also a narration of the electoral canvass with its study of human ambition and weakness. Mr. Brooke's estate was worth three thousand pounds a year, and if Dorothea married and had a son, that son was to inherit the estate. Reared in seclusion, Dorothea's education had been neither liberal nor extensive. Early Puritan influences had served to make her religious disposition intense. Celia had the feeling, though she would never express it, that her sister was too religious for family comfort. Dorothea had that kind of beauty which seems to be thrown into relief by poor dress. Her profile as well as her stature and bearing seemed to gain the more dignity from her plain garments. It was her ambition, and towards this her whole nature struggled, to live an ideal life. She had an absorbing desire to lighten the burdens of others and to better the condition of her fellow mortals. When Dorothea rejected the suit of the baronet, Sir James Chettam,

and manifested a preference for Mr. Casaubon, the rector of the neighboring parish, her bachelor uncle "felt that women were an inexhaustible subject of study, since even he at his age was not in perfect state of scientific prediction about them." Dorothea believes that in Mr. Casaubon she has found her ideal, so far above her is he in judgment and knowledge. She wishes to be delivered from her girlish subjection to her own ignorance, and to enjoy the freedom of voluntary submission to a guide who would take her along the grandest path. Mr. Casaubon is a faded scholar, already past middle life, with wealth enough to give luster to his piety. He is engaged upon a great work, the "Key to all Mythologies," he has assembled his voluminous notes, and has made that sort of reputation which precedes performance, often the larger part of a man's fame. To his mental estate mapped out a quarter of a century before he now thinks of annexing happiness with a lovely young bride. He determines to take a wife to adorn the remaining quadrant of his course, and be a little moon that would cause hardly a calculable perturbation. This learned gentleman, a guest at Tipton Grange, had somehow set playing in Dorothea's soul a symphony of hopeful dreams, adoring trust, and passionate self-devotion. Dorothea's friends, however, do not approve of Mr. Casaubon as a suitor. His blinking eyes were objectionable to Celia. Sir James found the want of muscular curve in his legs painful. Mrs. Cadwallader, from the first arrival of the young ladies at Tipton Grange, had pre-arranged Dorothea's marriage with Sir James; and when it was remarked that Casaubon had no good red blood in his veins, she added, "No, somebody put a drop under a magnifying-glass, and it was all semi-colons and parenthesis." Mr. Casaubon had imagined that his long, studious bachelorhood had stored up for him a compound interest of enjoyment, and that large drafts on his affections would not fail to be honored. He found, however, that the stream of feeling to which he had determined to abandon himself was an exceedingly shallow rill; and as courtship hindered the progress of his great work, "The Key to all Mythologies," he was eager to shorten the days of courtship. As the day fixed for his marriage came nearer he did not find his spirits rising. Though he had won a lovely and noble-hearted girl, he had not won delight. Their wedding journey took them to Rome, where Mr. Casaubon soon lost himself in the dusty alcoves of the Vatican, leaving Dorothea to spend the honeymoon hungering for a fuller sort of companionship. And after the return to her future home, Lowick Manor, though always trying to be what her husband wished, she was never able to repose on his delight in what she was. It had been the great ambition of her life to help some one who did great works so that his burden might be lighter. While she had little vanity, she had the ardent woman's need to rule beneficently by making the joy of another's soul. But

Mr. Casaubon distant, self-contained, absorbed in his books, seemed to have little need of wifely help or appreciation of wifely sympathy. About the time of Dorothea's marriage, Tertius Lydgate, a young physician, came to Middlemarch. He was twenty-seven years of age, well-bred, generous, and ambitious of social distinctions. A man of great professional enthusiasm, it was his conviction that the medical profession, as it might be, was the finest in the world. He felt a triumphant delight in his studies and would never have been happy in any other profession that did not call forth the highest intellectual strain. His voice, habitually deep and sonorous, was capable of becoming very low and gentle at the right moment. Lydgate had confidence in his own powers and integrity. Possessed of energy and lofty independence, he had an ideal, and was above the little meannesses to which others stooped. Since he had a few hundred pounds left after paying for the practice of his predecessor, and could not forecast the immoderate result of the conflict of his new ideas with the old prejudice, Lydgate had determined not to marry for five years, at least. The young physician, steadily increasing his practice, was called professionally into the house of Mr. Vincy, a Middlemarch manufacturer of general good-fellowship, who had risen to the dignity of mayor, and at whose well-spread table there were always guests. Rosamond Vincy was the flower of Mrs. Lemon's school, the chief school of the county. With her nymph-like figure and immaculate blondness, her hair of infantine fairness, neither flaxen nor yellow, and eyes of heavenly blue, she had excellent taste in costume, a ready, self-possessed grace, and gave the impression of refined manners. Rosamond never acted unbecomingly. She was, in short, a combination of correct sentiments, music, dancing, drawing, and perfect blonde loveliness. She did feel that she might have been happier if she had not been the daughter of a Middlemarch manufacturer, and she disliked anything that reminded her that her mother had been an inn-keeper's daughter. Lydgate seemed to her almost perfect. If he had known his notes so that his enchantment under her music had been less like an emotional elephant's, and, if he had been able to discriminate better the refinements of her taste in dress, she could hardly have mentioned a deficiency in him. To Lydgate, Rosamond was grace itself. She produces the effect of exquisite music. So, contrary to his determination, after a brief courtship, he marries, and contracts heavier debts than his practice warrants, that their house may be becomingly furnished. A frequent visitor at Lydgate's home was Will Ladislaw. He was something of an artist, and could appreciate Mrs. Lydgate's rendering of the finest music. He had a fondness, half artistic, half affectionate, for little children; the smaller they were on tolerably active legs, and the funnier their clothing, the better Will liked to surprise and please them. He entered into every one's feelings, and could take

—When one is grateful for something too good for common thanks writing is less unsatisfactory than speech ; one does not, at least, hear how inadequate words are.—*Lydgate*.

— If we had a keen vision and feeling of all ordinary human life, it would be like hearing the grass grow and the squirrel's heart beat, and we should die of the roar which lies on the other side of silence.

— Some one highly susceptible to the contemplation of a fine act has said that it produces a sort of regenerating shudder through the frame, and makes one feel ready to begin a new life.

— You must be sure of two things ; you must love your work, and not be always looking over the edge of it, wanting your play to begin. And the other is, you must not be ashamed of your work, and think it would be more honorable to you to be doing something else.—*Caleb Garth*.

— I don't make myself disagreeable ; it is you who find me so. Disagreeable is a word that describes your feelings and not my actions.—*Fred Vincy*.

— The mere idea that a woman had a kindness toward him (Sir James Chettam) spun little threads of tenderness from out his heart toward her's.

— When I married Humphrey, I made up my mind to like sermons, and I set out by liking the end very much. That soon spread to the middle and the beginning, because I couldn't have the end without them.—*Mrs. Cadwallader*, the rector's wife.

— A man's mind, what there is of it, has always the advantage of being masculine, as the smallest birch-tree is of a higher kind than most soaring palm, and even his ignorance is of a sounder quality.

— I don't love him because he is a fine match, but because I have always loved him. I should never like scolding any one else so well, and that is a point to be thought of in a husband.—*Mary Garth*.

— There are natures in which if they love us, we are conscious of a sort of baptism and consecration. They bind us over to rectitude and purity by their pure belief about us ; and our sins become that worst kind of sacrilege which tears down the invisible altar of trust.

— I have a belief of my own, and it comforts me, that by desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are a part of the divine power against evil, widening the skirts of light, and making the struggle with darkness narrower.—*Dorothea*.



LEWIS WALLACE.

BORN 1827.

AMERICA.

LEWIS WALLACE.

Lewis Wallace was born in Franklin County, Indiana, April 27, 1827. His father, David Wallace, was Governor of Indiana from 1837 to 1840. At the commencement of the Mexican war, Lewis, then a law student, volunteered his services as a soldier, and went to Mexico with the rank of first lieutenant. After peace was declared, he returned home, completed his studies, and was practicing law in Crawfordsville, Indiana, when the rebellion broke out in 1861. He was for a time Adjutant-General of Indiana, but went into the field early, having command of a division at Fort Donalson and at Shilo.

He remained in active service during the war, returning to the practice of his profession, and giving much time also to travel and literary pursuits. The results of his literary labor are *The Fair God*, a tale of the Conquest of Mexico by Cortez, published in 1873, and *Ben Hur*, in 1880; the latter having received all the honor possible to a successful book, viz.: Enormous sales in America and Great Britain, and a number of translations into foreign languages.

He was Governor of Utah from 1878 to 1881, and American Minister to Constantinople from 1881 to 1885. General Wallace is still living.

BEN HUR.

A TALE OF THE CHRIST.

Upon a certain day, near the close of the year 747 of Rome, three men, riding upon camels from different directions, met about noon in the midst of the Arabian Desert. They were Balthasar, an Egyptian, a representative of the race of Ham; Melchior, from Hindoostan, of the race of Shem; and Gaspar, a Grecian, a descendant of Japheth.

Worshippers of the true God, their lives spent in love and prayer and service to Him and to their fellow-men, each had been directed in vision to seek his unknown friends, and to go in company with them from the desert to Jerusalem.

After rest and refreshment, they started upon their journey due westward, and when night fell upon them there appeared a star of dazzling luster, which seemed to go before and guide them in their course.

When arrived at Jerusalem they asked of every one they met, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen His star in the East,

and are come to worship him." The appearance of the three men and the strange question aroused great wonderment, and the officers who guarded at the North Gate, at which they entered, reported the matter to King Herod. The monarch, much troubled by what seemed to him a menace to his throne, sent for the wise men, questioned them closely, and desired them, if they found the new-born King, to report to him, so that he might offer worship to the child.

As soon as dismissed from the Royal Palace, they departed through the Joppa Gate. As soon as they left the city, the glorious star, which had been their guide thus far, again appeared, and led by it, they found the Khan at Bethlehem, and within its enclosure, the cave where the infant was lying in the lap of his mother. Before the unconscious babe the wise men laid their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh, and with the outward tokens they offered the worship of their hearts, fully believing that the Saviour of men was indeed in that humble abode.

Twenty-one years later, in one of the gardens on Mount Zion, one noon-day in July, two boys were engaged in earnest conversation. The elder, about nineteen, was evidently a Roman, and from his manner, one of the proudest of that proud race. The younger, about seventeen, was as evidently a Jew. Both were handsome, and, notwithstanding the difference of race, closely resembled each other. They had been playmates and friends in childhood in Jerusalem, but for five years the young Roman, Messala, had been in Rome, receiving the education of a patrician's son, while Judah, son of Hur, had been sitting at the feet of the learned Doctors of the Law, at the Great College in Jerusalem.

The conversation showed that, young as they were, their characters and thoughts and feelings had diverged as far as it was possible for two persons to be separated. Messala, every inch a Roman, was sketching his full career, as it seemed to lie plainly before him; first, a successful warrior; then Governor of some wealthy province; and then great wealth, and the pleasures which wealth gives: while for his companion there was nothing of promise, merely a life without opportunities. Ben Hur was greatly distressed to find that the friend he loved had become so hard and cynical, and separated from him, discontented and sorrowful.

Ben Hur and his sister Tirzah, a beautiful Jewish maiden of fifteen, were the only children of their mother, a widow. Their father had been one of the Princes of Jerusalem, boasting of descent in an unbroken line from Hur, the companion of Joshua. He died at sea five years before, leaving a large estate, for, besides his ancestral wealth, he had been an extensive and a successful merchant.

The day after the meeting of the two former friends, Valerius Gratus, the new Procurator of Judea, made his formal entry into Jerusalem, under the escort of a very strong guard. The turbulent population of the city was more than usually turbulent at that time, and greeted the new official with angry looks and words, and even missiles.

Judah and his sister Tirzah were upon the house top, and, in order to have a better view of the cortege and the disturbances in the street, leaned over the parapet, and in doing so, Judah's hand struck and loosened a tile, which fell directly upon the head of the Procurator, felling him to the ground. The Roman guards, believing the tile was thrown from the roof with deadly intent, immediately attacked the house. Judah hastened to the ground, to find his mother and sister prisoners, and as Judah appeared, the young Messala pointed him out to the soldiers as the assassin. Judah supplicated Messala for mercy for his innocent mother and sister, but the Roman affected not to hear, and, with perfect indifference, walked away, while Judah, in the bitterness of his heart, prayed to heaven, that in the hour of Divine vengeance, which was sure to overtake such wickedness, he might be the instrument in the Lord's hand to punish the unfeeling Roman.

The mother and sister were carried to the Tower of Antonia, and Judah was sent to the galleys for life. Two days later he was despatched to the sea coast under a strong guard, and put on board a Roman trireme. Upon the way to the coast the small village of Nazareth was reached, and the Decurion, with his command, halted at a well, where his wretched prisoner, footsore and faint, sank down into the dust of the road. While lying there, neglected and forgotten by his guard, and the curious and gossiping villagers who swarmed about the well, he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and, looking up, saw a face never afterwards forgotten : a young man, his face lighted up by dark blue eyes, full of love and holy purpose. To the poor captive, bowed down with anguish, the look of compassion seemed like a vision of heaven, and when the stranger offered him a pitcher of water, he drank freely, and then he felt the touch of a gentle hand resting on his dusty locks, long enough to say a word of blessed comfort. As the stranger left him, and went back to the well, all eyes followed him, for it was "Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Mary."

For three years the young Jew, chained to the oar, with no companionship except his sad and bitter thoughts and memories, lived his life : and then a change came.

Quintus Arrius, the Tribune, was directed by the Emperor to take command of a fleet of one hundred triremes, to be despatched from Misenum Italy to the Ægean, for the purpose of exterminating the pirates, who had gathered there in great numbers, and were terrorizing all the coast of that

sea. His flagship, as the modern expression is, was the *Astræa*, on which our hero was serving as an oarsman. In some mysterious manner the young Jew attracted the attention and received the sympathy of the noble Roman dignitary, and was allowed to row unchained. After a long pursuit, Arrius was able to meet the pirate fleets and engage them in battle.

The conflict was a long and desperate one, during which the *Astræa* was sunk, and with her, went down nearly all the crew. Ben Hur succeeded in escaping from the sinking ship, and in reaching a plank, and while floating in the sea, came near to a man clad in armor just ready to sink, whom, by the exertion of all his strength, and at the risk of losing his own frail hold upon life, he drew up to his plank, and thus saved his new found friend Arrius. They were picked up by a Roman vessel. Arrius resumed command, and achieved a great victory over the pirates, returning in triumph to Italy, where he introduced to his admiring friends, his adopted son and heir, known to us as Judah Ben Hur, but to them as Arrius, the son of Arrius the Duumvir.

Five years later we meet Ben Hur again, clad as a Roman patrician standing on the deck of a ship which is entering the bay, and river Orontes, the harbor of the city, known as the second city of the world, Antioch, the Queen of the East. The five years had given to the young Jew the physical perfection of manhood. His appearance was very attractive, but his quiet dignity and reticence kept him somewhat apart from the other passengers, who at this time had all crowded to the deck to admire the lively scenes which met the eye on every hand. Without intending it, he overheard some conversation, which he found was of startling interest to himself. A Hebrew from Cyprus was relating to a group of interested passengers the story of an immensely wealthy merchant of Antioch. It was as follows :

There was formerly living in Jerusalem a Prince of very ancient family named Hur. He was a merchant with a genius for business, and conducted vast enterprises, both in the East and the West. His agent at Antioch was an Israelite with the Greek name of Simonides. The master was drowned at sea. The business continued prosperous and grew rapidly. After a while trouble came to the merchant family. His only son, a youth, attempted to kill the Roman Procurator Gratus. He failed, and immediately disappeared, and in fact the family was annihilated. The Procurator confiscated everything he could find which had belonged to them ; Simonides went into business on his own account, and soon became the greatest merchant in Antioch ; marvelously successful in every adventure he undertook. The Procurator believed the merchant held large sums of money belonging to the Hurs, and twice tortured him in the hope of compelling a surrender, but without avail,

Simonides claiming that all he had came to him lawfully. Finally, he procured a license to trade, signed by the Emperor, and thus was saved from further persecution.

When an opportunity came, Judah questioned the Hebrew further as to the family of Hur, learning nothing, except that it was supposed that the boy was sent to the galleys, and was probably a long time dead ; the widow and daughter had never been heard from, and without doubt had died in the cells of some castle in Jerusalem. The next day Ben Hur sought out Simonides, finding him propped up in an easy chair, and attended by a very lovely young girl, his daughter Esther.

The merchant had, in consequence of the tortures to which he had been subjected, become crippled, and unable to move from his chair in which he was carried from one place to another, as necessity required. His mind was always active, and by means of faithful agents he was able to carry on his enormous business, while his loving daughter looked after his personal comfort. Ben Hur was received with great courtesy, but when he declared himself to be the son of Ithamar, head of the house of Hur, Simonides, with great deference asked for the proofs of the claim. In reply, the young man recited his strange history, and explained to the merchant, that he had come to Antioch to accompany the Consul Maxentius in his projected campaign against the Parthians ; that he was very wealthy, as the heir of the Duumvir Arrius, but entreated the merchant to tell him anything he knew as to the fate of his mother and sister. With great sorrow and sympathy the merchant answered, that he knew nothing, and Ben Hur soon withdrew.

As soon as he had departed, Simonides sent for one of his most trusted agents, Malluch, also an Israelite, directed him to find, and if possible to become acquainted with his recent visitor, saying he felt sure that he was indeed the head of the house of Hur, but before acknowledging him he must learn his character, and whether he was a worthy son of his father. Malluch undertook the commission, and the next day, while Ben Hur was on his way to the Grove of Daphne, the world famous pleasure resort of Antioch, Malluch contrived to join him, and with great tact secure his companionship, and to some extent his confidence.

Upon any young man, the gay scenes which met his eye as he walked about the pleasure grounds of Daphne, could not fail of making some impression, and our hero, though preoccupied with sad thoughts, and though he saw much which was offensive to his severe taste, fell to some extent under the influence of the place ; but his attention was very soon diverted from the trivialities of the present, by circumstances which led his thoughts and purposes into a new channel.

Standing at the famous Fountain of Castalia, Ben Hur was astonished at the approach of a very tall, white camel, richly caparisoned, carrying in a houdah, a very aged man, accompanied by a young woman, evidently an Egyptian, of rare beauty, covered with laces and jewels.

Just as the camel stopped at the fountain, there was a great out-cry, the by-standers ran affrighted in all directions, and Ben Hur saw coming at a tremendous pace, four horses, harnessed abreast, driven by a man in a chariot. Their course was directly towards the camel, and threatened instant destruction to the two persons in the houdah.

Ben Hur rushed forward, caught one of the horses by the bit, and saved the strangers from death or serious injury. The charioteer was instantly recognized by Ben Hur as his ancient enemy, Messala, who with careless laughing apologies to the lady, drove away. The old man thanked Ben Hur for his timely aid, and giving his name as Balthasar the Egyptian, urged him to come to visit him in the Great Orchard of Palms, where his daughter and himself were the guests of the Arab Sheik, Ilderim the Generous. The bright eyes of the beautiful Iras, the daughter, lingered in the memory of Ben Hur, as he gradually formed his plan to be revenged on Messala. He learned from Malluch, that six days later, there were to be at the circus, a series of games in honor of the Consul Maxentius, among them a chariot race. Messala had already entered his name as one of the contestants, Sheik Ilderim had brought from the desert, four beautiful bays, which he desired to enter, if he could find a skillful driver. For three years, at the Circus Maximus, in Rome, Arrius, the son of Arrius, had excelled all others as a charioteer. Could he induce the Sheik Ilderim to trust him with his priceless team, he would win fame and wealth for the noble Arab chief, and, for himself, would gain revenge upon his remorseless enemy, Messala. Accordingly, with the help of Malluch, he found his way to the Orchard of Palms, where the matter was quickly decided as Ben Hur desired.

Remaining during the intervening time before the race the guest of Ilderim, he renewed his acquaintance with the venerable Egyptian, and from him heard the story of the Child King, whom he and his two companions saw and worshiped in the manger at Bethlehem, nearly thirty years before; for this venerable man was one of the three favored ones spoken of in the beginning of this narrative. The story was a revelation to Ben Hur, fraught with the deepest interest, and his whole being thrilled with the thought that the promised Messiah was really upon the earth. To him the Saviour of his people was a Prince and a warrior, and Ben Hur in his secret soul dedicated himself to the service of his King.

As the days of preparation for the chariot race went by Ben Hur was kept busy exercising the noble Arabs upon whom he depended for his

triumph, and the discomfiture of his enemy. An intercepted letter, put into his hand by Ilderim, gave to him some strange revelations. The letter was from Messala, at Antioch, to Gratus, the Procurator, at Cesarea, and informed him that the son of Quintus Arrius, the duumvir, was at Antioch, and that the writer believed him to be none other than the Jew, Ben Hur, who, they both supposed, had died a galley slave years ago, and whose property they two had converted to their own use. The letter hinted at the possibility that the mother and sister might still be living; warned Gratus of the danger they both were in if Ben Hur should claim his estate and seek revenge for his wrongs, and offered to assist Gratus in putting out of the way the dangerous enemy.

While meditating upon this letter Ben Hur was summoned to the city by Ilderim, and went immediately to the house of Simonides, where he found the merchant, Esther and the Sheik. Simonides explained that Ilderim was there as a witness of certain papers, and he handed to the astonished young man a statement of the property which he had been holding in trust for his young master. The paper set forth that there was standing to the credit of Judah Ben Hur the sum of six hundred and seventy-three talents, "Making thee, O, son of Hur, the richest subject in the world." Almost terrified at the revelation, the young man proposed that Simonides should give him one hundred and twenty talents, the sum originally intrusted to him by the elder Hur, the merchant to retain the enormous increase. This Simonides refused, but finally consented to retain the care of the property as steward, and when the business was finished Simonides, taking up in succession the predictions of the prophets, pointed out to Ben Hur that the time was at hand when the Messiah should come to deliver his people from their oppressors, and that he, the son of Hur, a Prince in descent and more than a Prince in fortune, trained as a soldier, should devote himself to preparing the armies which would be needed to seat the King upon his throne. After a long conference and a full exchange of views, Ben Hur pledged himself to the work of the King who was to come.

The day of the chariot race finally arrived. Enormous wagers were made by Messala and the other Romans at Antioch, and Ben Hur, through his agents, accepted all that were offered. There were six starters. Messala secured the extreme right, and Ben Hur, placed originally at the extreme left, managed by great dexterity when the signal was given, to rush forward and put himself by the side of Messala, and close together they swept along. As they neared the first goal, Messala whirled his lash and struck the Arabs of Ben Hur, frightening them so that they dashed forward in fear, but were soon calmed by the strong hand of the Jew, and kept well up with the Roman. As the race progressed the excitement became intense, and three

hundred thousand spectators were wild with the varied emotions wakened by the contest. At the sixth round, Ben Hur wheeled his four behind Messala's car. The Romans were jubilant ; to them the movement meant victory for their favorite and ruin to the Jew faction. Ilderim dropped his brows, Simonides bent low his head ; Esther scarcely breathed, Iras only, appeared glad. Half way round the course the Roman was still leading, the Jew following. Messala was expectant. Only six hundred feet away, fame, increase of fortune and victory were waiting for him. The man he hated and had so greatly injured was behind him ; by no probability, as he believed, could the tide turn soon enough to change the result. Suddenly Ben Hur leaned forward and gave the reins to the Arabs, and the four, as one, in one instant were alongside the Roman's car, and in another instant, Ben Hur's inner wheel struck the wheel of Messala's car and down on the right side toppled the body of the Roman chariot. Messala was pitched forward, the third contestant unable to turn out, plunged into the wreck ; Ben Hur with his noble Arabs seem to fly around the course, and the race was won.

Messala was picked up alive, but his physicans said he would never walk again.

A very happy man was the Sheik Ilderim, and royal were his tenders of gifts to Ben Hur, all of which were declined ; the latter saying he might hereafter accept aid in the cause of the King.

Thirty days thereafter, as the result of a bribe of five talents paid to Sejanus, the favorite of the Emperor, Valerius Gratus was succeeded by Pontius Pilate, who, among his few good deeds, ordered an inspection of all the prisons and a full report of all persons in custody, and the crimes for which they were confined. An examination of the Tower of Antonia revealed the fact that two women had been confined for years in a cell, the existence of which was unknown even to the officers of the prison, Gratus having bribed the keeper to make a false diagram of that portion of the structure. The two wretched victims of the diabolical cunning of Gratus and his confederate Messala were the mother and sister of Ben Hur. When brought to light they were lepers, and after being furnished with water, food and clothing, were liberated and driven out of the city.

Just at this time Ben Hur arrived at Jerusalem, and by accident found his aged servant, Amrah, who had seen his mother and sister, and was carrying daily to their abode in a deserted tomb, the necessities of life. The mother, learning of Ben Hur's arrival, extorted from Amrah a solemn promise not to reveal their present abode, or even their existence to him, but through Malluch's inquiries, their release from prison became known to him but they concealed themselves so carefully that the large rewards

offered by Malluch for their discovery, failed to bring light to the anxious son and brother.

He finally abandoned the search in despair, and went into Galilee, where, arousing the patriotic and martial spirit of that people, before the winter was gone, he had organized three legions after the Roman pattern, full of enthusiasm for the cause of the King, who, their chief expected daily, would appear to lead them, under his banner, to the conflict against the hated Romans. To Ben Hur and to his soldiers the prophecies which he daily read to them, were sure to be speedily fulfilled by the manifestation of the Messiah, their Saviour and their deliverer. A letter from Malluch at Jerusalem, seemed to him a practical confirmation of his hopes. It informed him that a prophet had appeared, who preached constantly of one greater than himself, who was soon to come, and for whom he was waiting at the River Jordan. Crowds of people were going out from Jerusalem to see him, and the writer desired Ben Hur to come and judge for himself whether the prophet was the herald of the King they were awaiting. Ben Hur started without delay, and while out in the desert met the aged Balthasar, accompanied by his beautiful daughter Iras, riding upon the wonderful white camel which he had seen in the grove of Daphne.

Traveling together, on the fourth day they came to the ford of Bethabara, where they saw and heard the prophet, John the Baptist. His coarse raiment and rude manner, the manner and gait of a Nazarite, so at variance with Ben Hur's impression of how a prophet should appear, excited in him great disappointment, almost disgust, but in a moment more his eye, and every eye, was fastened upon a man who approached Balthasar, and as he drew near, the Nazarite cried with a loud voice, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the Sin of the World!"

Balthasar fell upon his knees. To his mind, enlightened as it had been by his experiences, this was the Redeemer of men. He rejoiced that God had blessed his eyes with another vision of his Saviour, for whom he had waited so long and with such earnest faith. Upon Ben Hur, studying the face of the stranger, a new light dawned. This was not the warrior King, whom his imagination had pictured so long, and to whose service he had dedicated his life, but from the chaos of thoughts and feelings which filled his soul, memory evolved the well at Nazareth, and the young man who had brought to him the water when he was perishing of thirst. He leaped from his horse to do homage, but Iras called him to assist her father, who had fainted, and when he looked again for the marvelous stranger, he had disappeared.

Three years later, Balthasar and his daughter were living in the old palace of the Hurs in Jerusalem. Malluch, acting for Ben Hur, had pur-

chased the home from Pontius Pilate. Ben Hur was engaged in military preparations in Galilee, interspersed with occasional visits to Jerusalem, where he was received by Balthasar and Iras as a guest. To him the daughter was as fascinating as ever, while the discourses of the devout Balthasar concerning the miracle worker, whose wonderful deeds of mercy were echoing through the land, still held their power over his mind. Recently Simonides and Esther had arrived from Antioch, and were sojourning in the Hur Palace.

Soon after their arrival Simonides received a letter from Ben Hur, stating that the Nazarine was on his way to Jerusalem, and that he himself was coming by another road, with a legion of soldiers, and that a second legion would follow. The Nazarine had said upon setting out, that all things written in the Prophets concerning him were now to be accomplished. The writer added, "Our waiting draws to an end."

Ben Hur preceded the Nazarine by one day, and while he was relating to his friends the wonderful miracles of healing performed by the Master, the faithful Amrah heard, and hastened with the good news to the abode of the outcast lepers; and with her help they found the Master, and by a word they were cleansed. Ben Hur, going out of the city to meet the Nazarine, witnessed the miracle, unconscious that these two poor creatures were of any personal interest to himself, but as soon as the mighty change came to them he learned who they were, and joined with them in thanksgiving to God. And thus, when the Jewish statutes had been complied with, they were all united again in the long forsaken home.

Rapidly the drama hastened to a close; Ben Hur brought quietly his Galilean soldiers to Jerusalem, holding them in readiness to spring to the side of the Nazarine, the moment he proclaimed himself the King, and his mission the expulsion of the hated Romans from the Holy City, while the aged Balthasar waited prayerfully for the spiritual redemption of the world, which he believed was to be accomplished by the Messiah.

On the first Passover Eve, Ben Hur coming to the Hur palace, found all the inmates absent except Iras, who revealed to him the feelings of scorn which she felt for the Messiah; the certainty to her, that he who had entered into Jerusalem riding upon an ass's colt and in tears, would never be the King whom Ben Hur had hoped to serve, and for whom he had labored so long; and out of her scorn, the thought came to him, and grew into his heart, that Balthasar was right.

It was a Kingdom of Souls the Master had come to establish.

Iras continued. Revealing herself in her true colors, she recounted the incidents of her listener's later life, suggested her power to crush him by telling the story to the Lord Sejanus and coupling with it the significant

fact that he of whom these things were true was the richest man in the Empire. Finding him unmoved by threats, she besought him to have mercy upon Messala, and restore to him the fortune he had lost at the chariot race. Ben Hur refused to give up any portion of the sum, and sent to Messala, a message of hate and defiance, and thus the beautiful Egyptian and Ben Hur parted forever.

The days that followed witnessed the saddest and strangest events of human history. Gradually Ben Hur learned that all his schemes and all his preparations were for naught. The Son of Man was to be betrayed into the hands of his enemies. After a mock trial, he was convicted, and suffered the death of the cross.

The life of the faithful Balthasar was spared only just long enough to witness the death of Jesus Christ, and then his spirit in the triumph of faith passed away to meet the Redeemer, for whose manifestation he had so long waited, and whom he so dearly loved. Iras had disappeared, and upon Ben Hur and his friends devolved the duty of burying the body of the venerable Egyptian.

Five years after the crucifixion, Esther, now the wife of Ben Hur, sat in her room in the villa of Misenum. With her were her two beautiful children, and Tirzah. A stranger entered, and informed Esther that she was Iras, daughter of Balthasar; that her husband Messala was dead, slain by her hand. She refused all offers of hospitality, and soon disappeared. No trace of her was ever discovered, and, without doubt, she had thrown herself into the blue waters of the bay.

In extreme old age Simeonides received the news of the persecution of the Christians at Rome by Nero, and by his advice, Ben Hur, who had for many years contributed vast sums to the Christian cause, both in the East and the West, devoted a large part of his immense estate to the relief of the suffering brethren in Rome, and to the construction of the Catacombs, those vast tombs, where the Christians were protected from the fury of the brutal emperors, and from which Christianity at last issued to supersede the Cæsars.

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